

S

The Smart Screen Magazine



# SCREENLAND

April

15c

20c in Canada



Lilian Harvey

**WARNING**  
to  
Hollywood  
Stars!

*See Page 20*

*Charles Sheldon*  
Bing Crosby's Real Life Story

IS MOVIE LOVE TOO REAL? LESLIE HOWARD ANSWERS!

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell Tell the Truth  
About Their Screen Reunion



(right) Some folks picture the life of an artist's model as mostly champagne parties. Nothing could be further from the truth. RUTH COLE will tell you that posing means long hours of hard work. Recently she had an opportunity to go to Hollywood but mother decided against the venture; so Ruth, who is only eighteen, smiles for New York cameras instead.



(below) DOROTHY DODD comes from Atlanta. She attended private schools in the south and topped off her education with travel abroad. Now she is in New York and following out a childhood ambition is entering upon a stage career. She trusts the care of her lovely teeth to Listerine Tooth Paste.



# "A BEAUTY TREATMENT for the TEETH" ... say smart women



## Why don't you try a tube?

Listen to the comments we receive about Listerine Tooth Paste: "Friends tell me my teeth glisten so becomingly." "My teeth have a lustre and sparkle they didn't used to have." "It is so easy now to keep teeth free from smoke stains."

These amazing results explain why already more than 2 million women have changed to this 25¢ dentifrice from costlier brands.

Listerine Tooth Paste does beautify the teeth surprisingly. Its modern polishing agent is swift in action. Long brushing is not necessary. Yet this modern formula is gentle—safe even for children's delicate enamel.

If you are worried by dull, "off color" teeth, by all means give Listerine Tooth Paste a trial. Note the quick improvement—how white your teeth look, how much healthier your gums feel. Your mouth is pleasantly refreshed—the same effect you associate with Listerine itself. And, remember, this dentifrice costs you just half as much as 50¢ brands. On the basis of a tube a month, that means you have a chance to save about \$3 a year! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



(above) The first picture of ETHELYNE HOLT ever published started a vogue for the hat she wore. She became known as "the girl who sold a million hats." But Miss Holt doesn't need a hat to photograph becomingly, as this portrait shows.

(left) NORMA WYCKOFF used to commute from her home in New Jersey to Teachers' College, Columbia University, and had firmly in mind a teaching career. Then recurring demands for her services as a model made her think she didn't want to teach and she took up posing as a profession. She is kept happily busy at it.



Removes film faster

25¢



The lies a mirror  
can tell!



**L**AST night, when you were dressed and ready to go, a last look in your mirror showed you a picture that suited even you. You felt that *he* would be pleased, too.

And yet, somehow, he wasn't. His eagerness had cooled.

The trouble? The trouble was, your mirror lied to you!

It told you you were lovely. And you *weren't* altogether lovely.

For your mirror failed to tell you one important thing—that you had carelessly let the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration creep in to ruin the effect of your lovely appearance.

Don't trust your mirror on this. The only way to be safe from this unseen danger is to make it *impossible*.

Mum! That's what up-to-date girls and women use. A quick bit under each arm and you're safe for all day.

Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's soothing even to a sensitive skin—so soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember this—in destroying the ugly odor of perspiration, Mum does *not* prevent the perspiration itself.

Trust Mum to keep your underarms always fresh, free from odor. Get Mum at any toilet counter. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



## TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

**ANOTHER WAY MUM SERVES WOMEN.** Mum on sanitary napkins gives that assurance of protection which means a complete and comforting peace of mind on this old, old feminine problem.





## The Smart Screen Magazine

# SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

## Watch for Announcement of Big New Contest!

Your favorite stars have something for you—and we don't mean merely entertainment value! They will offer you very special inducements to enter the exciting new contest to be announced in the next issue. Joan Crawford—Marie Dressler—Jean Harlow—Clark Gable and others, will invite you to participate. See next month's SCREENLAND for further announcements.

April, 1934

THIS MONTH

Vol. XXVIII, No. 6

## ALL FEATURES:

|                                                                  |                               |    |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------|----|
| COVER PORTRAIT OF LILIAN HARVEY.....                             | Charles Sheldon               |    |
| WHY JEAN ALMOST QUIT THE SCREEN. <i>Jean Harlow</i> .....        | James M. Fidler               | 12 |
| BABY LEROY'S RIVAL. <i>Richard Ralston Arlen, Jr.</i> .....      | S. R. Mook                    | 14 |
| AN OPEN LETTER TO ANNA STEN.....                                 | Delight Evans                 | 17 |
| MY REAL LIFE STORY.....                                          | Bing Crosby                   | 18 |
| WARNING TO HOLLYWOOD STARS.....                                  | Louis E. Bisch, M. D., Ph. D. | 20 |
| JANET AND CHARLIE TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT THEIR SCREEN REUNION..... | James M. Fidler               | 22 |
| WHAT HAPPENED TO HEPBURN ON BROADWAY.....                        | Ida Zeitlin                   | 24 |
| STAR'S RETURN. <i>Miriam Hopkins</i> .....                       | Leonard Hall                  | 26 |
| HAIL, HAYES! <i>Helen Hayes</i> .....                            | Leonard Hall                  | 27 |
| IS MOVIE LOVE TOO REAL? LESLIE HOWARD ANSWERS.....               | Ben Maddox                    | 28 |
| SCREENLAND'S GLAMOR SCHOOL.....                                  | Edited by Myrna Loy           | 30 |
| MAURICE DENIES IT. <i>Maurice Chevalier</i> .....                | Ida Zeitlin                   | 32 |
| MARSHALL vs. "BART" <i>Herbert Marshall</i> .....                | Beth Brown                    | 34 |
| HINTS FOR HOME-MAKERS.....                                       | Ruth Tildesley                | 52 |
| HOLLYWOOD WELCOMES THE NEW ELEGANCE.....                         | Rose Tilton                   | 54 |
| SCARED OF MOVIE WOMEN. <i>Dick Powell</i> .....                  | Dickson Morley                | 58 |

## SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Hollywood's Salute to Spring. (Janet Gaynor and Robert Young in "Carolina.") Their "Pet" Playmates. (Shirley Temple, Helen Mack, Genevieve Tobin, Heather Angel, Irene Bentley.) Haven't You Noticed—the Girls Grow More Gorgeous? (June Knight, Ann Sothorn, Pat Paterson, Arline Judge, Florine McKinney, Marian Marsh.) —And the Men are More Amusing. (Francis Lederer, Otto Kruger, Charles Bickford, Edward Everett Horton, Tullio Carminati, Phillips Holmes.) Our Own Spring Fashion Show. Screen Drama in the Great Tradition. (George Arliss and Loretta Young in "The House of Rothschild.") Speaking of Springtime's Charms. (Fay Wray.) Portrait Drawing of Ginger Rogers. The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

## DEPARTMENTS:

|                                                            |                      |
|------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| TAGGING THE TALKIES. <i>Short Reviews</i> .....            | 6                    |
| NOW YOU'RE TALKING. <i>Letters from the Audience</i> ..... | 8                    |
| HONOR PAGE.....                                            | 10                   |
| AS THOUSANDS HEAR. <i>Radio</i> .....                      | Evelyn Ballarine 51  |
| REVIEWS OF THE BEST PICTURES.....                          | Delight Evans 56     |
| BEAUTY.....                                                | Katharine Hartley 59 |
| HERE'S HOLLYWOOD. <i>Screen News</i> .....                 | Weston East 60       |
| FEMI-NIFTIES.....                                          | Katharine Hartley 88 |
| ASK ME.....                                                | Miss Vee Dee 92      |

Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. V. G. Heimbucher, President; J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Chicago office: 400 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription \$1.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$2.10 in Canada; foreign \$2.50. Changes of address must reach us six weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1934. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Printed in the U. S. A.



# Wallace BEERY



The screen which has waited ten years for a picture to equal the thrill, the epic humanity of "The Big Parade" now welcomes "VIVA VILLA." Because in its 1001 nights of amazing, romantic adventure...in its story of riotous revolution and revelry...in its blood-tingling heroism is entertainment that will pack the theatres of the nation!

## "VIVA VILLA"

An all-star cast with thousands of others  
in METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S Giant of Screen Triumphs!  
Directed by JACK CONWAY  
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK





Moulin  
Rouge  
20th  
Century

At last Darryl Zanuck has given us a sparkling photoplay such as we had a right to expect of him. Connie Bennett, in a dual rôle, impersonates another woman and finds her husband falling in love with her *alter ego*. The story is an implausible *tour de force* of "The Guardsman" school, but the deft play-acting of Connie, Franchot Tone and Tullio Carminati carries it off. The song-and-dance scenes are extremely pleasing.



Fugitive  
Lovers  
M-G-M

Fast and frantic speeds the action in this first of the cross-country bus pictures. Robert Montgomery, a fugitive from jail, casts his lot with Madge Evans, whom Nat Pendleton is pursuing all over creation. They help each other through a series of tight squeezes, until Bob wins a pardon by saving a bus-full of children from death. An unconvincing tale, entertainingly told, with grand laughs by Ted Healy.



Mas-  
sacre  
First  
National

Richard Barthelmess, as an Indian youth who has won success among the white race, goes back to his people to find them suffering horribly at the hands of their white conquerors. This film portrays, with realistic detail, the tragedy of the oppressed Indian race in America. If a serious and courageous attempt to grapple with a poignant social problem interests you, don't miss it. Ann Dvorak and Claire Dodd are good in brief rôles.



Sons of  
the  
Desert  
M-G-M

The fat fellow and the little guy convince their wives that they're going to Honolulu in search of health. Instead the naughty boys light out for Chicago and a gay convention. Of course their duplicity is discovered, and the hefty Hardy and the long-suffering Laurel receive their just deserts. It's all familiar L.-and-H. slapstick, built around a good idea but not too ingeniously developed. With Charlie Chase.

# Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on  
Page 56



Miss  
Fane's  
Baby Is  
Stolen  
Para-  
mount

This is one of the rare instances where a movie can go the limit in melodramatics and still conform to true life. The story, dealing with baby-snatching, is gripping—even hair-raising—by its very nature. And the fine acting of Dorothea Wieck as the mother, aided by Alice Brady and Baby LeRoy, adds to its persuasiveness. Fortunately, since this is a movie, the stolen lamb is returned after a narrow escape, and all ends joyously.



By  
Candle-  
light  
Uni-  
versal

You'll like this! Elissa Landi and Paul Lukas give excellent performances in their rôles of maid and butler impersonating a Prince and a Countess. Here are two actors who really submerge their own personalities and play the humble characters with just the right shadings. One of the most amusing sequences is when Nils Asther, the real prince, finds his butler impersonating him. Asther is most engaging. It's gay!



Eight  
Girls  
in a  
Boat  
Para-  
mount

The cloistered life in a girls' school proves unbearable to beautiful Dorothy Wilson, who seeks refuge in a romance with Douglass Montgomery that narrowly escapes tragic results. The story bears obvious overtones of "Maedchen in Uniform," but fails by some margin to equal that masterpiece. However, Dorothy and Douglass reveal some high-grade acting, assisted by Kay Johnson and Walter Connolly.



Man  
of Two  
Worlds  
R-K-O

The Arctic is the Arctic and England is England, and never the twain, etc. So Francis Lederer, the mighty Esquimo hunter who forsakes his people for sophisticated Elissa Landi, finds her slightly unresponsive. For a time this problem picture seems credible, but its climax breathes phoniness and leaves the issues confused. Lederer shows high promise, and J. Walter Ruben's spirited direction helps greatly.



Hips,  
Hips,  
Hooray  
R-K-O

The gag-men were kind to the Messrs. Wheeler and Woolsey in shaping this lunatic fable. At times the laughs burst forth hearty and uncontrolled. After a slow start the story goes frankly cuckoo, rambling from musical didoes in a beauty products emporium to a cross-country auto race such as Barney Oldfield never dreamed of. Dorothy Lee's ingénue-ing will get you. And Thelma Todd is up to standard. Ruth Etting, too!



Cross  
Country  
Cruise  
Uni-  
versal

Mix a long-distance bus journey with a bow-and-arrow murder, and this is what you get. Despite the efforts of Lew Ayres, June Knight, Alan Dinehart, Alice White, and company, it's no epic. And the dialogue is unconvincing—life seems to be just one bad pun after another on these gas choo-choos. This entry in the transcontinental bus sweepstakes, in short, isn't much of a vehicle (there, it's got *us!*).



Let's  
Fall  
in  
Love  
Colum-  
bia

Hard is the lot of the actor who has to compete for honors with Gregory Ratoff! All the principals here—Edmund Lowe, Ann Sothern, Helen Vinson, Tala Birell—are excellent; but they're just also-rans when Ratoff appears to exert his hilarious art. The story, a Hollywood comedy, is one of those airy nothings done with such refreshing verve and gaiety that it's worth a dozen toilsome "dramas." See it.

(Continued on page 93)

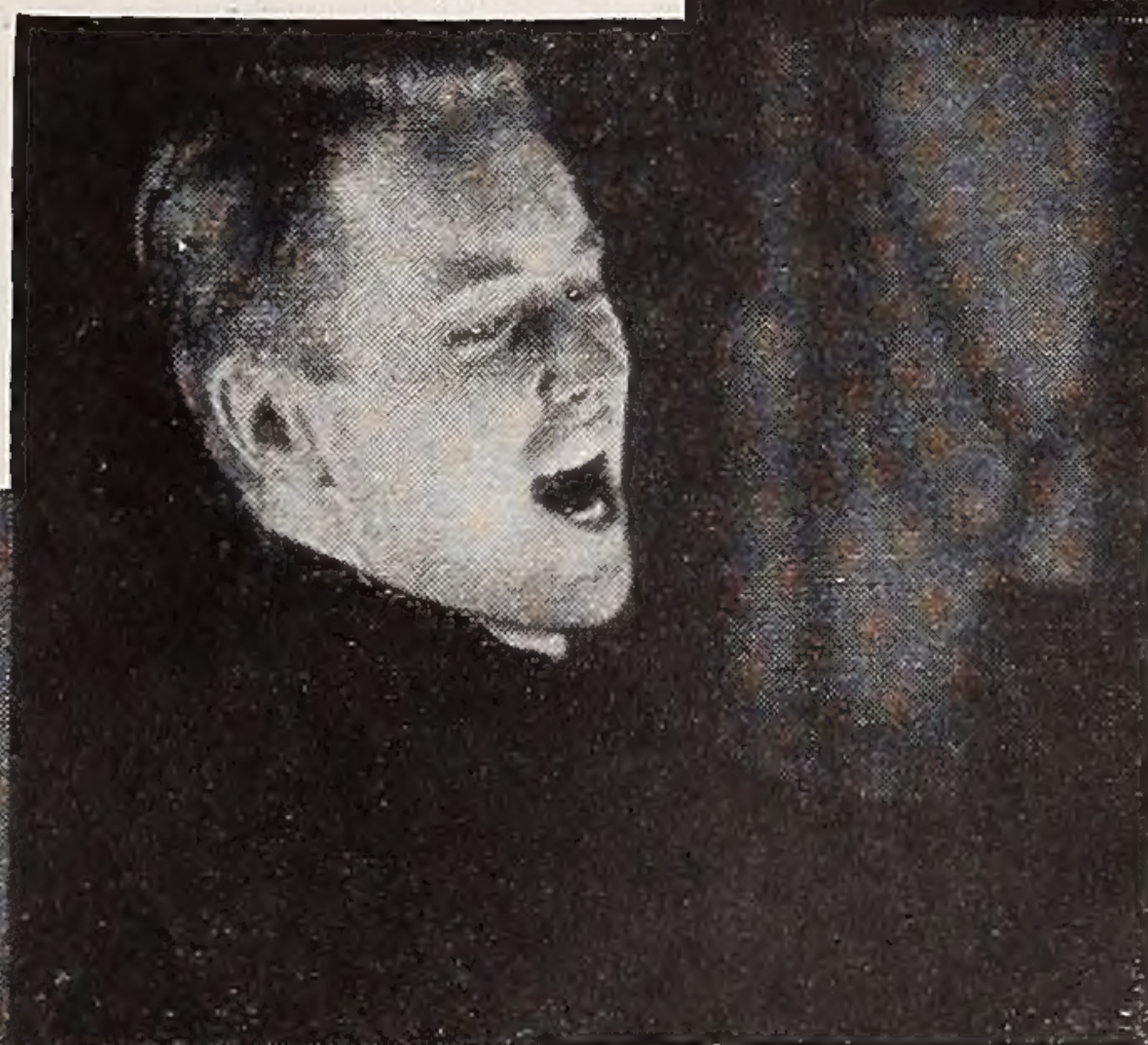




PHOTOS BY REMIE LOHSE

## LANNY ROSS

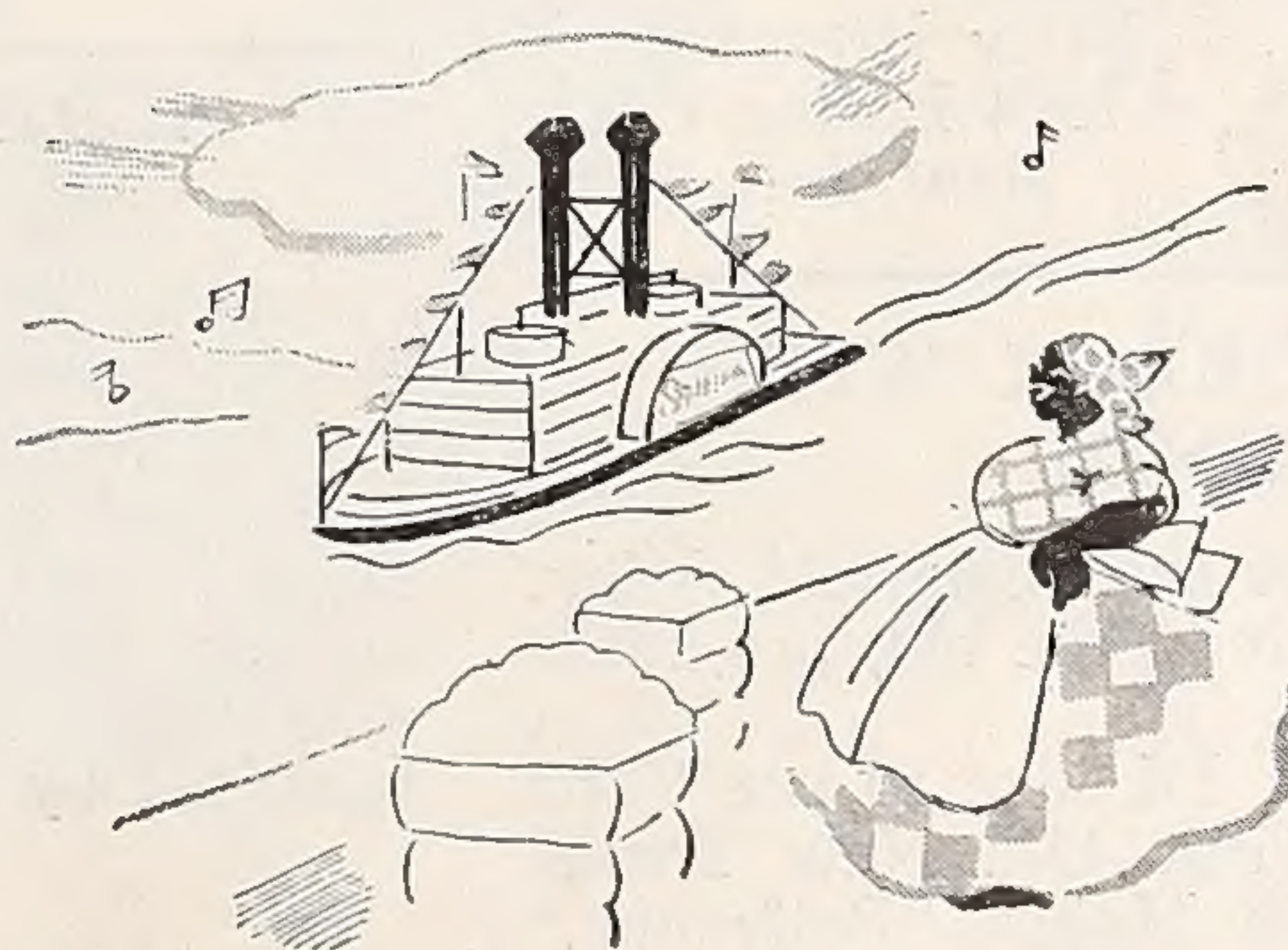
From the radio to the screen comes Lanny Ross, singing star of the Maxwell House Coffee Showboat Hour. For two years, one of the most popular performers on the air, his thrilling voice and charming personality will be heard and seen from now on in PARAMOUNT PICTURES.



## "MELODY IN SPRING"

with

Charlie Ruggles  
Mary Boland  
Ann Sothorn  
Directed by Norman McLeod. A Paramount Picture..will introduce Lanny Ross to motion picture audiences

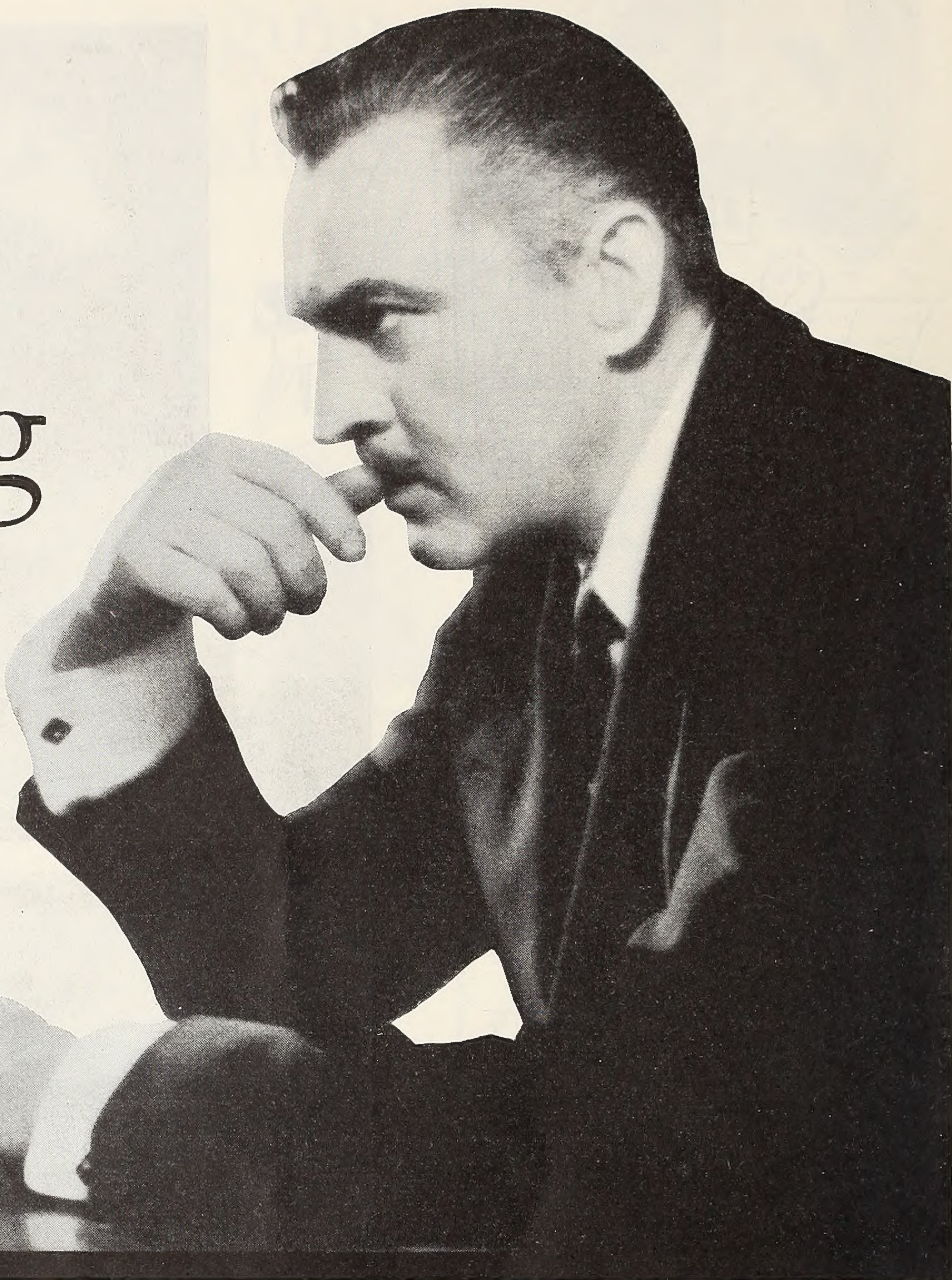




# Now You're Talking

SCREENLAND  
readers write!

*By popular acclaim! John Barrymore, who turns each of his pictures into a personal triumph, is our readers' favorite of the month, by virtue of his splendid acting in "Counsellor at Law."*



The first eight letters receive  
prizes of five dollars each

## MARVELS OF THE MOVIES

I wonder why:

Katharine Hepburn is always tragic;  
Randolph Scott can knock out three men  
with a single blow;

Gary Cooper hasn't a leading lady who  
comes at least to his knees;

Ralph Bellamy never gets the girl;

Irene Dunne is such a confirmed martyr.

Betty Presner,  
1874 Loring Pl.,  
New York City.

## BRING 'EM BACK WITH SOUND!

Producers howl for new material! Why,  
there's a wealth of it in the old, pre-talkie  
field.

For example, how I'd love to see "The  
Little Minister," "Little Old New York,"  
"Tillie, the Menonite Maid," "Pollyanna,"  
"The Magic Garden," and "Keeper of the

Bees"—all in talkie form. Eh, producers?

Mrs. C. E. Padgett,  
619 Vermont St.,  
Quincy, Ill.

## KATIE, CHANGE YOUR ACT!

Hepburn's publicity "act" hasn't been so  
hot from the very start. Her grand en-  
trance in an expensive (rented) flivver  
failed. I'll admit she's a great actress, but  
her off-stage manner pains me. I wish  
she'd quit imitating a certain famous Swede.  
Katie, leave the camera-dodging to Garbo!

Clyde Terry,  
P. O. Box 658,  
Mineral Wells, Texas.

## HERE'S A "DIFFERENT" SLANT!

Anent the Editor's Page in February  
SCREENLAND, I disagree. I wish even more  
actors would divide their time between  
stage and movies. Stage plays are, and  
always will be, more fascinating than  
movies—and I honestly believe cinemactors  
who tread the boards now and then are  
benefited by the variety.

Taimi Helin,  
Milford, Mass.

(Continued on page 76)

Should screen actresses stick to the screen?  
Is Katharine Hepburn on the wrong track in  
her relations with the public? Can movie-  
goers imbibe inspiration from the work of the  
Hollywood costume designer? These prob-  
lems and others of equal importance are  
"solved" for you in this month's mail bag.

The ravers, too, are out in full force again.  
Plaudits still pour in for Margaret Sullavan's  
unique charm in "Only Yesterday." And  
there's loads of love for Jean Harlow, for Bing  
Crosby, for Joan Crawford, (with intelligent  
reservations), and for other deserving cinema  
boys and girls, not least among them the com-  
pelling actor whose picture you see on this  
page.

Have you an "angle" to add to the discussion  
—some original idea on movies or movie-  
making, some word of praise or sincere criticism  
of your screen favorites? Here's the place to get  
it off your chest. And those eight \$5.00 prizes  
for the best letters provide ample opportunity  
to make it worth your while.

(Kindly bear in mind, however, that only  
letters of general interest, suitable for reproduc-  
tion in print, are desired by this department.  
If you wish to comment on the contents of the  
magazine, address your letters to the Editor of  
SCREENLAND.)

Send in your movie comments now! Keep  
them within 50 words, and address them to Let-  
ter Department, SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St.,  
New York. Mail all communications to reach  
us by the 10th of each month. Read—then  
write!



# THE GENIUS THAT CREATED "HENRY VIII" BLAZES FORTH AGAIN!

*From the brilliant studios of Alexander Korda, another motion picture masterpiece emerges in the unforgettable story of a simple girl's rise to Empress, her mad Czarist husband, and her regiment of lovers...who would have died for her!*

*A New*  
**DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS Jr.**  
*scaling undreamed-of heights!*

*and*  
**ELIZABETH BERGNER**  
*a new star — the like of whom  
the screen has never known!*

*in*



## "CATHERINE THE GREAT"

*with*  
GERALD Du MAURIER  
and FLORA ROBSON

*Directed by*  
Paul Czinner

*Produced by*  
**ALEXANDER  
KORDA**

*Released thru*  
**UNITED ARTISTS**

*Presented by*  
**LONDON FILMS**



# SCREENLAND'S Honor Page

Shared by Elizabeth Bergner and Madeline Carroll  
(Ladies, ladies—don't fight! You're both good, but *different*.)



The amazing Elizabeth Bergner, German star of the English picture, "Catherine the Great."



Lovely Madeline Carroll, blonde British beauty who scores in the fine film "I Was a Spy."

**H**AVE you heard of her, Elizabeth Bergner with the big eyes, the expressive mouth, the unerring dramatic talent? She's a German girl who came to England not so long ago and scored sensationally both on stage and screen. Critics are raving. The public—and the British public, remember!—is applauding. Now you are to see and judge Bergner for yourself, for United Artists has imported her new picture, "Catherine the Great," in which she co-stars with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., under the supervision of Alexander Korda, the director responsible for "Henry the Eighth." Elizabeth Bergner is little and appealing—but she is much, much more than that. She has authority! She can play comedy and drama with equal ease. And her voice is one you will long remember. If you insist upon classifying your screen stars, then you may want to know that Bergner is a little like Lilian Harvey, but not so pretty; something like Janet Gaynor, with more dignity; and—but see her for yourself! As for us, we welcome her heartily.

**M**ADELINE CARROLL is one of Britain's most famous stars. She is a real English beauty of the spun-gold, peaches-and-cream kind. In addition, she is a very fine actress. Some of her pictures are being shown over here now, and soon Madeline herself, in person, will be coming to Hollywood to make films among us. Watch for Miss Carroll in "I Was A Spy," which we can thank Fox Films for importing. It is an impressive drama of the World War in which the blonde actress gives a poignant performance. Imagine, if you can, a beautiful screen star who plays some of her most effective scenes with her back turned to the camera! No feeling, here, that you are watching a star emote; but a genuine impression of a real character, honestly and deeply interpreted. Perhaps you may see Madeline again in a lighter film offering, "Love and Let Love," a Gaumont-British production with Ivor Novello. She is just as interesting in sparkling scenes. Remember, we warned you to watch for Madeline Carroll! You'll like her.

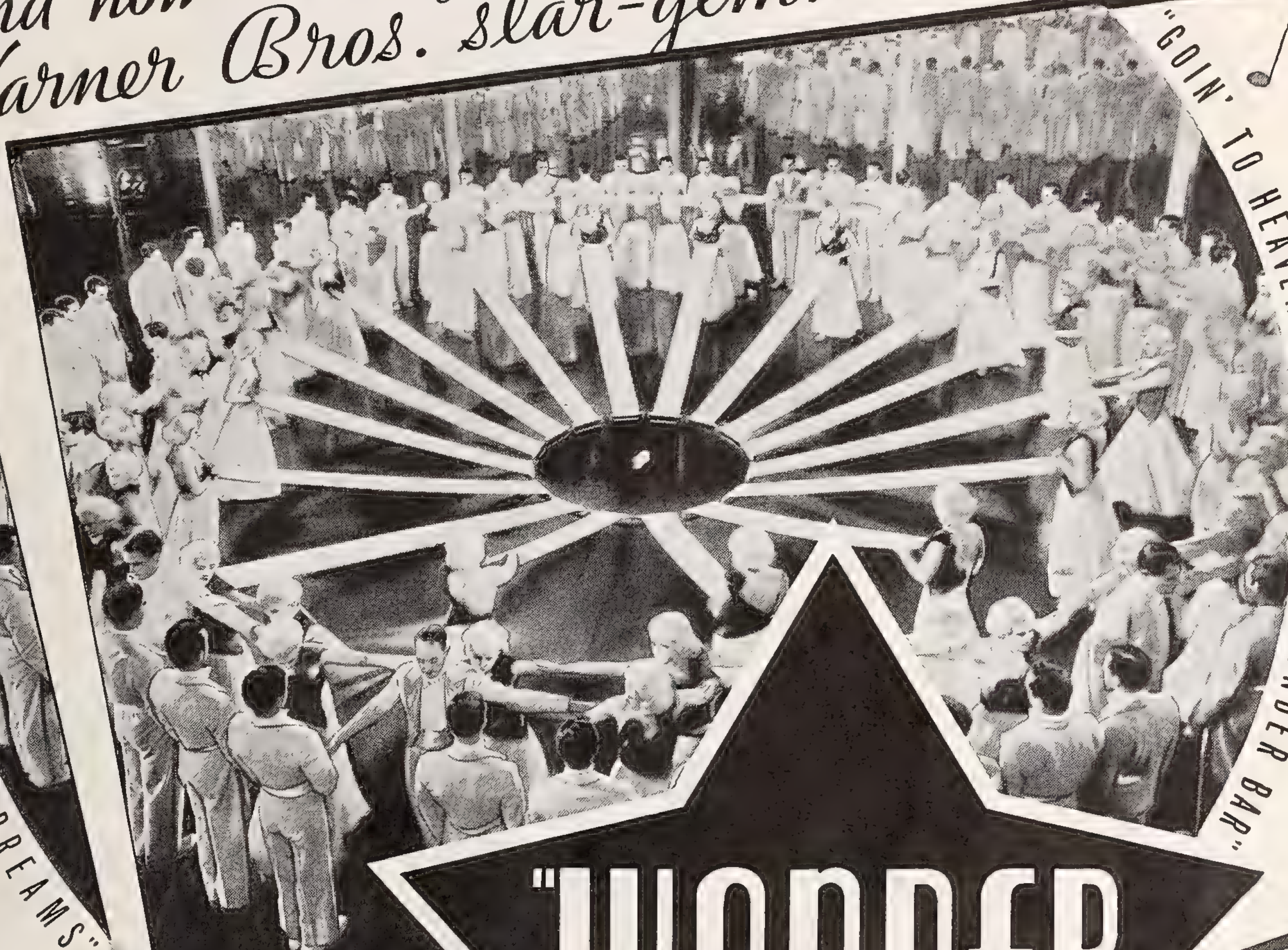


HEAR—"DON'T SAY GOOD NIGHT"

And now—the greatest of all the great Warner Bros. star-gemmed musicals!

"GOIN' TO HEAVEN ON A MULE" • "WONDER BAR"

"WHY DO I DREAM THOSE DREAMS"



# "WONDER BAR"

"VIVE LA FRANCE"

KAY FRANCIS

GUY KIBBEE

DICK POWELL

AL JOLSON

HUGH HERBERT

HAL LEROY

RICARDO CORTEZ

DOLORES DEL RIO

FIFI D'ORSAY

**LAUGHTER!  
SONG!...  
DRAMA!...  
SPECTACLE!**

A First National Picture

The most amazing show ever conceived—the one and only "Wonder Bar"! The producers of the screen's most glorious musicals now bring you the master performances of the world's master performers! 4 breath-taking spectacles staged by Busby Berkeley, creator of the sensational numbers of "Gold Diggers" and "Fashions of 1934" . . . 5 rousing song hits . . . and a thousand other thrills and surprises from the director of "42nd St." and "Footlight Parade"—Lloyd Bacon!



# WHY Jean Almost Quit *the* Screen

Jean told SCREENLAND—  
and no other magazine—  
all about it, and we're tell-  
ing you! EXCLUSIVE!

By  
*James M. Fidler*



*Imagine losing all this radiance from the screen! It almost happened, and this exclusive story tells you just why Jean Harlow was on the verge of leaving pictures—forever.*

**M**OTION pictures came near losing Jean Harlow. For at least two weeks late in January, the platinum blonde seriously considered quitting her screen career. Several times she was on the point of making announcements to that effect, but each time she decided to wait a few more days.

This all took place during her salary quarrel with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. For two months, she was under suspension, which means that for two months she received no salary.

Of course, everything is settled now, and Jean is once more at work in the studio. Early in February, she met with her employers in a final conference. From that meeting came about a peaceful settlement of the controversy. *Had the conference not ended satisfactorily, I am positive that Jean Harlow would have quit motion pictures.*

Let me tell the inside facts about the platinum blonde's quarrel with her employers:

Miss Harlow walked out of the studio in November when her employers refused to increase her salary. At the time of her departure through studio gates, she was being paid \$1500 a week.

Now \$1500 a week seems like a great deal of money to thus freely kiss goodbye; in fact, \$1500 is a tremendous weekly salary in any business in the world—except motion pictures. Why isn't \$1500 a big salary for a screen star? The answer is: Because a screen star must undergo unusual and heavy expenses.

Of her \$1500-a-week salary, Miss Harlow put aside

a sum for taxes. She set aside \$150 (ten per cent, the usual fee) for her business agent. Another \$175 defrayed the salary of her secretary and the maintenance of her fan correspondence. Her general business expenses totaled an additional \$75. Thus, at the end of each week, Jean's actual income was considerably less than the original \$1500.

Now even \$450 a week seems like a considerable income. Again I state, such a salary is plenty lucrative in any other business, but is insufficient for the needs of a motion picture star. Why? Because a star's normal living expenses are greater than those of an ordinary citizen, due to the "front" that a screen notable must maintain.

A star must have a fine home. She must have servants. It is important that she have a handsome motor. She must dress well. All these things are important to her prestige—and it has been proven that prestige is important to a screen career.

"Ridiculous as it may appear, I cannot make ends meet on a salary of \$1500 a week," Jean told me during the heat of her studio quarrel. "Yet I live simply. I pay little for clothes. I possess few jewels. I certainly do not entertain elaborately. Despite these things, I found myself gradually dipping further into the hole at the end of each \$1500 week.

"So what? So this: I determined to quit motion pictures unless I could win a new contract. I did not expect to remain idle, when I planned abandoning the screen. I had just finished writing a novel, 'Today Is



Tonight.' I had received a fine offer for book and magazine rights. A motion picture company had made me another offer for screen rights. I am positive that I can write, and that I might make almost as much money in that field as in motion pictures.

"I realize that millions of people will say that I was crazy for ever considering desertion from motion pictures. But why be in a business, if my earnings gave me no chance to save? After all, my career can't last forever; I must provide for my future.

"I am one of those strange people who prefer personal health and happiness to screen fame and wealth. I was unhappy under the conditions of my old contract, therefore I had made up my mind to seek happiness elsewhere. The glitter and sham of screen stardom mean nothing to me. I more enjoy the *friendships* of fans than any possible idolization.

"I never, at any time during my controversy with the studio, blamed my employers for not readily offering me a new contract. I did not once claim that I am worth more money to *them*. That question was for them to decide. I did say that if I was not worth more, then far better that I quit. In other words, the worry and the nervous strain of being a star—and at the end of each week being unable to save part of my salary—was not worth what I was giving."

But of course, that is all settled now. After two months, Jean's employers finally perceived the reasonableness of her request. During her suspension, an erroneous newspaper item reported that she was demanding \$10,000 a week. A more conservative reporter declared that she was asking \$5000. Both stories were ridiculous. Jean Harlow actually sought (and the studio at last granted her), \$3000 a week. Scores of stars received more—scores who are not as popular at box-offices as Jean, who is generally ranked among the ten screen leaders.

Only seven people were aware of Jean's decision to quit motion pictures unless her salary request was fulfilled. They were, in addition to this writer, Hal Rosson (her husband), Jean's mother and step-father, and her attorneys.

We all knew that her plans were advanced to the point at which Jean's statements to newspapers were already prepared. If studio executives had not acceded to the platinum blonde's request during the last important conference, I have no doubt but that she would have calmly quit the screen, never to return.

If this declaration seems preposterous, bear in mind that other screen stars have abandoned their careers in the past. Some walked out of their studios never to return. Olive Borden and Madge Bellamy, for example, who were perhaps just as popular a few years ago as Jean Harlow is today. Others quit their careers, but were recalled by their employers. Rudolph Valentino, James Cagney and Janet Gaynor are among this latter group.

And what would have happened had Jean really quit? No more of those glamorous close-ups! No more of that catchy, contagious voice speaking wise-cracks that roll 'em in the aisles! No more of those heart-throbbing love scenes! No more of—but hold! Let the dead past bury its dead. Jean is back again!

And now we hope that Metro will resume its interesting plan of co-starring Jean Harlow and Marie Dressler, for here would be one of the most fascinating teams in screen history—the genial, warm-hearted, sympathetic Marie and the lovely, spirited Harlow with her youthful radiance and exuberant humor. Miss Dressler has just been signed to a new one-year contract and Jean, of course, will be working under her newly signed agreement.





Richard Ralston Arlen, Jr., "star" of "Baby and the Ice-Box," with his two supporting actors, Sally Eilers and Arlen, Sr. Left, the first close-up of this great new star.

## And why Dick Arlen put his baby son in pictures, in the funniest story of the season

"Bakie—squawking his head off!" "ograph?" I wanted to know. "said Dick modestly. "the nurse brought the young actor a knitted cap set rakishly askew. He and me disdainfully. Memory stirred I I had been present at his birth. ner and spit up his lunch. ured regretfully. "He used to be able out his stomach turning." lder," Dick explained tactfully, and account of Elmer's entry into pictures. ing they brought over some of the r had worn in a couple of pictures and i think Elmer would wear them? He nd they finally had to get him some "er happen to consent to letting him act ' I persisted, harking back to my orig- ght. ou we thought it would be a gag. Be- ght it would be nice for him when he this hunk of film with both of us in it. ow if it was such a good idea or not. performance—better than I do—and when he gets old enough to distinguish good acting, he's likely to think I'm not so hot and get just a trifle conde- scending. "Do you know," Dick went on, "that was Helen Hayes' own baby she had



acting with her in 'The Sin of Madelon Claudet'? Not many people know that. Helen wanted that film as a sort of record for the child. I thought it was a pretty swell idea.

"I don't know that I'd want Elmer to keep on with his career right now but I know this much: No matter what actors say about not wanting their children to go on the screen and stage, there isn't a one of them who, down in his heart, doesn't secretly hope when the kids grow up that's what they'll choose as a profession. That's ego again. It's like a man founding a business in the hope that when junior grows up he'll carry it on. Or like a man wanting a son to perpetuate his name."

Dick was warming up. There's no one who can get quite as excited as he does over comparatively nothing and when he gets wound up he's no respecter of persons.

"Why shouldn't kids be actors? If they're successful actors—I won't even say good actors, I'll just say if they're *successful* actors—they can make more money than they can in any other line of work. Why, most of this mousetrap crowd out here in Hollywood today couldn't make \$50 a week at anything else if their lives depended on it.

"Elmer gets \$25 an hour when he works. We started a bank account for him with his money he's earned. He ought to be pretty proud when he's a little older to have a nest egg and know that he made it himself."

"Has success changed him any?" I asked anxiously.

"Dun't esk!" said Dick, his face dropping. "You know how democratic he used to be? Speak to anybody? Not any more. He and Baby LeRoy look the other way when they pass each other. That's bad enough but if that were all I wouldn't take it to heart because they'd never met until Elmer started working on this picture. I suppose it's only natural for LeRoy to feel that Elmer's being groomed to take his place and, accordingly, resent him."

"Say!" he ejaculated suddenly. "I'll bet that W. C. Fields put Elmer up to acting that way. Bill and LeRoy have a feud on. They've never liked each other but Bill can't do anything about it because he's so much bigger than LeRoy. I'll bet he's been running from one to the other carrying tales in the hope that if they started scrapping LeRoy would get his new tooth knocked out."

"Well, after all," I said, "that's nothing to get worked up over. Just go to LeRoy and tell him what's happened and then tell Elmer he can't trust Bill Fields."

"Sure," said Dick gloomily. "If that was all there was to it, it might be easy enough to straighten things out, but it goes deeper than that."

"Elmer and Gunder Crosby were born practically in the same bed and they've been lifelong friends—or were until Elmer went into pictures. Now, Elmer won't speak to Gunder any more. And even that isn't all. When we take them out together hoping that away from the studio Elmer will forget he's a star and be himself again, he high-hats Gunder. Just sits there jingling his money and rattles that he bought himself and knowing darned well that all the money and rattles Gunder's got are what his old man bought him. It makes Gunder feel bad."

"Well, there's no sense letting a kid grow up that way," I retorted. "Why don't you give him a good talking to?"

"I did," said Dick mournfully. "You know what he did? He never said a word. Just looked at me disgustedly."

Elmer passed through the room briefly, on his nurse's arm. I glanced at him but he wasn't looking at me so I took a good

(Continued on page 94)

# REDUCE WAIST AND HIPS THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS OR ...IT WON'T COST YOU ONE CENT!

TEST...the  
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE  
...at our expense!



NOW YOU CAN BE  
YOUR SLIMMER SELF  
without Exercise, Diet or Drugs!



"I REDUCED MY HIPS  
9 INCHES"

writes Miss Healy

"Since last May the Perfolastic Girdle has reduced my hips nine inches. This reduction was made without the slightest diet."

Miss JEAN HEALY  
299 Park Avenue,  
New York City



"I REDUCED MY HIPS  
from 43 to 34½ INCHES"

writes Miss Brian

"I... measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 135 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34½ inches around the hips."

Miss B. BRIAN  
Hotel Victoria  
New York City



## THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE at our expense!

"I REDUCED MY WAIST AND HIPS 9 INCHES," writes Miss Jean Healy... "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches"... writes Miss Brian... "Massages like magic"... writes Miss Carroll... "The fat seems to have melted away"... writes Mrs. McSorley.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

### Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

● This Famous Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit... its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

### Keeps Your Body Cool and Fresh

● The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, for a special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh.

### Don't Wait any Longer... Act Today

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results... and your money will be immediately refunded.

This Illustration of the Perfolastic  
Girdle Also Features the New  
Perfolastic Uplift Brassiere

SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, INC.

DEPT. 734, 41 EAST 42nd STREET  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card



# *Helen* Enjoys the Good Times that come to Girls with **CAMAY COMPLEXIONS!**



**1** "All my friends had sweethearts and dates. But night after night I sat home all alone. For my drab skin spoiled my looks. But now I use Camay—my complexion has improved—and I'm having a wonderful time!"

**2** "In the mirror I frankly admire my newly acquired Camay Complexion. Men compliment me on it, too."

Get out of the rut of a humdrum life. Enjoy the good things the world has to offer.

Every day brings good times, if a girl has a Camay Complexion.

#### WIN YOUR BEAUTY CONTEST

For every day you live—like Helen above—you compete in a Beauty Contest. Why, you can't even go for a walk down the street, but what someone's eyes search your face—judge your looks—and

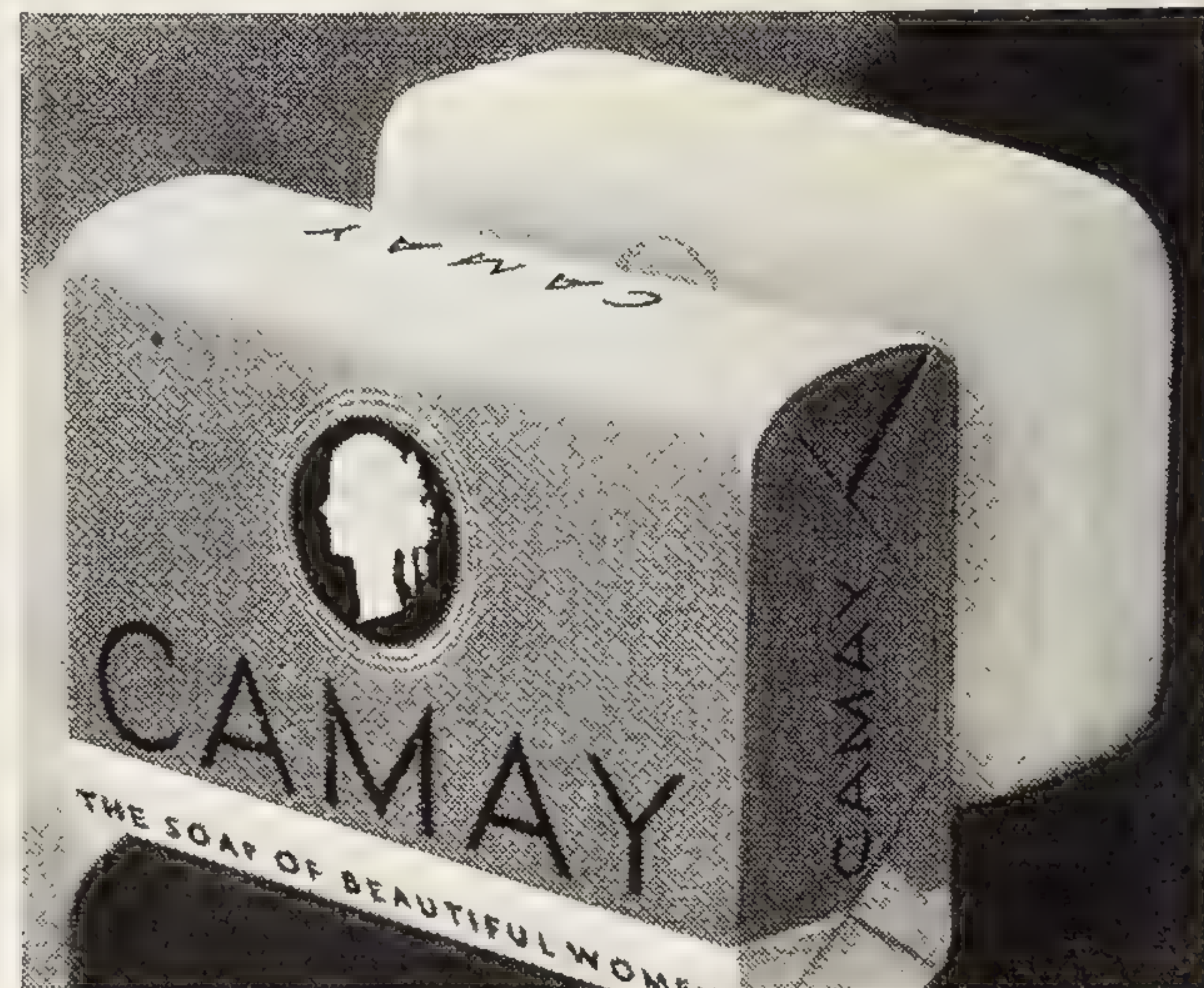
notice the texture of your skin.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin soft as velvet and gloriously fresh. It attracts admiration—yes, and often romance.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is pure, creamy-white and unusually mild—the modern way to care for your skin. Use it one month, and you'll be delighted with the improvement in your looks.

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low.

*Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.*



Copyright 1934, Procter & Gamble Co.

## **CAMAY** The Soap of Beautiful Women



# The Editor's Page.

## An Open Letter to Anna Sten

from Delight Evans



**D**EAR ANNA STEN:  
I'm glad you're here!  
We needed you—*how* we needed you! What with Garbo striding about the screen in boots in "Queen Christina," and Marlene Dietrich taking to long, voluminous skirts in "The Scarlet Empress," and Katharine Hepburn attired in calico as a mountain gal in "Trigger," we were getting rather austere and sensible and All-for-Art. And now you appear. And we know why we recognized Russia.

"Nana" is a tonic for tired screens, and you are "Nana." I'm afraid that some of us nice polite moviegoers had been thinking all along that *Nana* was just

one of the characters in "Peter Pan." We know different now! "Nana" is a dash of the Dietrich we knew in "The Blue Angel" singing *Falling In Love Again*; only *Nana's* song is *Who Cares?*—but it seems to mean about the same thing. Anna—and what a name for a girl like you!—it begins to look as if you're going to be worth all that half-million dollars that Sam Goldwyn spent on you.

You're teaching us a new language, Anna Sten. But I admire you most because you learned our language first! For over a year you worked and studied. Not easy, learning to speak English without a trace of an accent. But you persevered. All those months you hid your breathless beauty in a little home on the Pacific at Santa Monica—not for you the high spots of Hollywood, but work—work—work.

And now I want to tell your new American friends a story I've heard about you—I hope you won't mind. It makes me like you. Seems that you rented your beach house from Franchot Tone, who left a lot of his books there. Your English teacher recommended "recreational reading," and so you decided to browse in Franchot's library. The first book you selected was Hugh Walpole's "Rogue Herries," that robust novel of Georgian life and love. Then, because it was next on the shelf, you read "Judith Paris," in which Walpole continued his social history of the *Herries* family. You liked that, so you ordered the next in the series, "The Fortress," and finally the last, "Vanessa." And you read through that long book and, toward the finish, on Page 598, you came upon these words:

"They had been seeing 'Tempest' with the new Russian actress, Anna Sten. She had excited Benjie and he would have given anything to be able to kiss her adorable and most mysterious almond eyes."

And as you read those lines, Anna Sten, you cried. No wonder! Already a success in your native Russia; then a celebrated English author pays you rare tribute. And now America joins in the applause.

What's the Russian for "Three cheers"?



Here is Anna Sten reading the book that made her cry! When you have read the Open Letter on this page you will know why the Russian star of "Nana" was so touched by Hugh Walpole's novel.



## A SCREENLAND SCOOP!



Exclusive to you! Never before has the screen's foremost crooning actor permitted his authorized autobiography to appear. Intimate facts and recollections of his life are told here for the first time in any magazine

*Many happy Crosbys! The small picture at the top of the page shows Bing as a tiny baseball hero. Below: when the boy grew older; then as a youthful diamond star; and finally, when he began his real crooning career.*

**Editor's Note:** What has this Bing Crosby that makes him the hottest thing in the field of pictures, radio, and canned music? It isn't his looks because, although he has a pleasant face, there are handsomer men on the screen. It isn't altogether his voice because there have been singers who could put a song over as well. It isn't altogether his acting because there are equally deft farceurs. Perhaps it's a combination of all those things. Perhaps it's just Bing. At any rate, unable to figure out a satisfactory answer ourselves, SCREENLAND has persuaded Bing to write his life story for you, hoping that somewhere in the account of his travels, trials and tribulations, you will discover the secret of his charm.

**D**OES it smack of conceit to say that as a kid I used to dream of the day I should be asked for my life story? I wonder! Or does everyone hope that some day he'll be successful enough and important enough to have magazines and newspapers clamoring for interviews? I don't mean that I have reached that point. I only mean I wonder if that is what everyone longs for.

I'll be honest, at the risk of being considered egotisti-

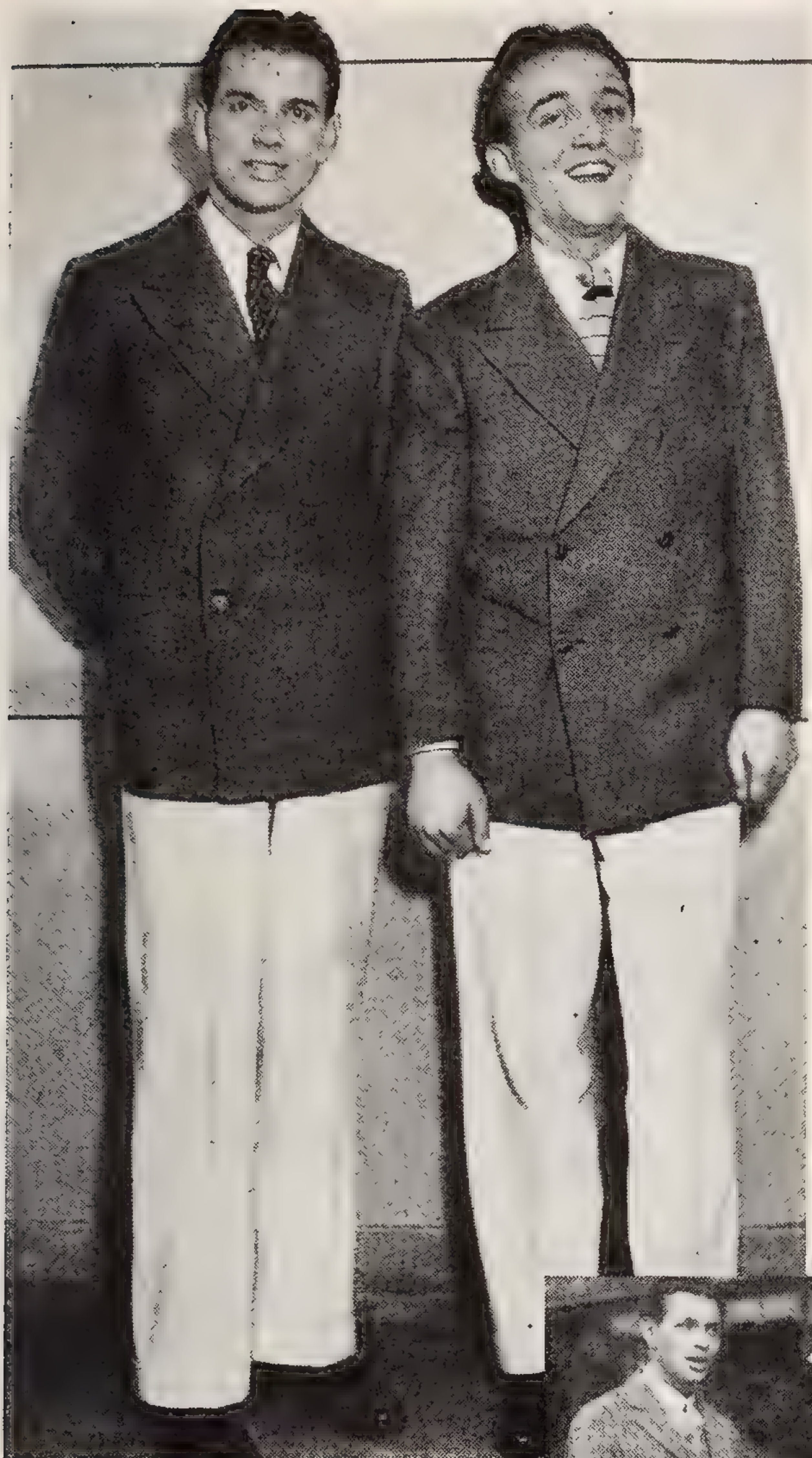




# My Real Life Story

By *Bing Crosby*

As told to S. R. Mook



Above, Crosby as a singing stripling squaring off to a ditty with a crooning pal.

Right, Our Hero gives an impromptu concert with the other Rhythm Boys.



Above, the Rhythm Boys before the mike. It was as a member of this trio that Bing began his climb.

Right, the girls get a break! When Crosby is cornered there's nothing to do but autograph his way out!



cal, and admit I used to hope that would happen some day, although I must also admit I never had anything more than a forlorn hope that I'd ever be anything other than a little Spokane punk.

I used to treasure anecdotes, intimate, revealing incidents that I thought would look well in print, but now, as I sit here, trying to make a beginning I find that I'm just one of those muggs whose memory reaches no farther back than the day before yesterday.

Instead of bringing everything out into sharp relief so you can get a true perspective on your life, Time plays you dirt and dulls everything. Disappointments and heartaches that seemed so keen and all-important at the time, are either completely forgotten or are blurred to the point of actual inconsequence. And good times are magnified and intensified out of all proportion to the joy we had from them at the moment. Maybe it is better that we look back on the vista of years through rose-colored glasses. If we could live over the unpleasant things of life and feel them as keenly years afterwards as we felt them at the moment of their occurrence, I'm afraid we should all be pretty bitter.

For instance, I can remember how my mother used to take us all out to a lake every summer, during vacation. It was cheaper than staying in town where the seven of us would be pestering her for money to go to picture shows, for ice-cream sodas, for carfare and other incidentals every minute. We usually stayed a few weeks.

I've always been nuts about swimming and one summer I persuaded one of the ladies who ran the camp to give me a job carrying water and wood, in exchange for my food and board. By doing  
(Continued on page 77)



# Warning

## EDITOR'S NOTE:

In presenting this sensational "Warning," SCREENLAND sincerely wishes to be of service to those beloved movie stars who have contributed so much to the pleasure of world audiences. Dr. Louis E. Bisch, one of America's most eminent neuro-pyschiatrists, sounds the constructive note in his admonition to screen favorites—and we believe his advice will prove of stimulating interest not only to Hollywood's darlings but to you, their public. Let us know what you think!

The beautiful Barbara La-Marr as she looked when she was the acknowledged glamor girl of the screen—as popular in the silent film days as Crawford is today.



**I**T'S a strange thing about Hollywood stars—you simply "can't help lovin' 'em"! Indeed, this personality interest exceeds by far even one's interest in the films produced.

And is this not, after all, perfectly natural? Seeing them so often and in so many different rôles you get to know the movie actors from many angles. Gradually their whole personality seems to reveal itself. You experience a feeling of intimacy. And before you know it they are your *friends*.

That is precisely why I am writing this article. I have been observing Hollywood with a professional eye for many years. I have had the privilege of knowing in the flesh—yes, actually of advising in a medical capacity—some of the best known film players.

And since these good folk surely are *your* friends as well as *mine*, I want to tell you why I am concerned about them.

Say what you like, no more strenuous labor exists than that of the motion picture actor or actress. The mere physical exertion of performing on any movie lot is taxing enough even if it does not involve hanging on to a runaway horse or doing a parachute jump from an

## DANGER AHEAD!



Mae West, Queen of Allure.

Joan Crawford, Empress of Emotion.



Clark Gable, He-Man Hero.





# to Hollywood Stars

airplane. What bears the brunt of the strain in particular, however, are not the muscles but the mind and the nervous system; sometimes, indeed, to an extent that becomes well-nigh unendurable.

Surely it is not to be wondered at that every screen lot witnesses so many cases of "nerves" and sometimes even downright breakdowns.

In this connection one at once thinks of certain names. Barbara La Marr and Alma Rubens, for instance. And then those others: Valentino, Wallace Reid, Ernest Torrence.

I must confess that last winter, when Bob Montgomery did a week of "personal appearances" in New York and invited me backstage for a "chin-chin," my pleasure at renewing an old friendship carried with it a definite professional curiosity to discover what five years of Hollywood had done to *him*.

Here surely is a young man who climbed to fame through his own efforts and hard work. And when I recalled the rather frail and high-strung lad he was when he acted in my own "Complex" on Broadway (dare I confess I write plays?), back in 1925—once, in the capacity of stage manager, being so nervous that he rang down the curtain before the act was finished—well, I just wondered!

Happily, however, I found Montgomery more mature, more robust and more stable than I had ever known him before. Possibly there was a little more sophistication about him, which probably was to be expected. On the whole, however, he was still the same frank, agreeable, vivacious youth as of (Continued on page 80)

If this is the most daring article ever aimed at movie actors, remember—the truth may hurt, but it *must* be spoken!

By  
*Louis E.  
Bisch,*  
M.D., Ph.D.

## STOP, LOOK, LISTEN!



Robert Montgomery,  
Comedy-Drama  
King.



Garbo, Glamor In Person.



Valentino,  
who was the  
greatest  
matinée  
idol the mov-  
ies ever  
knew.





By  
James M.  
Fidler

# JANET *and* CHARLIE

tell the truth about their  
SCREEN REUNION!



The ONLY authorized interview given by Gaynor and Farrell since they agreed to play together again! Read it if you would know how these great screen lovers really feel about each other—*now!*

**T**WO of the happiest young people in Hollywood at this moment are Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell!

The reason for their supreme joy lies in the fact that these two are once again to be united on the screen. After a separation of more than a year, Janet and Charlie are about to resume their screen love-making.

Soon you will see their first picture of this reunion. It is a screen version of Kathleen Norris' story, "Manhattan Love Song," but is likely to reach theatres with another title.

Both Janet and Charlie must recognize the peril of their re-union. That peril is—*unfavorable publicity*. I also call it unfair publicity, because all of the malicious gossip that has surrounded them since Miss Gaynor's divorce from Lydell Peck is based on lies.

Farrell is married—and happily so—to Virginia Valli. But if he maintains a soft spot in his heart for the girl of his first real romance—Janet—then why mar that feeling with ugly stories. And if—remember, I say if—Janet still cares for Charlie, is that not her privilege, or is it necessary for gossips to make much out of her secret love?

The real reason for the re-joining of Miss Gaynor and Farrell on the screen is that the public has demanded their reunion. I asked Charlie if this were not true.

"I can only judge by my letters from fans," he answered. "I have received thousands and thousands of letters *demanding* that I star again with Janet. Many writers blame me for the breaking up of the team, and they have reviled me. I presume that these same letter-writers have made demands on the studio, and that Fox officials, recognizing the box-office value of re-joining us, have acted accordingly."

Janet, too, has received myriads of letters requesting her to enact again her screen romances with Charlie, rather than with other leading men.

"I'm happy to work with Mr. Farrell again," she said. "We are the best of friends professionally and personally. Not only have I always enjoyed working with him, but our co-starring pictures have invariably been successful."

"Will you re-make 'Seventh Heaven'?" I asked Janet.

"No, I won't," she answered. "In that picture, we attained a beautifully romantic spirit that could never be reached in a talking picture. The talkies are too  
(Continued on page 94)

## A SCREENLAND SCOOP!







# WHAT

Is Katharine a screen hit and a stage flop? Everybody wants to know the truth about her stage play. Here's the real story, told frankly and fearlessly

"SHE'S runner-up to Garbo." "She's a promising young actress with a striking but immobile countenance, a voice that is monotonous and unpleasing to the ear, and gestures that are reminiscent of graduation day."

"Some day she will be our greatest actress, perhaps as great as Duse." "She's a young actress with a rather monotonous delivery, playing at being Duse."

"She has an ardor and emotional warmth that drag the heart out of your body." "She's a stick that couldn't wring a tear from a weeping willow."

"She's divine!" "She's disappointing!"

"She's a poem!" "She's a wet smack!"

Take your choice, ladies and gentlemen, from among this random collection of comments, written and oral, on the subject of filmdom's Katharine the Great. There ought to be something here to suit every taste. If not, there's a wealth of others you can pick from. Look up the files of the fan magazines. Look up the screen reviews of the Sunday newspapers and the smart periodicals. Look up the New York public prints of December 27th and the days following. You'll find their pages studded with Katharine Hepburn's name in garlands of contradictory adjectives. Arm yourselves with what ammunition you need. Whether you belong to the reverently worshipful, the coolly judicial or the definitely

By  
Ida  
Zeitlin

*Here is Hepburn as she looked when she made her entrance in the first act of her stage play, "The Lake," in her rôle of an English girl who loves twice—and both times disastrously. Read in this story what Katharine thought of herself in the play.*





# Happened to Hepburn on Broadway!



*"You'll have a scoop!" Hepburn promised Ida Zeitlin, who secured the only screen magazine interview given by the star in New York*

## A SCREENLAND SCOOP!

antagonistic school doesn't matter. But to some school you must belong, or find yourselves cut off from half the dinner-table arguments in America.

Myself, I am among the "antis." I'm sorry, you whose sensibilities I'm offending. I can only plead in extenuation that I've done my best to see the light. I've watched her performances, willing, eager to be moved, trying earnestly to find what so many had found before me. But—pushover though I am for tear-jerkers in any form—I've sat through them all cold as the heart of a kidnapper. Intelligence, distinction of appearance, vitality—those things I could see. (Continued on page 90)

Hollywood's Three H's—Hepburn, Hopkins, and Hayes—came back to Broadway at the same time. Now turn the page and read the fate of the other two!

Stage photographs of Miss Hepburn in "The Lake," a Jed Harris production, by Vandamm Studio, New York.

In the second act of "The Lake" Hepburn appeared as a bride, wearing this striking gown designed for her by Howard Greer of Hollywood. The screen star of "Little Women" received mixed notices on her return to Broadway. One critic called her "still a promising young actress."



Blanche Bates, stage favorite of yesteryear, came back to Broadway to support Hepburn, playing the heroine's understanding aunt.



# Star's Return

First of the Three Hollywood H's to go back to Broadway, Miriam Hopkins was also the first to find the "legit" audiences less warm than the movie fans. Read how she feels about her footlight experience and her future film career

*By Leonard Hall*



*Miriam Hopkins brought gasps of admiration from Manhattan theatre-goers when she appeared on the stage in "Jezebel" as a belle of the Old South in this lovely gown; but her play brought "Poohs" from the critics.*

*Portrait of Miss Hopkins in "Jezebel," a Guthrie McClintic production by Vanda M. Studio, N.Y.*



THREE glamorous Aitches of Hollywood sped Eastward last fall to resuscitate the swooning Drammer. They were the Misses Hayes (Helen), Hepburn (Katharine), and Hopkins (Miriam).

Once the choo-choo had dumped its precious freight in New York, the Drammer came to, and opened one eye. Surely, with these three gilded chickabiddies on the job, Broadway was itself again.

Well, let's see. Miss Hayes has scored a terrific wallop in "Mary of Scotland," and once more queens it over the theatre. Hepburn, though sadly over-anticipated by fawning thousands, still trots along in her play, "The Lake," before milling throngs of pop-eyed school-girls. La Belle Hopkins, alas, was first to fall!

She opened on Broadway in a play called "Jezebel," once destined for Talloo Bankhead until that feminine bromo seltzer fell ill. Playing a daughter of The Old South, a part fit for one of Gawgia's fairest flowers, Miriam looked like a distillation of all that is loveliest in Southern Womanhood—a cloud of white chiffon, blue eyes, rebellious hair, and those alabaster shoulders over which male film fans moon, sicken and die.

But it was no dice. Dramatic critics said "Pooh" and shot "Jezebel" from under the star with their heaviest shells. The citizens fell upon the play with bestial cries, and beat it to death with public apathy. After five weeks "Jezebel" turned up its toes, sighed faintly and died. Miriam Hopkins said "That's that," gave her troupe a champagne party on the last night, and left the platform to the mice and the old dead dreams.

Little woman, what now? It was to discover precisely that which nerved me to dare the uptown glares of Mlle. Hopkins' grand hotel on the Avenoo.

"Miss Hopkins asks you to come up," said the voice on the house phone. "Suite 3311."

I popped into the lift—all New York elevators are lifts, please, east of Fifth Avenoo—and mused on what manner of Miriam Hopkins I should find in good old 3311.

I remembered several Hopkinses, all (Continued on page 72)





# Hail, Hayes!

Helen, alone of the Three H's, swept all before her in her return to the stage. The Little Queen of troupers captivated New York as "Mary of Scotland." She gives you, here, her frank and fearless opinion of Broadway and Hollywood

*Also by Mr. Hall, who makes 'em talk!*

**T**HE other day I stood in the wings of a great New York theatre and heard a tremendous burst of applause explode in the face of a little five-foot-nothing actress named Helen Hayes.

On the stage Helen had just finished another of those feats of magic that make her unique on stage and screen. By sheer acting horse-power she had convinced 1,200 people that she was not a plain, mousy little woman knee-high to a duck, but was really Mary, Queen of Scots—six feet tall and so beautiful that her loveliness knocked half the lairds of Scotland for a braw, bright loop and a couple of hoot mons.

Helen, in short, was up to her old tricks. A refugee from Hollywood after two years before the camera, she had captured Broadway again. Once more she was queen of her beloved theatre, star of "Mary of Scotland," the rip-roaring hit of the town!

Her eyes were shining as she came off the scene.

"Can't hear that in Hollywood!" she chortled. "Come right into the dressing-room."

I did. So did her maid. And so did a chubby little doctor who was treating Helen for some very sore toes. The shoes she wears on the stage to build her up from five feet to five-feet-four were playing hob with her precious pinkies. As the doctor probed and Helen winced daintily, we talked.

My first remark was a dumb crack, but necessary. I knew the answer before I opened my mouth.

"Are you glad to be back in the theatre, after Hollywood?"

La Hayes was entitled to brain me with a powder puff, but she didn't.

"Glad?" she answered, "I'm too happy to be true! The play is so beautiful and so successful, and you know as well as I do that the theatre is my first love, and my last. And then, of course, I'm home!"

Now it was the wife and mama, not just the artist, speaking.

"Charlie, (that's husband MacArthur, the playwright), and I bought a house up in Nyack a year ago. It's a colonial place, just four doors from Ben Hecht. (Hecht is the other divine madman, who collaborates with Charlie on plays and movies).

"When I'm on Broadway, we live there, the lot of us. I drive up there every night after the play. We have fine times."

Isn't it heart-warming to know that this little vagabond (Continued on page 70)

*In the Theatre Guild's production of Maxwell Anderson's lyrical drama about the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots, Helen Hayes is frequently called upon to dominate a stage peopled with imposing characters from history. But Helen is equal to the task.*

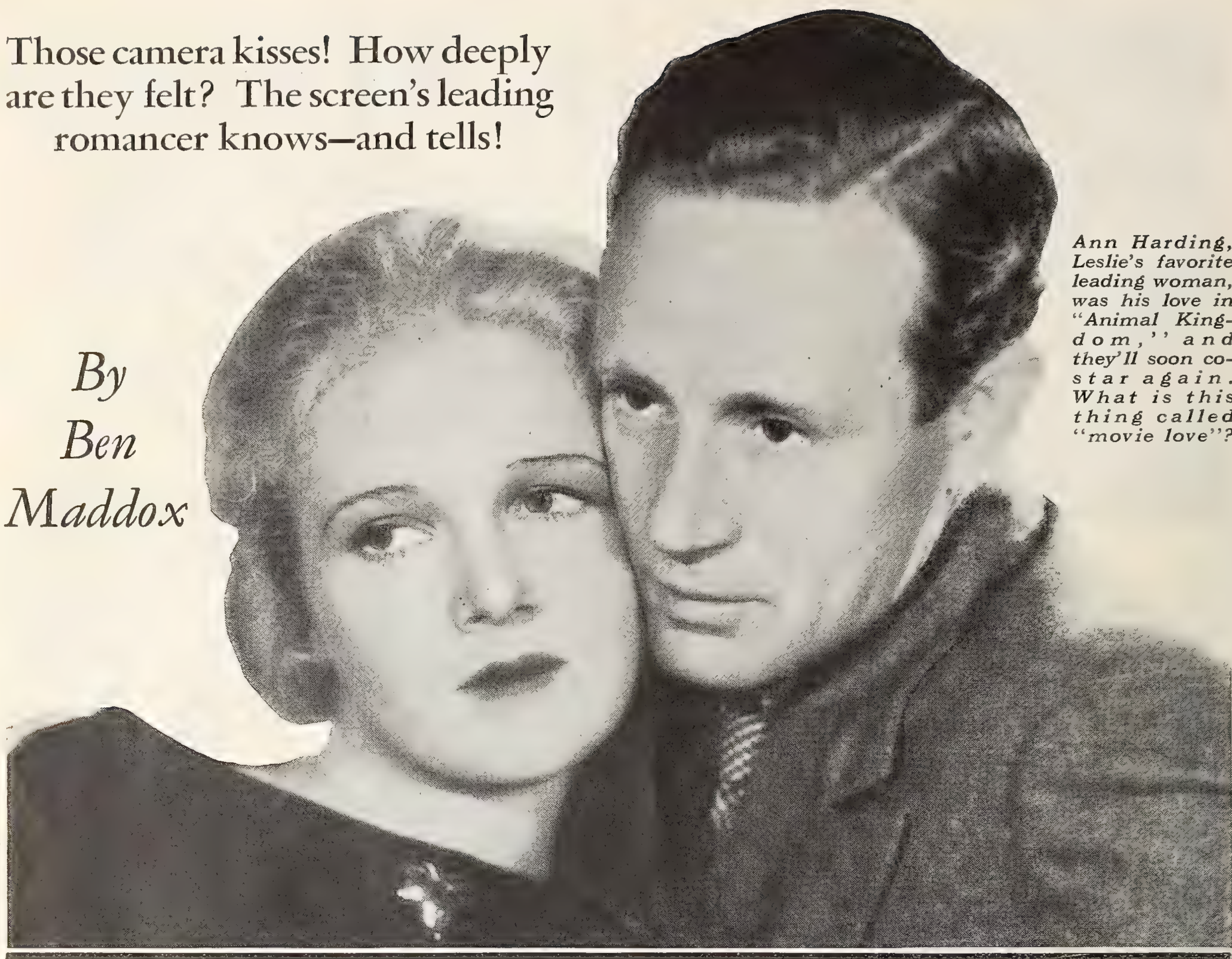


*Photograph of Miss Hayes by Vandamm, N. Y.*



Those camera kisses! How deeply are they felt? The screen's leading romancer knows—and tells!

By  
Ben  
Maddox



Ann Harding, Leslie's favorite leading woman, was his love in "Animal Kingdom," and they'll soon co-star again. What is this thing called "movie love"?

# Is Movie Love Too Real?

Leslie Howard  
Answers!

HAVEN'T you wondered?

*Do movie love scenes tempt the stars?*

When the virile hero reaches for the luscious lady, enfolds her so firmly in his arms, and when they gaze adoringly at each other in those intimate close-ups—is it just make-believe?

Embraces which display a technique you crave to contact—do they leap the border-line of mere acting? In the tenderest moments which often are hours in the filming, *then* are they artists concerned with their Art, or are they very human?

I thought I would query Leslie Howard, because he is back in Hollywood and because most women seem to agree that, concerning the finer points of romance, he should have the best answers.

He does, pals, he does! What I particularly approve of in the fascinating Mr. Howard is his delightful candor. Naturally, being a married man, he has to be

respectfully discreet. Yet, being the one and only subtle Leslie, he is far too intelligent to stall.

"Screen love?" He registered concentration. (He does that by leaning his face on his right hand in classic thinker style.)

"Certainly it's thrilling to the participants, assuredly it's liable to be too realistic, and *of course* movie kisses are dangerous! Why, cinema sweethearts have all the external qualities of romance presented to them on a silver platter!"

Nothing evasive about Mr. Howard!

"When millions of fans are entranced by a gorgeous screen girl, can her hero be a man of iron? He probably should be, I'll admit. But," and he suddenly stared piercingly at me, "could *you* be nonchalant?" I reminded him that he was the interviewee, and he replied he didn't believe it would be normal to be utterly casual.

Almost finished with "Of Human Bondage," his first



American production since the memorable "Berkeley Square," he had slipped over to his manager's office to visit with me while his associates at Radio went into a huddle to decide how to wind up the plot.

"If it wouldn't sound facetious or be a bad pun, I might confess that I myself learned much about women from Hollywood!" Now I was getting somewhere. I urged him to elaborate.

"Well, you see the leading ladies here are super-alluring. Stage heroines, for instance, climb to the top strictly on their acting merits. In the theatre a girl need only be passable as regards her face. The audience's distance automatically endows her with sufficient glamor. You get what I'm driving at? While one may admire a fine technician, one isn't struck giddy by her knack for acting.

"Here in Hollywood, surface sex appeal reigns triumphant. The heroines, thanks to the close-ups, must be positively appetizing. Delectable! The public must literally see why the lady is so enchanting to the hero. More and more sheer ability is counting, but a beautiful personality has so far been an adequate substitute."

His blue eyes sparkling with that constant intensity which is so exclusively his, he warmed to his subject. Alternately he lounged lazily behind a massive desk and then strode vigorously up and down the room. There is a charm about him which is as evident in person as on screen or stage.

"It's all very well and diplomatic to declare that working in movie love scenes is purely business. But if you are a sensitive, emotional person—and you have to be to be an actor—you are predisposed for romance. You remind yourself that you're acting, but the pre-

*Here, below, is the lovely Howard residence in Surrey, England—a four-hundred-year-old Tudor home.*



*Leslie's appealing little daughter, named after him, is his constant playmate and the apple of his eye. Here are the two in a characteristic moment, during Mr. Howard's recent sojourn in old England.*



*Leslie Howard leads the field when it comes to subtle masculine charm. He's now in "Of Human Bondage."*

tense can start you guessing about your partner's reactions—if you are bold.

"You say to yourself, 'Now here's a person capable of feeling the ardor she pretends for the sake of the story.' The director orders you to put enthusiasm into your scenes. Ah, it's a problem—whether you're single, or married and in peaceful relationship with your own wife!"

Where high-pressure film affection has frequently led, we know. Few dare to be as frank as Leslie Howard. But Hollywood's history is high-lighted with cases of screen thrills that wound up in real flame. Off-screen friendships become more serious when the two friends are cast together in love sequences—often. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone currently, as Garbo and Gilbert in the silent days, exemplify this tendency.

But to return to Mr. Howard's revelations.

"English screen girls are not so troublesome to the actor," he continued.

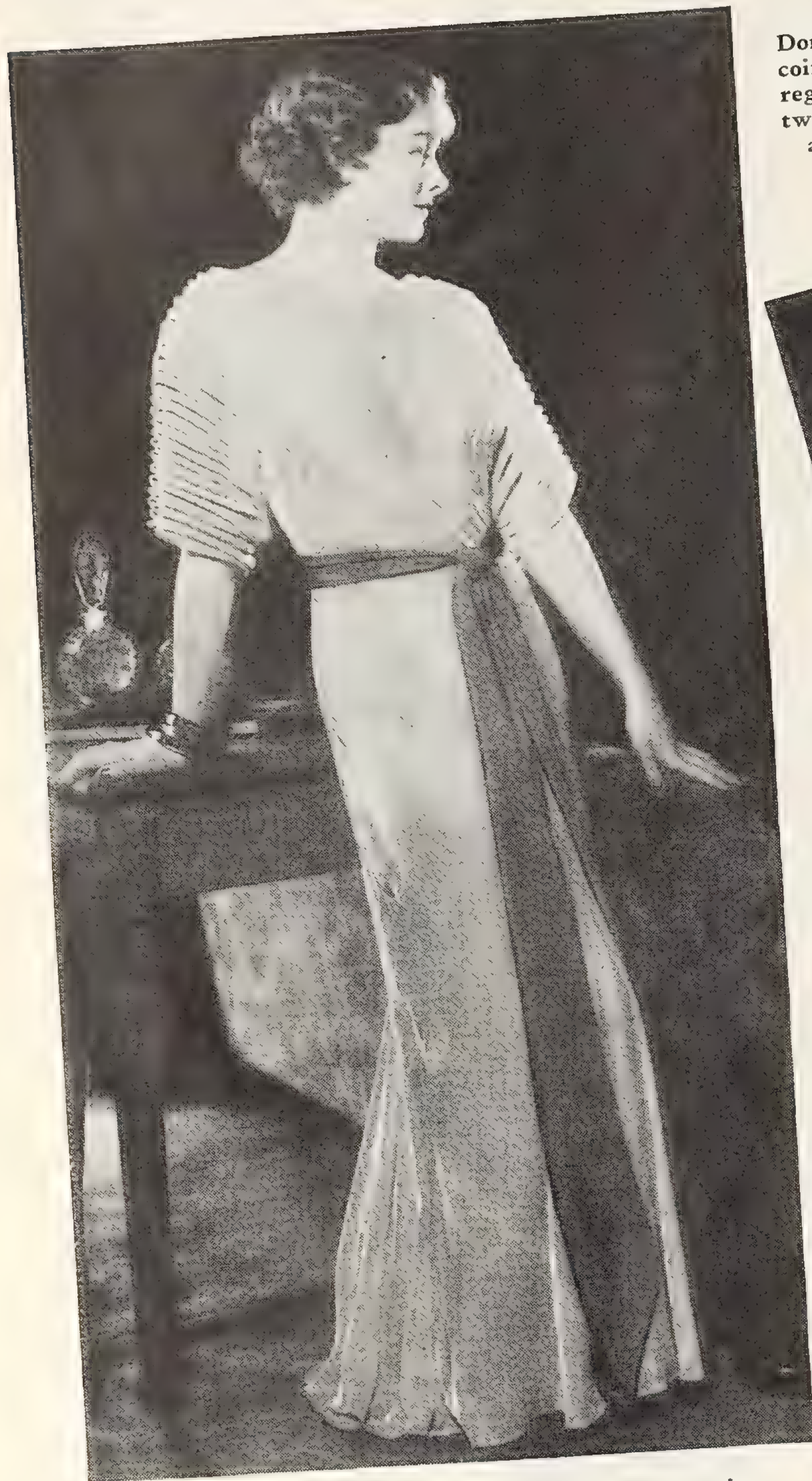
"The British fans haven't been educated up to the

high standard of beauty Hollywood has achieved. In London, when they cast a film, they just hire a competent actress and turn her loose on the set. She shifts for herself. The infinite pains taken here to enhance a lady's looks are not taken there. Consequently, it's easier on the actor's conscience in Britain!

"I should interpret this variation thus. In America the film stars have established themselves as the supreme influences. The average girl (Continued on page 95)



# SCREENLAND'S *Glamor*



Trust Myrna to select the quietly feminine in hostess gowns! This one is of corn-gold velvet with corded elbow-length sleeves and is girdled with turquoise satin. Mysterious Myrna is a fitting title for this lady with the provocative eyes!

One of Myrna's smartest secrets is her foresight in buying a costume she likes even if it is months ahead of season. Right, here's her linen beach ensemble for Summer. The dress is white with blue. The coat is red and blue on a white background.

Don't wear a tiara unless your coiffure can compete with its regal requirements. Here are two views of Myrna's correct and sophisticated hair-dress.



You never think of Myrna Loy as the "suit" type—yet she's very fond of them and wears them with dash. One of her favorites is this hand-knit suit of tomato rust, which Myrna shows so attractively below.





# School

Edited by

*Myrna Loy*



Lace for mystery, bangs for piquancy! Myrna offers a devastating combination of both with this chapeau!

Myrna's four-piece tweed ensemble, shown below, is in red and blue checks on white, with a knitted blouse.



"Loy" is Hollywood language for Lure! Myrna's is a very special kind—she is subtly sophisticated but never glaringly glamorous. We present the Princess of Poise!



Above, luscious Loy in a dazzling dinner dress of deep blue satin which flaunts an extremely high neckline, with diamond cut-outs at bodice accented with brilliants and full capelet sleeves.

Left, here's Myrna's beach ensemble without the coat. It consists of a sleeveless blouse with an anchor in blue, matching linen shorts, and a separate buttoned skirt with a blue suède belt. Myrna's advance vacation suggestion!

Photographs of Miss Loy posed exclusively for SCREENLAND by Clarence Sinclair Bull. Clothes by I. Magnin.





# Maurice *Denies It!*

Give Chevalier a chance to defend himself! Don't condemn him until you have heard his side of the story! SCREENLAND, in the interests of fair play, asked the famous Frenchman to give us the inside facts. In all justice you must read his explanation

“no, no, no, NO!”

**O**NE day last fall a rich little nugget of scandal was dropped into the hospitable lap of Hollywood.

**CHEVALIER BREAKS WITH LUBITSCH. CHEVALIER REFUSES TO WORK WITH MacDONALD. CHEVALIER SAYS HE'S BIG ENOUGH TO CARRY A PICTURE BY HIMSELF. CHEVALIER DISSATISFIED WITH LUBITSCH DIRECTION. CHEVALIER WILL NOT PLAY MERRY WIDOW IF LUBITSCH DIRECTS.**

Tongues wagged and rumors flew. “What do you suppose happened? What's it all about? Why doesn't he deny it? How dreadful! How amusing! But Lubitsch and he were such friends, my dear. I have it on the best authority. Then he ought to deny it. They say he's jealous of MacDonald's success. But he couldn't be. He's not that sort of person. I met him once—. But it's spread all over the papers and he hasn't denied it. So it must be true—” And so on and on and on through all the delightful variations the theme afforded.

Meantime Chevalier, blissfully unconscious, was speeding across the ocean for a well-earned rest in France. Three months later he returned to a hailstorm of questions.

“How about ‘The Merry Widow’? How about Lubitsch? How about MacDonald? Why don't you want to play with MacDonald? What have you got against Lubitsch? Is it true that you said,” etc., etc., etc.

“No, no, no, no!” cried Chevalier, aghast, bewildered, indignant, incredulous. “I have not said these things!”

“But you haven't denied it. You should have denied it. Why didn't you deny it?”—like a mocking chorus



*Do you want to see Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald together again in “The Merry Widow”? We hope that by the time you are reading this, these two will be reunited on the screen. See what Maurice says!*



heard in a bad dream.

I found him standing in the middle of his hotel room, his hands thrust deep into his trouser pockets, his eyes like those of a weebegone child who's been swiftly and suddenly kicked in the pants for no reason that he can discover.

"You know," he said, "I would swear in front of God—if I could meet God tomorrow—that I have not said these things!"

The effect of that interpolated phrase—spoken with utter simplicity and no thought of humor—was curiously moving, bearing witness as it did to the depth and honesty of his distress. So far as I'm concerned, I'd as soon take Maurice Chevalier's unadorned word for the truth of a statement as any oath sworn to before a bar human or divine. But it was easy to understand why he should have felt the need for emphasis. The legend had grown pretty firmly entrenched during his absence. And he hadn't—so they told him—denied it.

"How can I deny it?" inquired Maurice patiently, "before I have heard it? In America nothing was

## A SCREENLAND SCOOP!

By Ida Zeitlin

in the profession to talk bad about someone. Besides, I would have to be crazy to even hint such a thing about Lubitsch. I owe him too much. It is

against my thoughts—it is against my feelings—it is as far from the truth as the earth from the moon—it—" he cast about almost desperately for some word that would adequately convey his feeling on the subject, then gave it up. "Well, anyhow, the proof is that from the boat to France I sent a letter and Charles Laughton sent a letter to Lubitsch, saying how we would be happy if we could work, the three of us, in a story Lubitsch has in the back of his head for Laughton and me. And I hope," he continued drily, "I hope I can say without praising myself too much that I am not the fellow who says behind a man's back I don't want to work with him and then writes him a letter that I do."

Deeply disturbed though he was, he spoke quietly, sitting still in his chair. He has none of the staccato gestures we have come to associate, rightly or wrongly, with the typical Gallic temperament. His feeling was apparent only in an occasional shrug, a tilt of the brows, a compression of the lips, a slight roughening of the voice.

"When I read Thalberg's wire, I wired back, telling him what I have said and what I have not said. Meantime there came a letter from Lubitsch, sent two weeks before. As I have not denied anything about those articles, he thought I was meaning them and answered something in the papers. Am I blaming him for that? No, a thousand times. I understand how he was hurt. I in his place would have felt the same. Then I wired him personally, saying exactly what I have said to Thalberg, and he sent me a very (Continued on page 83)



printed till I am on the boat—at least I have seen nothing. In France I do not read the American papers. At first—yes—at first I got all the clippings—from everywhere. I thought it would be nice, you know?—lots of fun—to read them. But in this clipping someone was saying I am a genius—in that clipping someone was saying I am the most terrible actor in the world. Well—" his eyebrows went up and he gestured helplessly, "—it drives me crazy. So—no more clippings."

His first intimation of what was going on came in a wire from Irving Thalberg to Paris, telling him he'd been quoted as saying he no longer wished to work under the direction of Lubitsch.

"It made me feel ashamed," said Maurice slowly, his eyes fixed on his interlaced fingers, "—like some poor beggar coming back to Paris. Why should I talk bad about Lubitsch? First, I am not



*Did you believe those stories about Chevalier refusing to act again under Ernst Lubitsch's direction? Remember their triumphs as star and director of "The Love Parade" and "The Smiling Lieutenant?" Read what Maurice really thinks of Ernst!*





Here's Herbert Marshall, Esq.



Here's "Little Boy Bart"

# Marshall *vs.* "Bart"

Famous author exposes the mystery of "two" of your favorite movie gentlemen!

*By Beth Brown*

Whose best-selling novel, "Man and Wife," will soon be filmed by Metro

**T**HIS is the true story about two people wearing the one skin and sharing the same wife.

One of them is a small boy who will never grow up. The other is a man who has never been young. That's why only those who know him very well call him Bart. At the studio—on the lot—to the rest of the world, the outer half of him answers to the sober name of Herbert Marshall, Esquire.

If you catch him in a moment of intimacy, you may also find the Bart of him at home—and their act begins.

You've seen a ventriloquist on-stage arguing with a wooden doll who is his other self. Well, it's just like that. Mr. Marshall is very gracious, very distinguished, very suave. Little Boy Bart is childish, mischievous and painfully outspoken.

That was how Herbert Marshall and his echo sat there facing me. Mr. Marshall was hoping the camera would break or the dinner bell would ring for dinner. He hates to talk about himself. That's why nobody knows anything much about him.

Bart was squirming to tell all. Bart looks eleven

years old. Mr. Marshall looks thirty-seven. People are supposed to multiply this combined age by two and divide by seven.

"Please don't give away any secrets," whispered Mr. Marshall.

"You can trust me," with a malicious wink.

And the interview began.

Bart will eat anything but bananas. Mr. Marshall dotes on roast beef and kidney. Bart likes striped suits. Mr. Marshall dislikes tea in tea bags. They are both intrigued by American refrigerators. Mr. Marshall is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and seventy pounds, and is as handsome as his wife insists that he is. In fact, he is the only actor in captivity who is distinguished without being gray-haired about it.

Bart is forever buying ties, shirts and collars. He likes his handkerchief at a careless angle. The orderly, immaculate, British Mr. Marshall keeps correcting the incorrigible Bart.

The ladies all adore Mr. Marshall. Theatre alleys just swarm with young and (Continued on page 84)



# Hollywood's Salute to Spring



"Come, gentle spring,  
ethereal mildness, come!"  
It's in the fragrant air, the  
budding trees, the balmy  
winds. And Hollywood  
extends its welcome—a  
welcome epitomized in this  
charming still of Janet  
Gaynor and Robert Young  
in "Carolina."



# Their "Pet" Playmates!

*She's a pet! Little Miss Shirley Temple, who became a movie star all of a sudden, is one of the proudest young persons in Hollywood. And next proudest is the Fox studio, which discovered her, put her in "Fox Follies," and has been congratulating itself since! Here's Shirley with Victor Jory, one of her humble slaves.*

*"This is no Scotch joke," says Helen Mack, as she teaches Hoot Mon, her Scottish terrier, how to take a proper pride in his personal appearance.*

Springtime is playtime—and the boys and girls of film-land know how to choose their play companions



"Now I ask you," demands Genevieve Tobin, "how can I refuse him anything?" We don't know—not when her supPLICator is this appealing youngster. Genevieve thought she was going to snatch a snooze on the grass—but her twin pups had other plans for spending the afternoon. Watch for Miss Tobin in "The Ninth Guest."



Here's a touching story! Penny, Heather Angel's kitten, is suffering from anemia, so Heather has to "build him up" with doses of sherry. Take your medicine, Penny!



Just a couple of interpretative artists! Irene Bentley, lovely screen actress, supervises little Mitzie's piano practice. Mitzie's learning to play a duet with herself.







Beauty of every kind outdoes itself in Spring! The leaves are greener, the blossoms gayer—and yes, the Hollywood girls look more gorgeous than ever! See for yourself!

*"Let's Fall in Love" is the logical title for a picture involving Ann Southern, especially at this time of year. And that, by a happy coincidence, is the name of the film musical in which she is being seen.*

*Spring does right by Pat Paterson! With the coming of that bright season, Fox was so deeply impressed with her young charm and beauty that they forthwith placed her right in a leading rôle in George White's "Scandals."*



*Haven't You Noticed—*  
**The Girls Grow More Gorgeous!**





*June Knight, once a cinema bud, shows she's in tune with the season by flowering into stardom. June's springlike name is co-starred with Russ Columbo's in "The Love Life of a Crooner."*



*Renewal is the keynote of Spring, and that sounds like a good idea to Arline Judge. So she proceeds blithely with her renewed screen career—even more delightful than you knew her in the old.*

*Is it that vernal bloom? Florine McKinney has never been easier to look at than she is here, and that's praise!*



*And here's Marian Marsh, whose early ingénue acting you remember well. She's a more mature, more gracious Marian today.*





# — And The Men Are More Amusing!

*In love with Nature, too! Francis Lederer, one of the most romantic of stage and screen actors, finds room in his heart for yearnings toward beauty botanical as well as feminine. And even Nature, which loves a lover too, seems to be returning his admiration.*



*The balmy season fills Eddie Horton with more than his usual agitation—and that's quite a lot of fussiness! But this clever comedian shows you here that he can be a pretty fetching fellow, too, when it comes to prepossessing looks.*

*Tullio Carminati, singer of gay songs and actor in romantic rôles, finds new inspiration in these delightful days. Have you seen him making love to Connie Bennett in "Moulin Rouge"?*







New dash, new vigor, new spirit infuse the lads of Cinemaland when Spring puts on her gay attire. Behold some of Hollywood's handsomest, agog to greet the season

*Otto Kruger, that gentlemanly actor, knows how to respond to the call of the rejuvenated outdoors. Trim and athletic in his golf sweater and knickers, he's as pleasing to the eye in this informal off-screen picture as in any of his posed stills or portraits.*



Even "bad-man" Bickford softens in answer to the smile of the elements. Charlie, who so often appears before the screen public in the roughneck garb of the "tough guy," slicks up and looks pleasant for Spring's return.

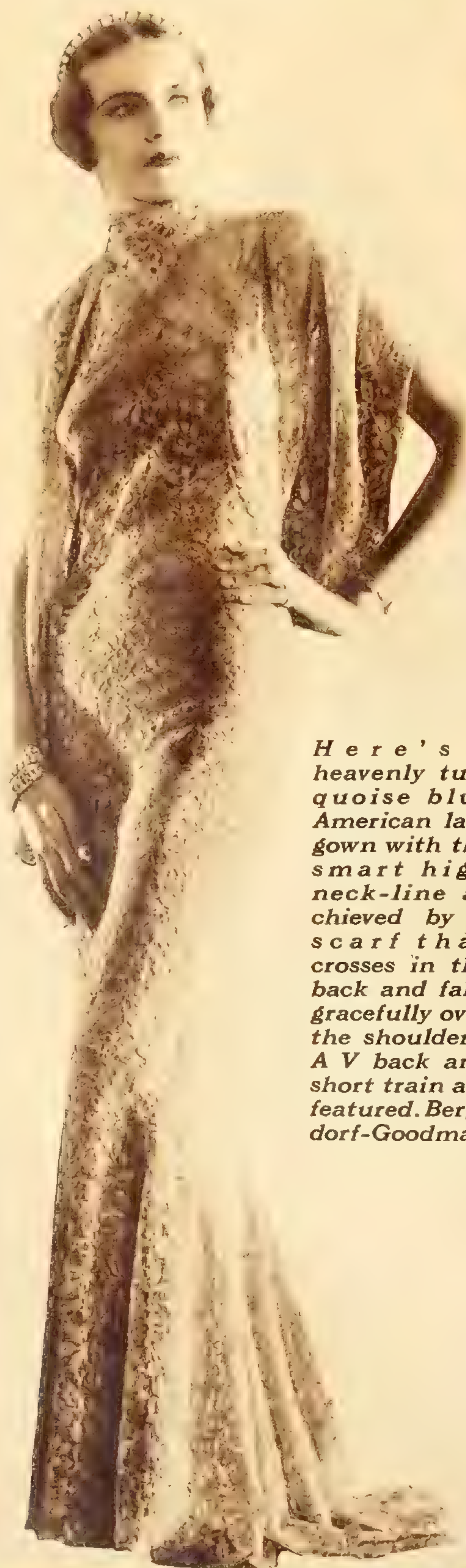


Phillips Holmes doesn't need any special incentive for looking attractive—does he, girls? Yet there's an added appeal and new assurance in his look as he breathes in the Spring sunshine.



# Our Own Spring Fashion Show

*All photographs by Wynn Richards,  
posed exclusively for SCREENLAND,  
courtesy of Fox Movietone News.  
Additional gowns by Lord & Taylor.*



*Here's a heavenly turquoise blue American lace gown with the smart high neck-line achieved by a scarf that crosses in the back and falls gracefully over the shoulders. A V back and short train are featured. Bergdorf-Goodman*



*Isn't this a picture! Stunning gowns worn by smart ladies! These advance Spring frocks are absolutely correct for formal soirées—satin, taffeta, lace, challis—take your choice!*

*A creation of luscious green taffeta with the new bustle effect, and a V neckline. In keeping with the quaint gown, a pair of dull gold bracelets, one on each wrist, and a gold leaf tiara, are worn. Lillian Sloane.*

*"The flowers that bloom in the Spring" inspired Reboux to ornament this elegant large black milan chapeau. Nicole de Paris.*





For the first time a screen fashion show has been dedicated to a magazine! Moviegoers all over the country enjoyed Fox Movietone's glimpses of the new gowns in a SCREENLAND Fashion Show—and now we show you herewith, the complete review

SCREENLAND'S Spring style show was directed by Miss Vyvyan Donner of Fox Movietone News, and shown on the screens throughout the world.



Here are suggestions for that important Spring evening! The girls wearing these SCREENLAND fashion specials are famous New York models, each noted for good looks and chic.

This regal silver lamé evening suit with kolinsky fur demands that high tiara and stunning neckline. Ten Eyck.



Even Grandma will put the stamp of approval on this printed challis evening gown with its red velvet sash. A series of ruffles cascade from the knees into a train. Lillian Sloane.



Very 1840, my dear, but oh, so 1934!—this hat of lustrous navy straw trimmed and faced with piqué. Dache.







Hurrell

## *Speaking of* **Springtime's Charms!**

**D**ON'T overlook Fay Wray, whose fresh youthfulness and pervading warmth make her eminently suited to any vernal celebration. Fay, looking her most gorgeous, has been doing herself proud in serious rôles.



# My Make-Up Secret

## To Enhance the Charm of Beauty

As Told to Florence Vondelle by  
**BETTE DAVIS**  
 Starring in Warner Bros.  
**"FASHIONS OF 1934"**



**Powder** "The color tone of face powder is most important, for it should harmonize with and enliven the beauty of the skin. For my colorings...blonde hair, blue eyes, fair skin...I use Max Factor's Rachelle Powder. Clinging in texture, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that I know will appear faultless under any close-up test."

**Rouge** "Pat on a touch of rouge following the natural curve of the cheekbone...and then soften the edges by blending with the fingertips. To be sure of correct color harmony, I use Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge...its delicate texture and creamy smoothness help a lot in blending a beautiful, soft, natural, lifelike coloring."

**Lipstick** "Always dry your lips and keep them dry when applying lipstick. Make up the upper lip first and trace this lip contour on the lower lip by simply compressing lips together; then fill in. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick completes my make-up color harmony. It's moisture-proof, permanent in color, lasts all day...three good reasons why I use it."

"The charm of beauty lies in the appeal of color...for color is the exciting thing about beauty. Color is the brilliance that attracts...that creates unforgettable charm."

This is how Bette Davis describes that elusive something called charm...and here is her secret for capturing it.

"Make-up holds the secret. And in Hollywood, this means color harmony make-up...powder, rouge and lip-

stick in harmonized color tones...created by Max Factor to enhance the colorful appeal of youthful beauty."

Like Hollywood's stars, you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, Film-land's genius of make-up. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At leading stores.

## Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP...Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

**NOW FREE...Your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart!** Fill in and mail coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood, for your Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."

NOTE: For Purse-Size Box of Powder and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades, enclose 10 cents for extra postage and handling.



| MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR, HOLLYWOOD 4-4-75              |                                |                                                                     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>COMPLEXIONS</b>                                            | <b>EYES</b>                    | <b>HAIR</b>                                                         |
| Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>                           | Blue <input type="checkbox"/>  | BLONDES                                                             |
| Fair <input type="checkbox"/>                                 | Gray <input type="checkbox"/>  | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>        |
| Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>                               | Green <input type="checkbox"/> | BROWNETTES                                                          |
| Medium <input type="checkbox"/>                               | Hazel <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>        |
| Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>                                | Brown <input type="checkbox"/> | BRUNETTES                                                           |
| Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>                               | Black <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>        |
| Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>                             | <b>LASHES (Color)</b>          | REDHEADS                                                            |
| Olive <input type="checkbox"/>                                | Light <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>        |
| <b>SKIN</b> Dry <input type="checkbox"/>                      | Dark <input type="checkbox"/>  | If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/> | <b>AGE</b>                     |                                                                     |
|                                                               |                                | NAME _____                                                          |
|                                                               |                                | STREET _____                                                        |
|                                                               |                                | CITY _____                                                          |
|                                                               |                                | STATE _____                                                         |



# SCREEN DRAMA

## *in the* **Great Tradition**



*Loretta Young's gentle charm finds a congenial setting in the quaint eighteenth century costumes she wears as Julie, daughter of Baron Rothschild. This epic film tells of a great period in European statecraft.*

**George Arliss depicts the head of the famous House of Rothschild, makers of world history**

*Photographs by Kenneth Alexander, Twentieth Century Production.*

*Baron Rothschild in person! George Arliss fits to perfection in the rôle of the suavely masterful financier who stood behind the thrones of potentates.*



# *It's a breach of fashion . . .*

if your hair hasn't a spring outfit, too!



Miss Margaret C. Whitney of Garden City, L. I., says: "Why should summer only be permanent waving time? I want my hair looking its best the year round—and I keep it so by getting a Eugene permanent two or three times a year."

Fashion is busily showing new things for Spring—frocks, coats and hats with many clever new touches. But Fashion has one stern rule: Whatever the style of your Spring costuming, your hair *must* be in wave. Straight hair is *conspicuously* out of place.

That means you need your Eugene Permanent Wave *now*. If you wait for "later," as you may have planned, you miss months of smartness, beauty and convenience. Instead, follow those knowing women here and abroad...

Go at once to a hairdresser who does *genuine* Eugene Waving, and get a genuine Eugene Permanent Wave. Enjoy its comfort and loveliness all through Spring and Summer; then when your new hair

grows in, a few months from now, have this new straight hair permanently waved, too!

Hairdressers who feature the Eugene Method can keep your hair permanently beautiful with undulating waves, flattering ringlets and cunning clusters of indestructible curls...just as you desire. They give you these results by using genuine Eugene Sachets—approved by Good Housekeeping and identified, for your protection, by the Eugene trademark, the famous "Goddess of the Wave."

When you see this trademark stamped on the sachets used, you can be absolutely certain that you are getting what you are paying for—a *genuine Eugene permanent wave*, preferred the world-over.

Eugene Ltd., New York, London, Paris and Sydney.

## eugene



*permanent waves*



Eugene will gladly send you a free copy of his style bulletin "Hair Views." It shows the latest coiffure styles sponsored by Harper's Bazaar and reproduced by Eugene, and it contains important advice on permanent waving. Send the coupon at once.

**FREE...Eugene offers "Hair Views"**

Eugene Ltd., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Please send me "Hair Views" sponsored by Harper's Bazaar and Eugene.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(YOU CAN PASTE THIS ON A PENNY POST CARD)



Ginger Rogers.



An unconventional portrait drawing by Charles Sheldon



JOAN CRAWFORD  
in "DANCING LADY"  
with Franchot Tone  
an M-G-M picture

## LOVELY HANDS ARE STARS IN LOVE ROLES

Smooth, soft, caressing hands... what would love scenes be without them! Nice hands add enormously to the charms of screen stars... to YOUR charms, too. And how easy to guard the complexion of your hands... in spite of work and weather. Just remember to smooth in **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM** before and after exposure, after hands have been in water, and always at night. Hinds is more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that soothes, softens, and protects. And it costs so little!



NOW ALSO IN A SMART NEW 25c SIZE

Soft, smooth, and lovely as her face are the hands of JOAN CRAWFORD, in "Dancing Lady." Shown with Franchot Tone in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

TRY Hinds Cleansing Cream... by the same makers. Delicate, light... liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.

Tune in on Radio Hall of Fame, featuring greatest stars of stage, screen, and opera. Sunday evenings, 10:30 E. S. T. WEAf, N. B. C. network.



*Lippman,  
Columbia  
Pictures*



*The Most Beautiful Still of the Month*  
Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night."

*Something was bound to happen when the dashing Gable crossed the path of the ravishing Claudette! Here's one of the results.*





*Time out! Dolores Del Rio is caught by the cameraman in the process of being interviewed by Evelyn Ballarine, SCREENLAND'S radio reporter, during a rehearsal.*

**R**ECENTLY you heard Dolores Del Rio broadcast with the Ipana Troubadours. You applauded her work and when it was over you tuned in on another program, and that was that. But it wasn't, really—you can't dismiss it as calmly as all that. Dolores devoted an entire afternoon to rehearsals—I know, I was there! And what a hectic afternoon!

News of her presence at the broadcasting studio spread like wildfire. Fans appeared in droves. Dolores graciously autographed papers and things. She had been told that there would be no interruptions at the rehearsals. Well, practically no interruptions! Two sets of photographers barged in—a Spanish couple who were friends of a friend arrived for a chat—several N. B. C. executives came in to say "Hello." Etc., etc.!

As soon as she had a breathing spell, Dolores came over and chatted with me. She was having a grand time in New York, seeing every worthwhile play on Broadway and visiting the gay spots in town. I asked Dolores the inevitable question—did she feel a bit nervous on approaching the microphone, or did radio hold no terrors for her?



## As Thousands HEAR!

How do screen stars behave while broadcasting? Here's the answer!

By

*Evelyn Ballarine*



*How Del Rio looked when she faced her ether audience.*

"Nervous?" echoed the lovely Latin. "People have asked me that about the radio before—but how strange! I *like* to talk for audiences, whether I can see them or not. Don't I always talk to a microphone when I am working in a picture?"

That seemed to be that—yet how refreshingly different from the attitude taken by Katharine Hepburn when she was rehearsing from the same studio; I hear that she not only denied herself to spectators and visitors of all kinds, but even had to have an elevator all to herself when coming to and from her broadcast! On the other hand, there was Phillips Holmes, who not only sailed through his program for SCREENLAND without the least bit of embarrassment, but actually sat out in the reception room and visited with people almost up to the very minute when he had to go on the air. Strange how differently that bit of metal called "Mike" affects different performers!

In response to my query as to whether she was sorry she had bobbed her "crowning glory," Dolores had this to (Continued on page 82)



How to beautify your home background! Read this third article in our exclusive series of informative talks by the screen's leading decorators

*Here is a view of the living-room set designed by Mr. Polglase for Irene Dunn's new picture, "Transient Love." Note his effective use of a white wall with plain rug, and furniture of varying periods.*



*This month we present Mr. Van Nest Polglase, R-K-O's youthful art director. His hints for home decoration are decidedly practical, as well as artistic, in viewpoint.*

**P**EOPLE like *livable* houses," declares Van Nest Polglase, art director for R-K-O Studios. "And why not?"

"The average American wants a home that will wear well, one that he can enjoy several years hence as much as he does today. He doesn't care for very odd and unusual decorations around him, no matter how much he may admire the effects on the screen."

Slim, young, and red-headed, Mr. Polglase stood on the very "livable" set he had designed for Irene Dunne's latest picture, "Transient Love," and considered the home problems of SCREENLAND's readers.

"I know that there is a great deal of interest taken in the rooms shown on the screen," he continued, "for we have a steady flow of fan mail, asking questions, begging for plans or sketches or stills of particular dwellings or furnishings in our pictures."

"After 'Animal Kingdom,' my first production on this lot, we were nearly swamped with requests for details of the little house occupied by Leslie Howard and Myrna Loy. It was a small, attractive, home-like place, not in the least bizarre or modernistic. It spelled comfort, which is the first requisite of young America."

"I am convinced that the average American is becom-

ing more critical of things he formerly took for granted, simply because he has the contrast of what he sees on the screen. He may enjoy looking at a set done in cubes, oblongs, and cylinders, but he is still, in my opinion, very far from wishing to live in a house of that design."

"After all, the hints I have to give concern the average American, not the exceptional individual who has his own rigid ideas on decoration, or the one who can afford to turn the whole problem over to an interior decorator."

"First of all, when you judge the room you see in a picture, remember that it was designed to get the finest photographic effects—and take that into consideration when you attempt to reproduce it. We use white walls on this set, but if I were to put them into a home I would use off-white or even an ivory or cream."

"Before you plan the rooms in your new house—or the changes you wish to make in your old one—consider the personalities who are to live in it. Consider yourself, your husband, your mother, the children—whoever is to be part of the home, and let the rooms frame the family so that they will be at their best. Never try to live with something that clashes with your personality."

"Extreme styles are for showy people. I believe modernistic effects are very good for public buildings, for theatre lobbies, for offices, for formal places, for very 'arty' people, perhaps—grand opera stars or flamboyant actors—but they are decidedly *not* for the average American."

"I like a very homey house myself, smart but comfortable. I think I'd have light walls, probably off-white, with contrasting curtains, and furniture that was comfortable and cheerful-looking. French Provincial or early American furniture, or mixed styles, would look well in such a house."

"For a typical American family, I would suggest a





By  
Ruth  
Tildesley

*The same room seen from a different angle, showing the sun room at the far end—an artful device for achieving a “sunshiny” effect. Note the cheerful curtains on the double doors, which lead to a terrace.*

# HOME-MAKERS

living room in early American style. I'd have wall-paper of the period and an off-white paneling, simple drapes in solid colors, and early American furniture in knotted pine.

“If the family has inherited some pieces of good furniture, they can be fitted into such a room. Most people have some pieces they don't wish to give up, either because the things are really good, or because they have a sentimental value. Even the Victorian stuff needn't be thrown out, unless it is too ornate, for horsehair can be ripped off and replaced by plain rep, and useless ornamentation removed. Good old mahogany looks well anywhere in a living room of this type. You may mix your furniture and it will not look out of place.

“In this set, you will notice we have two French Provincial chairs that we've covered in blue and white checked material; they fit into the room perfectly.

“If you have something that has no value except a sentimental one, don't think you must sacrifice it because it is out of date. Consider the piece carefully and watch the screen for hints. You have no idea how a little attention can make it sightly and usable.

“If I had a house with plenty of spare room, I think it would be amusing to set aside one for early Victorian stuff and use it for a show place, or as a small living room. That would be a good way to take care of heirlooms that don't go in anywhere else.

“The interest created in Victorian things by the sets of ‘Little Women’ is rather surprising. This picture was an absorbing problem for me and for Thomas Little, who works with me on furnishing the sets I design. It took more research than a modern film, of course, and he went to much trouble to find the exact pieces to reproduce the *March* and *Lawrence* homes.

“However, I am partial to early American furniture because I think it fits our (Continued on page 86)



*Just a little clever remodeling—and what a difference in result! This attractive nook was made twice as roomy and comfortable by throwing back the window into the outer wall. The two French Provincial chairs are gay in blue and white checked material.*



Wide World  
Screen stars at  
play — 1934  
version! See how  
charming and  
correct the Joel  
McCreas and the  
Gary Coopers are,  
at a recent Holly-  
wood party.



## Hollywood Welcomes

Repeal appeal! Cinema City goes gayer and grander, with the stars glittering more gorgeously, dressing more beautifully, entertaining more formally

creator for Universal Pictures, who was with Lady Duff Gordon in New York in the day of formal elegance.

"You have heard all the talk about the fact that first-night opera goes this winter, for the first time in years, have brought out all their jewels and gone in for trains, diadems, and costly furs. Full dress for men, correct to the smallest detail, has replaced more than a decade of dinner coats for any and every evening function.

"We've turned back the clock to the era of elegance!"

Vera smiled at me across a length of gorgeous metal cloth she was selecting for Margaret Sullavan's new picture.

"The screen is reflecting life today, as it has always done," she continued. "We know that people copy what they see on the screen, but before what they copy can appear there, there must be a national trend toward it.

"During the late and unlamented depression,

Margaret Sullavan's afternoon frocks for Spring and Summer are all as gracefully grand as this one of white chiffon with ruffles. Designed by Vera.



IN THE day of the speakeasy, it was all very well to have an afternoon dress that "did" for evening by taking off the jacket. It was all right to appear at a dinner in the outfit you'd worn to luncheon or at the golf tournament. If you couldn't get your husband to put on his dinner coat, your hostess seldom turned pale at sight of him, and the *maitre d'hôtel* of the smart Cocoanut Grove in Hollywood might suffer when you arrived in sports things but he didn't politely suggest that informal dinner was served in the Moroccan Room as he would have done once.

But try to get away with that now!

"Repeal of the prohibition law has brought in great formality in dress and manners," declares Vera, clothes

For the cocktail party Vera designed this black and white costume for Margaret Sullavan. More ruffles on the embroidered white blouse! There's a tiny jacket.





Wide World

John Boles, Jeanette MacDonald, Ann Harding, and Nils Asther, gay but grand! See Ann's lovely fan, and Jeanette's gracious gown?

# the New Elegance!

By Rose Tilton

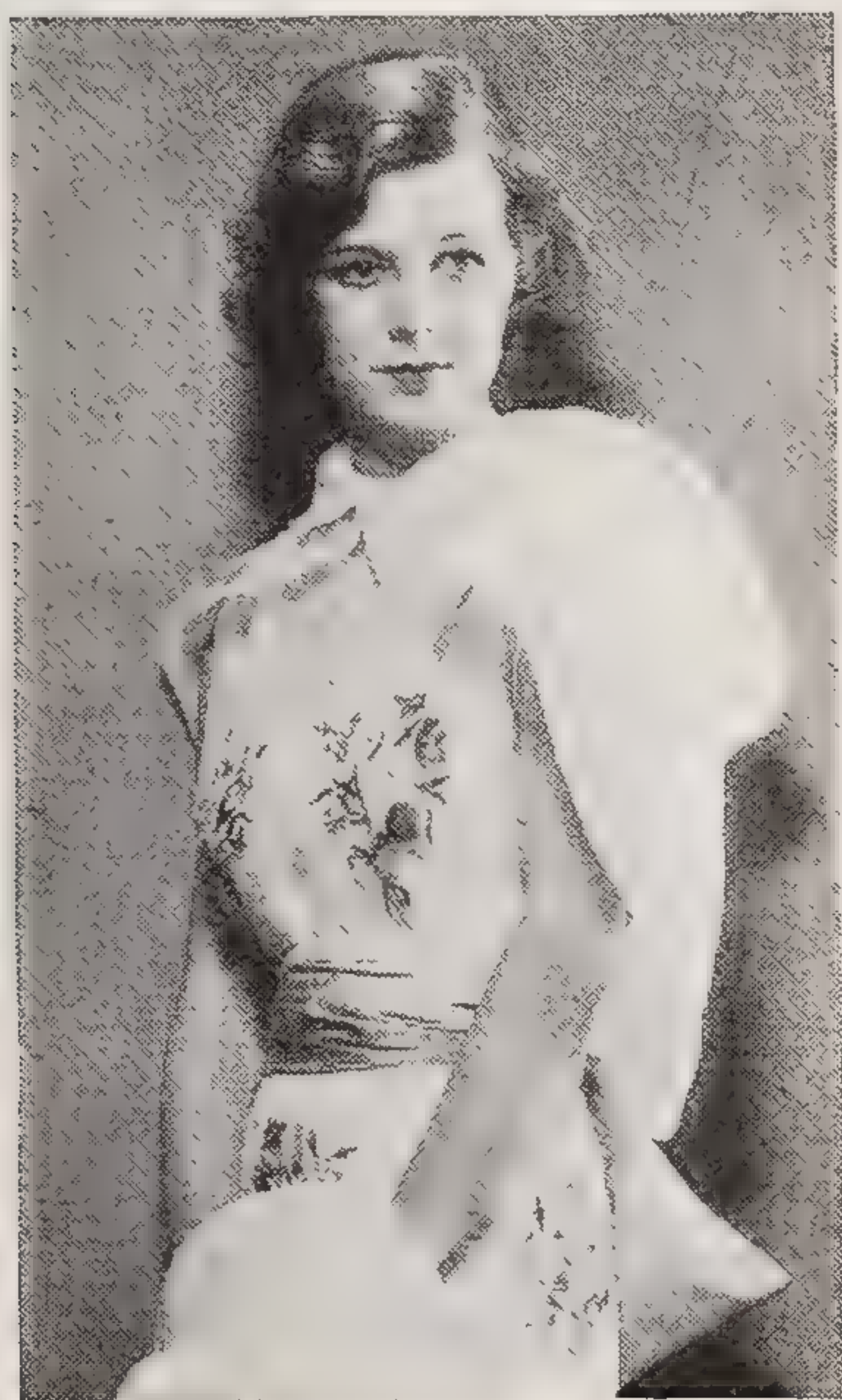
we had to be conservative because nobody could afford to be anything else. So we made our frocks do for more than one occasion; we discarded formality at dinner. Our guests helped shake up the cocktails, they romped in to the dinner table, they even ransacked the ice-box and ate in the kitchen, or sat on the stairs with their plates and made a frolic of washing them afterwards.

"It was a lot of fun, but it's all over now.

"The new formality has one excellent point, besides the gracious manner of living it brings in: it stimulates business in every line! Jewelers are beginning to smile,

because women are wearing gems again—real stones instead of costume jewelry. Those who make or sell clothes and furs are taking heart. But there are also the merchants who deal in furniture, tableware, china, glass, rugs and drapery, singing hallelujahs for formality. You can't give formal affairs with dishes that don't match, cigarette holes in the davenport, and out-of-date drawing rooms.

"Depression excused a great many things, because we were all in the same boat, but now we



For the first time Miss Sullavan consented to pose in fashions—for us, of course! She's dream-like in this organdie embroidered with blue, red, yellow flowers.

For late Spring evenings in the Repeal spirit, Margaret Sullavan chooses this Vera gown whose tight-fitting formality is enlivened with sprightly ruffles.



are beginning a new day, when appearances matter again.

"The screen is going in for formal styles in clothes, formal appointments at filmed dinner-parties, very formal balls, correct costuming and properly conducted entertainments. And you will be out of everything if you don't follow suit!

"When you select your evening gowns, remember that it's the thing to be feminine. Mannish affectations are as dead as near-beer. Last year, a few stars attempted to wear evening gowns in sports styles, but they wouldn't get as far as the door in them now.

"Decide whether you are the demure or the sophisticated type before you select your gowns. If the former, the long-sleeved (Continued on page 74)



# SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

Nana  
United  
Artists



Here is the American screen debut of *That Girl!* You've been hearing about her for over a year now, and it may be that some of you are a little tired. After all, who was she to be challenging the supremacy of Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford? And if she was so good, why did Sam Goldwyn have to spend all that time grooming her? Well, here is your answer. Anna of the Soviet Stens is well worth waiting for. She is Something New. She is Sex Appeal in person, and what a person. Her picture was "suggested" by Zola's "Nana," but the sole similarity seems to be in the heroine's name and the costumes of the period. The screen *Nana*, Miss Sten, is gloriously beautiful, immaculately gowned, and with a heart of gold which surrenders to a handsome young soldier. But Anna triumphs over the trivialities of her story, and emerges as the screen's most thrilling new star. And what support she has! Richard Bennett is superb as *Nana's* doting old manager. Phillip Holmes has great charm as *Nana's* Supreme Passion. But two ingratiating little girls come rather close to stealing all the human interest honors—Mae Clarke and Muriel Kirkland. They're funny, they're ingratiating, they're grand!

## REVIEWS

of the

Best

Pictures

By

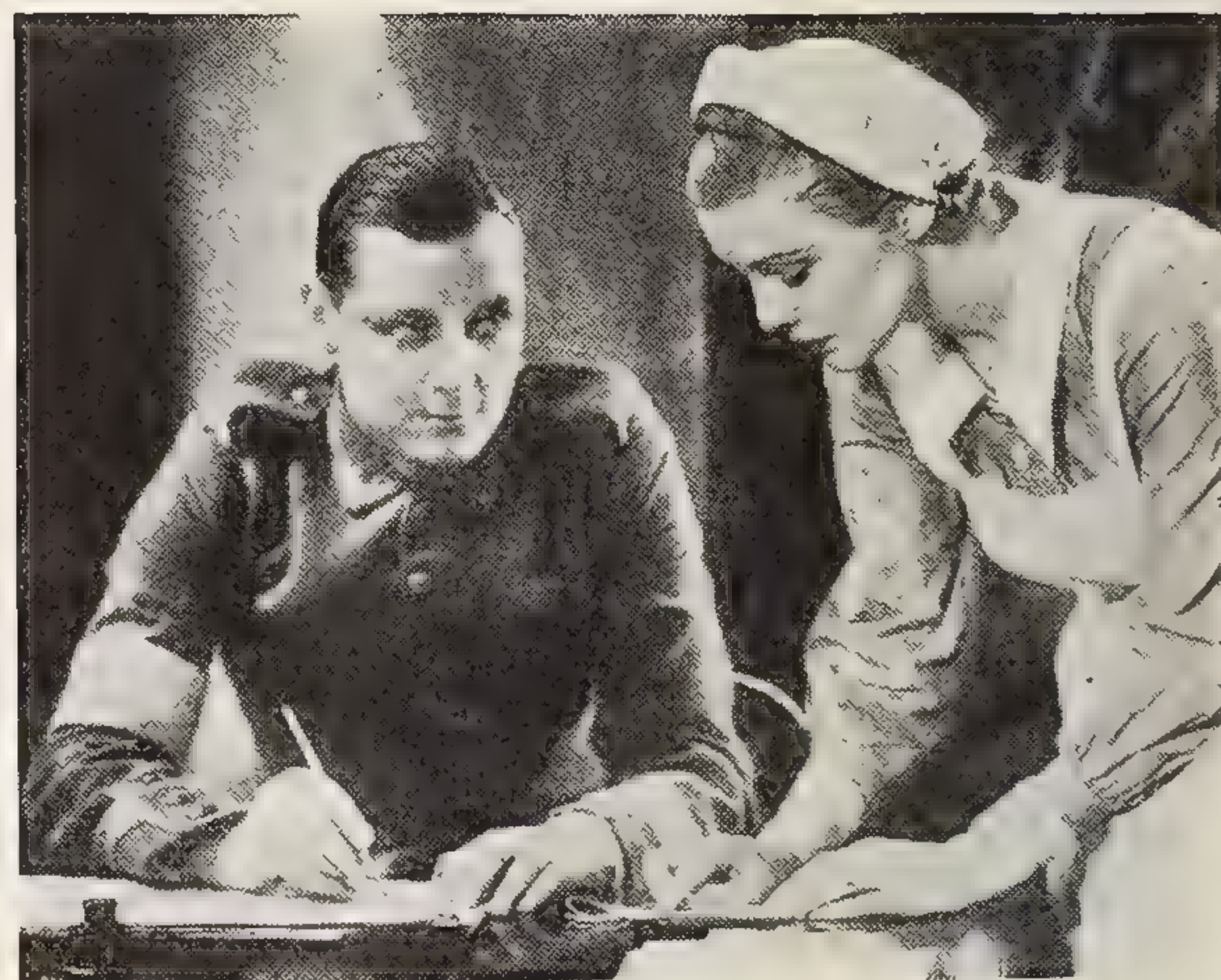
Delight Evans

Fashions  
of 1934  
Warners



For once we have a screen spectacle to appeal to the women as well as to the men! "Fashions of 1934" has all the excitement of the usual movie musical, including beauties indulging in an amazing fan dance; but it also has an amusing story and a parade of fashions for the delectation of the femmes. So everybody, I think, will enjoy the show. Certainly it's lavish, what with not only the two leading ladies, Bette Davis and Verree Teasdale, handsomely attired, but with an exhibit of very "advance" gowns inspired by historical costumes to put ideas in home dressmakers' heads. William Powell was never so suave as he is here, playing a fashion "pirate" who becomes the most fashionable couturier in Paris. Bette aids and abets him as a smart style artist, with Miss Teasdale scoring as a bogus Grand Duchess. Holmes Herbert and Frank McHugh supply the comedy, and that means fun for all. "Fashions of 1934" will give you the "inside story" of the "exclusive model" racket, but it will make you all the more clothes-conscious, so that you'll be rushing right out to acquire a few of those "exclusive little models" for yourself. But don't go in for fan-dancing!

I Was A Spy  
Fox



You may think you have seen all the spy dramas you ever want to see. But just one more won't hurt you. In fact, it will be good for you to see what fine films they can make in England. Granted that this is one of the better British buys, it has a quality only too rarely achieved whether in Hollywood, Elstree, Moscow or Berlin: the quality of quiet dignity. "I Was A Spy" is impressive not so much for its subject matter as for its beautiful and authentic direction by Victor Saville and its acting by Madeline Carroll, Herbert Marshall, Conrad Veidt, Sir Gerald Du Maurier, and the other members of its superb cast. A Belgian spy, played by Miss Carroll, and a British spy, Herbert Marshall, meet in a hospital in Belgium during the World War. They work together—and they fall in love; and one of them is caught. That's about all. But it becomes poignant drama in their hands. Some great moments; the total absence of stellar heroics; believable dialogue; a minimum of close-ups; and conviction in every scene, in every word, in every gesture—"I Was A Spy" is a picture I wish you would see. I cannot endorse it strongly enough. Watch for Miss Carroll's first American film—soon!

## You Can Count on these Criticisms



# Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

## What a Month of Good Movies!

Three sensational new stars: Anna Sten, Madeline Carroll, Elizabeth Bergner.

Two fine films from England, "Catherine the Great" and "I Was A Spy."

Excellent entertainment from Hollywood, notably "Nana," "Hi, Nellie," "I Am Suzanne," "Moulin Rouge," "Massacre," "By Candlelight."

Have a movie holiday! Don't miss one of these superlative screenplays!



I Am  
Suzanne  
Fox



Lilian Harvey's third Hollywood picture is by far her best. You'll see the real Harvey who was so utterly delightful in "Congress Dances" as she has not, alas, been seen in her first two American films. *This* Harvey is inimitable; the other Harveys were not so much more charming than dozens of our own girls. But here Lilian is allowed a real rôle in which she can prove that she's the one great star who can act as well as she can sing, and dance better than that. What's more, this Lilian can make us feel oh, so sorry for the character she plays, that of a dancer who is hurt in a fall, and, thinking she will never dance again, joins a troupe of talented puppeteers. She helps pull the strings of the clever sawdust performers, falls in love with the young chief puppeteer, that elegant actor and appealing boy, Gene Raymond; and then—but you won't want to hear *all* the plot. I think you'll like it. It's novel, it's wholesome, it's good film entertainment for the family. Children and grown-ups alike will enjoy the puppet shows which are included in the one price of admission! Again Jesse Lasky has made a picture that is a lasting credit to our screen. Good taste *does* matter!



Hi, Nellie!  
Warners



Catherine  
The Great  
United  
Artists



Here's what we mean when we speak of superlative entertainment! "Hi, Nellie!" is designed for amusement and achieves it. You'll enjoy every scene of this newspaper story, the best of its kind since "The Front Page." Suspense — humor — excitement — splendid performances — all here. Paul Muni, W.W., (Without Whiskers), plays a big-time newspaper man who is demoted because his horse sense kept him from featuring a big story about an alleged absconding banker. Transferred, to his disgust, to the "Lovelorn" column, he stumbles upon a thrilling murder mystery which solves the case of the vanished banker—and gets himself reinstated in his old job. Muni has taken the rôle in his teeth and torn it to pieces! And proves, too, that he can play comedy as well as deep and desperate drama. Glenda Farrell races off with second honors in her best part to date as a sob sister; and one of those Warner all-star character casts perform nobly, particularly your favorite dead-pan actor, Ned Sparks, Donald Meek, Douglas Dumbrille, Hobart Cavanaugh, and Berton Churchill. The war cry of the picture is "Hi, Nellie!" You'll want to know what that means. So—see it!



Excellent historical drama! Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was a wise lad to cast his lot with our British cousins. His first rôle, that of a wild and weird Russian Grand Duke, is at once more colorful and more exacting than he has ever been given in Hollywood. And he plays it in the proper grand manner. Here's the Boy Barrymore! But while it may be the junior Fairbanks' presence in this film that will entice you to see it, you'll stay to watch a new actress, Elizabeth Bergner, weaving her spell in the title rôle. This tiny girl dominates the picture by sheer artistry. She makes the young *Catherine* a hauntingly charming figure, pitiful even in her victories, always human, but always royal. Bergner, I suspect, is one of our truly Great Actresses. The drama relates the match between *Grand Duke Peter* and a German princess arranged by the *Empress Elizabeth* of Russia. The shy little princess fights her husband's cruelty, his intrigues, his other loves—and on the death of the *Empress* she finds herself on the throne. Bergner makes it all important to us. Gerald Du Maurier proves again he is one of the most perfect actors of his time. Flora Robson enacts *Elizabeth*.

## Let Them Guide You to the Good Films





Here's Dick dancing with Gwen Heller, left; Colleen Moore and Mary Brian, center, and, right, Margaret Lindsay.

# SCARED OF MOVIE WOMEN!

Dick Powell admits it—and he tells you why in this EXCLUSIVE interview



By  
*Dickson  
Morley*

**N**O MATTER how you gild Hollywood love, it's all the same to Dick Powell.

*"Sweet madness!"*

Tersely he sums up the whole passion racket so far as he is concerned with it. He's not crooning, either. And he is involved, for every screen season there is a new darling of the debs and Dick Powell is probably 1934's foremost feminine thrill.

More girls than even you'd guess are sighing over him, aiming for him. Spurred on, doubtless, by Mae Westish confidence that he-can-be-had. Well, he can be. He's afraid of that! But—*will* he?

Not unless Massa Dic's outsmarted! He's running away from real life romance as earnestly as he pursues it on the screen.

This is his strange reaction to Opportunity, for far and near they're willing. The ladies, I mean. Warners report that he receives more letters than any male star at their studio. At my last count twenty-five fan clubs in his honor were thriving throughout the land. Distance, however, lends safety, and written suggestions will never trap Dick Powell.

It's our local movie colony tantalizers, so available,

who disturb his peace of mind. They take his crooning and his gay, contagious friendliness as a very personal tribute and just yearn to accompany him to a honeymoon hotel. (With or without orchestra and chorus effects!)

"I'm *plenty* scared of Hollywood women!" Dick exclaimed to me when I delved into his private thoughts. Yet he almost always dates actresses. He'd rather be a husband than president, and still he shies from proposals. Confusing, eh?

What kind of a movie hero *is* he?

I'll tell you. Being on the ground, as it were, and Dick being a pal of mine—I'm proud to boast!—I'll pass on his side of the situation. It boils down to this! Dick Powell is a career man and an old-fashioned gentleman. An odd combination in dizzy, dazzling Hollywood.

Let me ask you a question: have you ever pondered a career *man's* plight?

His problems are a great deal more complex than those of the female of the species. You have read how girls sacrifice for film success. And surely you've observed that, at least until a (Continued on page 68)



# June Knight

## tells you how to put Your Best Face Forward!



*Lovely June Knight admits that she spends about two hours a day at her dressing table. It's not in vain, judging by her looks!*

**You Can Make Your Mirror Your Very Best Friend!**

*By Katharine Hartley*



*June never wants to look too much made-up—and she takes great pains to use her cosmetics subtly.*

**Y**OU'D like June if you met her. She's friendly, she's vivacious, she's not conceited, and she's frank. When I told her I wanted the low-down on how she keeps looking so fresh and youthful, she didn't hum and haw, and infer that it was all just natural. She up-and-said, "By taking a lot of care of my skin and hair, by constantly trying new cosmetics and new ways of applying them. I'll bet I spend about two hours a day at my dressing table—do you like my bangs?"

That's June Knight! I told her of course I liked her bangs. They're about the cutest I've ever seen. They add just the right amount of sophistication to her otherwise childish face.

How about creams, I asked her. She admitted that a cleansing cream and a foundation cream are the only two she uses. Well, she shouldn't need any more, at her age! "But I use *them* plenty," she added. "Every time my hands look as though they need washing, I am reminded that my face must need the same cleansing. So about five times a day I remove all my make-up. One time I cleanse with cream, the next with mild soap and warm water."

Constant cleanliness is my pet practice, so of course I approve of that heartily. And I also approve of alternating the cream and soap cleansing. There's such a thing as loading your pores with too much cream and oil. The soap and water picks up all the oily residue, and stimulates the circulation.

Then we got down to the business of make-up. June

uses a light shade of rouge, with a shell-pink cast to it, to blend with the exquisite, fragile tone of her skin. Her lipstick, too, is a natural pink tone, rather than the brighter orange or crimson tone. "I never like to look too much made-up," she explained.

"You don't have to apologize for that," I told her. "But how do you get that nice, moist-lip effect?"

June says there's nothing like using just the tiniest dab of cleansing cream on your lips, before putting on your lipstick, to make your lips look moist and shiny. This makes the lip-rouge go on more smoothly, and makes it look much more luscious. Another thing, this cream-before-lipstick has practical advantages. If your lips are the least bit cracked or chapped, the cream fixes everything: it smoothes over the cracks, and keeps the lipstick from caking in the chapped spots. It helps correct the condition, too.

Another thing, June says she couldn't live without absorbent tissues, and for that matter, who could? But here's a use for them you may not have thought about. After putting on your lipstick (yes, we're still in the lipstick stage), put a piece of the tissue between your lips, then press your lips together over it. *Comprenez?* It absorbs the excess lipstick, and "sets" the color. It's much better to put that extra smudge of lipstick on the disposable tissue than on the next cigarette or cup or glass that you put to your mouth. (To say nothing of your hostess's best linen napkins!)

I commented on June's eye-shadow, and she laughed. "Well, it really isn't eye-shadow. (Continued on page 89)



# Here's Hollywood!

By  
*Weston East*

"In the red!" Toby Wing's beach suit for the approaching summer is just the thing for her blonde loveliness. The color is red, accentuated by white cross-stripes forming squares. Striking, what?

CLARK GABLE and Robert Montgomery were discussing a much-publicized movie actress who was a sensation a few months back, but whose glory was short-lived.

"Whatever became of her?" Clark wondered aloud.

"Oh, she's gone the way of all flash," answered Bob.

KATHARINE HEPBURN momentarily yielded the spotlight to her mother, Mrs. Thomas N. Hepburn, when the latter went to Washington to address a Congressional committee in favor of a birth control bill. Mrs. Hepburn, who incidentally is the mother of five other children besides the famous Kate, was accompanied by Mrs. Margaret Sanger, well known birth control advocate.

WHEN Mae West made a benefit radio appeal, a great crowd gathered outside the door of the broadcasting station to see her. Of the estimated nine hundred who were present, no fewer than eight hundred assailed Mae for autographs.

The other one hundred? Oh, they were pan-handlers. They knew that Jim Timony, Miss West's manager, carries money, on Mae's orders, to give people in need. So they rushed Timony, and he spread about fifty dollars among them for "coffee and."

Meet Jack Holt and his strapping son. Young Master Holt may be Charles John, Jr., to the world, but he's "Tim" to his doting dad.

THE most exciting news of the month is that Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee are about to receive another visit from that wise old bird, the stork. The second Crosby heir is expected in June or July, at which time little Gary Evans Crosby will be just about one year old. Funny, too, that the first time Bing was about to become a fond papa, he yelled the news to the world as quickly as possible. But this time he and Dixie have kept their secret for several months. They both want a girl, and you'll be pretty safe, in the event this one is a girl, in wagering that it will have Jobyna as one of its surnames, because Jobyna Ralston Arlen and Dixie Lee Crosby, as you probably know, are the best of pals.

JEAN HARLOW has six ducks in her back yard. A friend asked the platinum blonde: "Don't they squawk a great deal?"

"Yes, they do," laughingly replied Jean, "but they don't squawk nearly so much as the neighbors."

BIG things are being planned by Fox for their picturization of Richard Aldington's novel, "All Men Are Enemies." In fact, they're talking in hushed whispers of making it another "Cavalcade." Helen Twelvetrees gets a leading rôle as *Katha*, and several players are being imported especially for the picture, including Hugh Williams from England and Mona Barrie from Australia, both of whom have made considerable reputations at home.

MOTION pictures certainly make use of circumstance. For instance, there was that day when Myrna Loy arrived on a "Men in White" set with a very bad cold.

"I simply cannot work today," she sniffed to the director. "My eyes are watering."

"The very thing," shouted the megaphonist. "Today we will shoot those big crying scenes!"





**I**F YOU want to know who is really coining the money in Hollywood these days, follow the direction of the pointing finger to Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse and those fairy tale cartoons in color.

Look at his "Three Little Pigs" for example. The picture has grossed more money than most successful feature-length productions—and it cost one-tenth as much to make.

Disney has earned several fortunes on royalties from "The Big Bad Wolf" musical number, for phonograph recordings and from its radio playings. He also gets royalties for those three little pig toys, from the three little pig books, from a cartoon strip, and from cigarette stands, match boxes, and other "three little pig" novelties.

**T**HIS is another of those "I-can't-in-fairness-reveal-the-name-of-the-actress" stories. A certain beautiful but vacuum-headed actress was invited by an actor to go to an art exhibit in a Los Angeles library.

"Come on," said the actor, "and we'll see 'Blue Boy.'"

"No, thank you," no-noed the actress, "I saw him in 'State Fair.'"

**F**OLKS, meet the doctor—Doctor Joel McCrea. He earned his degree during the rain-flood that inundated Hollywood. He successfully performed in the guise of obstetrician when the McCrea family cat, chased to the top of the garage by the flood, chose that moment to bear a litter of kittens.

"I put on a pair of high rubber boots," Joel says, "and struggled through two feet of water to the garage. With the aid of a ladder, I climbed up on the roof, where I acted as surgeon-in-chief." Dr. McCrea reports that mother and four daughters and three sons are doing well.

Here are Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye, whom the newspapers have been flattering with some attention. They're together in Fox's "Scandals."



Pretty picture! Ida Lupino welcomes the swimming season in her new blue suit with grey figures—a decidedly novel effect. Looks like a great summer, lads!



Gossip gay and grave from our gadabout Coast reporter

**W**ALLACE BEERY spanked Fay Wray so hard in a movie scene that Fay had to eat her luncheon *standing* . . . Leo Carrillo has an outdoor sleeping porch built in a tree, and does much of his snoozing there . . . By the time you read this, Ramon Novarro should be in Europe on another concert tour . . . Jack Oakie's Honolulu vacation was cut short by a ribber, who wired the comedian to come home, and signed the name of a studio executive . . . The publicity agent who wanted Robert Young to name his baby *Caroline* because he (Robert) was working in "Carolina," almost succeeded—Bob named the youngster *Carol Ann* . . . Joan Crawford's new hairdress is interesting; she parts it in the middle, drops it straight down each side, and only the ends are curled.

**I**T IS not news that little Richard Ralston Arlen makes his movie debut in papa Richard's picture. The minute the contract was signed, the word spread like wildfire. But do you want to know what happened to Junior's paycheck? It was placed in a trust fund. By the time the youngster is twenty-one, the money will have almost tripled, and it will be sufficient to give him a start in life should the Arlen fortune have been lost through any cause.

**G**OOD NEWS! Lee Tracy is at last being welcomed back into Hollywood's good graces, and seems about to take up his soaring film career where he left off. It now begins to appear that those reports of his recent iniquities were greatly exaggerated in the first place. Lee may soon get going before the cameras again in a film for Universal.

**A**LISON SKIPWORTH vows that a brother in the East wired her as follows: "I saw your latest picture. Why do you insist on staying in Hollywood?"





Welcome! Carl Brisson, compelling French star, leaves New York for Hollywood and a term contract with Paramount.



The magnificent Marches (Fredric and Florence Eldridge) embark on a leisurely vacation cruise. Watch for handsome Fredric in "Firebrand," his first Twentieth Century film, with Constance Bennett.

**WE CAN'T** vouch for what may happen the minute after next, but as press-time looms the Garbo-Mamouliau romantic furore seems to have calmed down. Exciting while it lasted, that motor tour to Arizona seems to have left no concrete evidence in its trail of a marriage or of any intention on the part of the two to weld in the future. Both parties, of course, have emphatically denied holding any such idea. It was just an impromptu vacation, they insist, participated in by mutually pleasant companions. And yet—and yet—well, is Garbo, we ask you, the girl to display that much interest in a man without entertaining some definite ideas about him?

**WHEN** some of our big musical comedies reach China, do you think the beautiful stars get their names in theatre lights?

Well, they don't. That honor befalls Sammy Lee, a dance director. You see, the Chinese think he is a Chinaman.

**MAE CLARKE** dropped into a neighborhood theatre to see herself on the screen. Mae was dissatisfied with some of her scenes, and she made terse comments to that effect to a girl-friend who accompanied her.

At last, a lady seated in front of them turned and snapped: "Miss Clarke is a fine actress. If you think you could do better, why don't you go in the movies?"

"Yes," said the subdued Mae.

**SOMEONE** asked Fredric March which book has had the greatest influence on his life.

"The World Atlas," immediately replied Freddie. "When I was a boy, I often wore it in the seat of my trousers, and it saved me no end of pain."

"You mean," wise-cracked nearby Jack Oakie, "no pain of end."

**THIS** is another of those guess-who stories, but it is too immense to set aside, even though the names of its principals cannot be revealed.

A prominent motion picture executive (his salary is more than \$200,000 annually) called a certain glamorous actress just before New Years and said: "I'm giving a big party, at which I will have only about seventy of my personal friends. I thought we might take over a local club for New Year's Eve. Will you come? *It'll only cost you ten dollars a plate.*"

The star, momentarily stunned by this invitation to a "pay-as-you-enter" party, thought rapidly for a moment, then answered: "I'm so sorry, but Mr. (an equally prominent film executive) is giving a party, and I have accepted his invitation. *You see, he's only having fifty friends, and his party is just seven-fifty a plate.*"

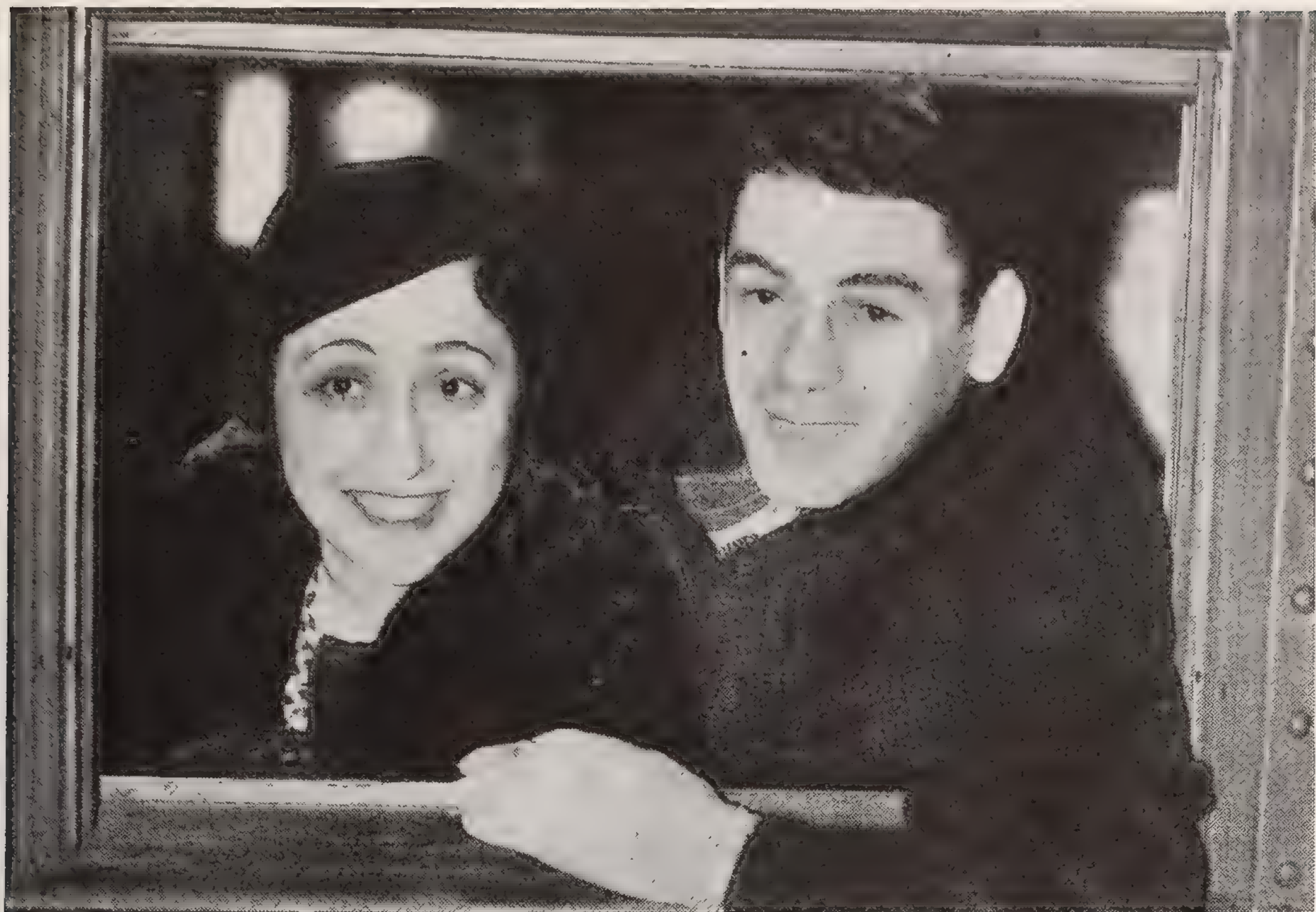


Pleasant company helped speed Gene Raymond's vacation trip to Europe. Left to right are Gene, his mother, Mme. Galli-Curci, and the latter's famous pianist husband, Homer Samuels.



Another Cecil DeMille's gift to the screen! She's his daughter Katherine, in "Viva Villa."





What a month is this for comings and goings of film notables! Paul Muni, with his attractive wife, joined the transcontinental caravan for a New York vacation after finishing work in "Hi, Nellie!"

**H**ERE is how movie-star salaries are exaggerated: A national columnist commented at length on the fact that John Barrymore received \$25,000-a-week in a recent picture. That story brought hundreds of indignant letters from theatre exhibitors. Many of them pointed out that the public resents such high salaries. Well, the truth is that Barrymore was paid \$50,000 to do a picture—and that picture was completed in two weeks, practically record-breaking time.

Barrymore's salary last year was less than \$350,000—and he drew more money for his services than any other star on the screen. But when the government has taken a fifty per cent cut of that salary, and when other huge expenses of a movie star have been subtracted, John's \$350,000 will have dwindled to about \$125,000.

**W**HEN Bing Crosby becomes excited at the Friday night fights, he forgets himself and sings advice to his favorite fighters . . . Joel McCrea, California native son, has an amazing collection of books on Early California . . . Jimmy Durante, learning that George Raft was to star in "The Trumpet Blows," wired: "Keep my nose out of it" . . . Robert Montgomery denies that his new puppy, which has "very large feet," is a police dog . . . Lupe Velez had thirteen dogs until they congregated on her front lawn and dug for bones; now she has but three . . . Joan Crawford and Francis Lederer may co-star in a stage play in Hollywood next summer . . . Hollywood's one trained sheep was suddenly in demand when it was needed for two pictures at once—"Sequoia" and "Merry Wives of Reno."



Charles Boyer is another of those ingratiating continental stars, arriving to do his bit in Hollywood for Fox.

**A**MAZING, amusing facts about Will Rogers continue to pop up. These things aren't generally known, because Rogers is so publicity-shy that he rarely talks about them. The newest is that Will has a dread of telephones, and he uses them only in cases of extreme necessity. Instead of telephoning, he sends telegrams. A Western state Governor telephoned Rogers not long ago, and the comedian ordered his servant: "Tell the Governor I'll send him a wire."

**I**T MUST be a game! We mean that off-again-on-again act that Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller are pulling. For Johnny packed up and left his three-months' bride, avowedly for good. A few days later they were together again; now they're apart once more. That's how it stands at the moment of writing this—and neither we nor anybody else knows about the next moment!

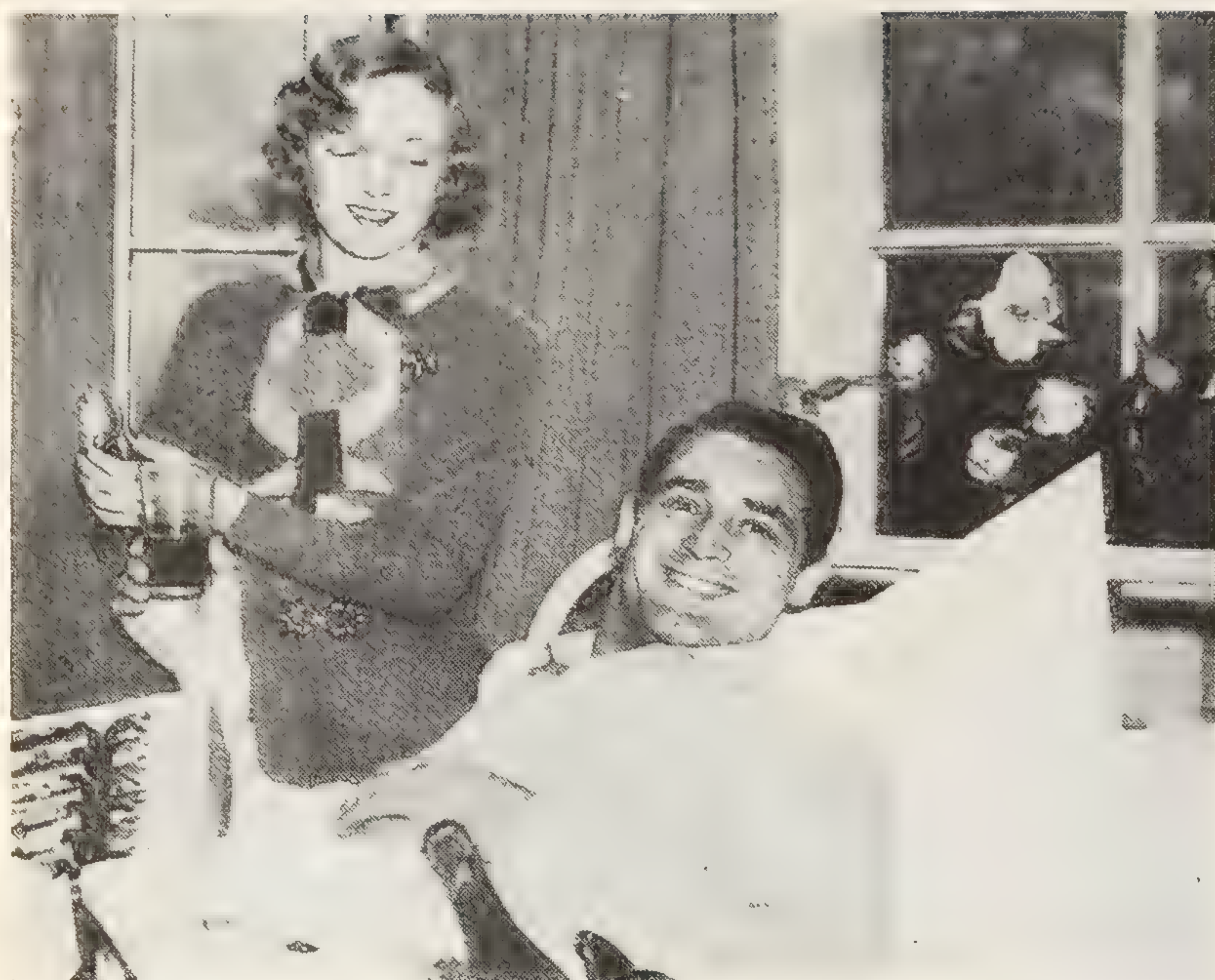


Caramba! Here's that menacin' Mexican bandit chief, Pancho Villa, played by Wally Beery.



Fay Wray must have done a good job to win that bouquet from Karl Freund, who directed her and Nils Asther in "Madame Spy." (In fact, she *did*!) This handsome bar was used in some of the scenes.





How Cary Grant "suffers" from illness! What with the presence of Virginia Cherrill and other refreshing factors, his London illness must have been fairly endurable.

Wide World



A New York tabloid identified this man with Katharine Hepburn as her husband, Ludlow Smith. He's her manager, Leland Heyward.

International

**G**EORGE BRENT and Warner Brothers Studio are also engaged in a salary controversy. Brent has been receiving approximately \$500 a week—and that's pin money compared to what he wants.

George has entered suit to break his contract on the grounds that the studio has withheld his salary. The studio has countered with another suit, claiming that he has not been paid because he is under suspension for refusing to play a rôle assigned to him.

And here's Mrs. Thomas N. Hepburn, Katharine's mother, as she appeared in Washington before a committee of Congress recently. (Right, below).

Wide World

**S**OMETHING has happened to Greta Garbo! No need of trying to kid ourselves, the lady is changing. And if these changes are indicative of her future habits, Greta is about to drop her "mystery woman" guise. This prophesy is based on the fact that during recent weeks, Garbo has been frequently "seen about town" in Hollywood. Not only did she attend two previews of her new picture at local theatres, but she has made numerous other "appearances." She dines frequently at the Russian Eagle, a popular Hollywood supping spot. She was caught shopping for slacks and sweaters in the local Army and Navy Store. She visited a very public shoe store on the boulevard and ordered new footwear. She entered one of the film town's leading department stores and calmly wandered from counter to counter, ending her excursion with a visit to the soda fountain, where she inhaled a chocolate malted milk.

Added to these bobbing-ups, Greta has been seen many times of late at popular resorts around Hollywood, including Palm Springs, Santa Barbara, and Arrowhead. No one can quite fathom her actions. My guess is that Greta has had a "swell act." Now that Katharine Hepburn, Mae West, "Slim" Summerville, Ronald Colman, Marlene Dietrich and a few more are stealing the familiar Garbo routine, perhaps Greta is going to spring something new. Smart gal!

**A** HOLLYWOOD theatre advertised across its facade: Preview tonight: ALL OF ME. "Huh, another nudist film!" was W. C. Fields' comment.

**B**Y THE time you read this, unless plans go astray, Lionel Barrymore will have made a brief return to his old love, the stage, after an absence of ten years. It is to take the form of personal appearances in several Eastern theatres, including the Capitol in New York. Lionel has chosen for his vehicle a sketch from "The Copperhead," one of his most famous successes of old footlight days.



**H**ERE is a novel example of fan enthusiasm: When Charlotte Henry was personal-appearing in Oakland, California, a twelve-year-old boy anxiously sought her autograph. But when Charlotte agreed to "sign up," the boy had no pen or pencil. Not at all daunted, he raced to a nearby store, explained his predicament to a clerk, and offered to leave his overcoat as security if he could borrow a pen. And that's exactly the transaction that took place. After he secured his autograph—and an extra one for the clerk—the boy returned to the store and redeemed his overcoat.



Versatile Evalyn! Miss Knapp designed this unusual dinner gown of plaid taffeta herself. Note the clever use of godets on the skirt.





Grace Moore, opera and film star, tries out some songs for which Elissa Landi (right), wrote lyrics. Miss Moore liked them!



Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young, each of whom happens to be the other's favorite film player, made an attractive couple at a recent ball held at Hollywood's Biltmore hotel.

Phillips Holmes is another of the movies' vacation wanderers. The good-looking Phil does some impressive acting in "Nana." (Left, below).

**T**HINGS looked bad for the matrimonial fortunes of John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce, his fourth wife, when Virginia suddenly left their home and went to live with her mother, taking five-months-old Susan with her. But calmer counsel prevailed, and the two have (at this writing, anyway!) become reconciled.

**C**OMMENT like this may be a bit tardy, but I think it too amusing to overlook: That beautiful watch Joan Crawford gave Franchot Tone for Christmas bears the inscription, "To Franchot with love from Joan." Which is very funny when I recall that another year she gave Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. a watch, and it was inscribed: "To Doug with love from Joan."

**I**T IS alleged that the following conversation took place. Read it and decide for yourself. Bing Crosby, Dick Arlen, Jack Oakie, Randy Scott and a few more Paramountians were seated on the curb inside the studio.

Crosby said: "I attended the World's Series in Washington last fall and saw President Roosevelt toss out the first baseball."

Arlen said: "I went to the ice hockey championship matches the other night and tossed out the first puck."

Scott yawned and said: "I think I'll go to a good show tonight."

And Oakie cracked: "Me, too. I wanta see 'em toss out the first actor."

**W**HAT a house that is in Laurel Canyon! I mean the bungalow leased by Ida Lupino. Not only do the little English actress and her mother dwell there, but in the same house live Elsie Ferguson II, Bryant Washburn, Jr., and a third boy. Never a night passes that there isn't a party, and Mrs. Lupino finds herself in the position of being Hollywood's busiest chaperon.



**A** FEW months ago, Dick Mook wrote a story for SCREENLAND, revealing that Richard Arlen had never given Jobyna Ralston, his wife, an engagement ring. After they had been married a few years, Arlen did buy a ring and she made him return it, saying, "We can use that money for something else."

Mook, and those who read his article, may be happy to learn that Jobyna must now believe that they have enough money in the bank, because she recently permitted Dick to give her an engagement ring—seven years late!

**S**ALLY RAND, whose fans stirred the air of this country, made a personal appearance at the opening of a Hollywood brewery. The manager suggested that she do her dance on a platform, and step from there into a fountain of beer.

"I'm willing," agreed Sally, "if you'll pay for my fans. The fans," she went on to say, "cost me \$1300."

It took a glass of cold beer from his fountain to revive the brewer.



Lew Ayres, who can usually be found not far from Ginger Rogers, pauses in an interesting spot to spring a new nifty on her. Must be a good one!





Honest Injun! Ramon Navarro and Lupe Velez aren't gambling—they're playing cards "for fun" during a lull between scenes of "Laughing Boy." How do you like these redskins?



Cliff Montgomery, Columbia football warrior, examines the pigskin while Ginger Rogers and Ricardo Cortez make unkind comments on the black eye he received in the Rose Bowl.

**T**HAT ducky naked archer, Dan Cupid, shivering in the cold winter winds, has not failed to do his duty. For instance, he finally married-off Ricardo Cortez to Christine Lee, Hollywood society girl, and sent these two away on a Honolulu honeymoon.

His hope of reconciling Ann Harding and Harry Bannister (Harry visited Ann and their daughter for two weeks) went glimmering when Bannister returned East.

And before these words can reach public print, there may be a regular chorus of wedding bells, for it looks as if Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill, Merna Kennedy and director Busby Berkeley, and Randolph Scott and Vivian Gaye may at last join hearts and hands.

But see what Cupid has written into his book:

*Youngest romance:* Jean Parker and Frank Lucas.

*Most indecisive romance:* Mary Brian and Dick Powell.

*Most stunning pair:* Sally Blane and Russ Columbo.

*Most hopeless romance:* Loretta Young and Spencer (still married to another) Tracy.

*Most denied-but-likely-to-happen wedding:* Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres.

*Stadiest—to date—romance:* Shirley Grey and Matty Kempy.

Cupid has been busy trying to wed Isobel Jewell and Lee Tracy, and don't be surprised if he succeeds along about April; perhaps earlier. Ivan Lebedeff pursued Wera Engels all the way to New York to continue his marriage proposals, but without luck as this is written.

Billy Bakewell tried unsuccessfully to replace Frank Lucas in Jean Parker's affections, but failed. Miriam Jordan, filing suit for divorce from her English husband, Joseph Davis, is scheduled to wed a New York broker. Lilian Harvey is threatening to quit pictures, marry Wilhelm Fritsch, and have a baby. Remember she first told SCREENLAND so in her life story of a recent issue?

Mae Clarke is now wearing Sidney Blackmer's ring, and Anita Louise has Tom Brown's engagement pledge on her finger, too. The Myrna Loy-Ramon Navarro romance, icy for a while, seems hot again. Myrna may go to Europe at the same time Navarro makes his concert tour abroad.

Harmon O. Nelson, visiting wife Bette Davis in Hollywood, has been with her so constantly that divorce rumors are spiked, at least for the moment.

**T**HE price of tickets to the Screen Actors' Guild ball—\$25 a pair—aroused some criticism. The opinion of many was that instead of selling tickets to a benefit for themselves, the Guild budget-fund should have been contributed from the pockets of its wealthy star-members.

In response to that charge, actors like Eddie Cantor, James Cagney, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow and others declared that the reason for the ball was to promote, among all Guild members, the spirit of co-operation. By giving a ball, everybody contributed; otherwise, only a few would have contributed. And all the tickets were speedily sold.

**JIMMY DURANTE'S** father, a grand sport, paid his well-nosed son a visit in Hollywood. One day Jimmy was about to take the old man on a visit to the studio, so he paraded a stack of photographs and said, "Look through dem and pick out the dames you wanta meet." The first "dame" Papa Durante selected was Greta Garbo.

"Look at 'im!" screamed Jimmy. "Can you imagine! He's tryin' to cut in on me!"



"Good Dame," is the picture in which Sylvia Sydney and Fredric March appear like this.

**W**HEN Bing Crosby's baby son had the whooping cough, more than 5000 solicitous letters came from every part of the world . . . Ginger Rogers indulges ten minutes of "eye exercises" daily; she rolls and blinks her eyes to strengthen the muscles . . . Joe E. Brown spent fourteen of sixteen Christmas-holiday nights making personal appearances at benefits . . . Clark Gable, with three race-horses as a starter, is going into that sport in a big way . . . Frances Dee and Joel McCrea often drive to the studio from their ranch in a *garden truck* . . . Alice Faye was so distressed over the killing of the dog given her by Rudy Vallee that she moved from the apartment in which she had been living before its death . . . Fred Astaire was honored, while in England, by being invited to give a "command performance" . . . A Hollywood brewery has a fountain that runs beers . . . Charles Ruggles, explaining how he fell from a roof: "I tried to climb down a ladder two minutes after the ladder had been removed."

**ADOLPHE MENJOU** and Veree Teasdale are letting the world know that they intend to be married in Spain next August, which is the date Adolphe's divorce from Kathryn Carver becomes final. Miss Teasdale, who recently achieved a contract with Warners, is a niece of the late Sara Teasdale, famous poetess.

**A**N EXCITING rumor is afloat regarding the screen activities of John Krimsky and Gifford Cochran, American sponsors of "Maedchen in Uniform," and producers of the film "Emperor Jones." The story, so far unconfirmed, has them planning an elaborate production in an Eastern studio with no less a star than George M. Cohan in the leading rôle.

**T**HIS item is clipped from a Hollywood newspaper: "Al Jolson, not worried by the mud, ran a mile and an eighth and looked good for another two mile jaunt. Al Jolson is a great racer."

Don't worry about the mammy-singer becoming a track star. This Al Jolson is a race horse.

**C**AROLE LOMBARD was telling a studio-visitor that she never wears face-cream when she goes to bed.

"Is it because you think cream hurts your complexion?" the guest inquired.

"No," imparted Carole. "It's because a woman is never pretty when she has cream on her face—and I can never be sure when a fire will break out."





Jimmy Dunn going high-hat? The vigorous James does a "well-dressed-man" act, with the capable assistance of this blonde cutie, in the forthcoming "Fox Follies."



When good continentals get together. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Francis Lederer, who knew each other in Europe, meet again in Hollywood. Doug may write a play for Francis.

THE divorce ideas of Sidney Fox and Charlie Beahan seem to have been definitely abandoned at the moment of scooting to press. This does not indicate a complete reconciliation, however, for the bride and groom will maintain separate residences.

**CAROLE LOMBARD** and Gary Cooper were talking about another actor, notorious for his conceit. Gary, who hardly knows the fellow, asked Carole if stories of his ego were not exaggerated. "Exaggerated?" screamed Carole. "Listen, that guy is so stuck-up that when he had X-ray pictures taken of his teeth, he had them re-touched before he showed them to his dentist!"

"HENRY THE EIGHTH"—(the picture, not the man)—proves, if proof were needed, that students at Dartmouth College have a sense of humor.

Remember, in the picture, the sequence when *Queen Anne* was beheaded? Of course, the beheading was not seen, but the fact that she had lost her roof was definitely established.

Well, when *Queen Anne* was beheaded, a quartette of college students arose in the back of the theater and sang that popular number: *Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More*.

HOLLYWOOD has an interesting new game this month. At your next party, try it. It is called "Observation."

Before guests arrive, provide paper and pencils for all. To start the game, give player number one a short, typed paragraph. Let him read it once. Then let him write the paragraph from memory. Then give what he has written to the next player, and repeat the process. Continue until every player has read and written something. Then compare the paragraph written by the final player with the original item.

At Lew Ayres' house, where the game was introduced, the original item read: "The casting director wants a medium-sized man with a blue coat and gray trousers, not more than forty years of age, to report for work on location at 112 North Sixth Street tomorrow morning at seven-thirty. He must wear a dark felt hat and black shoes."

This message was read by the first subject, who rewrote it and passed his version along. The final result was: "A studio wants a middle-aged man in a gray overcoat to come to work in the morning wearing a hat."

WHEN "The Merry Widow" comes to your theatre, strain your eyes hard, if you are a Clark Gable fan, and see if you can find your favorite among the extras.

Clark asked for—and received—permission to play an extra in the picture. His reason is purely sentimental: Gable's first movie pay check was earned as an extra in the silent version of "The Merry Widow," and for "the sake of auld lang syne," he will re-enact his minor bit.

#### FASHION ODDITIES:

Heather Angel sports a gay swagger stick made of natural wood and topped with a Scotty's head painted bright yellow. In case of rain, she removes the top and lo, the swagger stick contains an umbrella.

Ginger Rogers' newest sport outfit has three-inch metal buttons. There is a reason. The buttons are hollow; in fact, they are usable receptacles for coins, notes, or other small articles.

Dolores Del Rio wears two rings, exact duplicates, one on each hand. The effect is striking.

Ida Lupino, English actress, introduced a new fad—she has removed her eyebrows entirely, and pencils them on as she fancies, sometimes short, sometimes long, sometimes straight, sometimes curved.



The modern Eve must have her vitamins! So Heather Angel scorns the old-fashioned apple, and goes to work on this gigantic orange.

HELEN MACK admits to a streak of vanity. A few years ago, when she was in vaudeville and was barely earning enough money to keep herself alive, she often sent money home to her parents.

"They didn't need the money," Helen says, "I just wanted them to think I was earning a big salary!"

AN OUT-OF-TOWN friend paid a week-end visit to Richard Arlen's home. On the day of his arrival, Dick stood on his front porch and, pointing to a house two blocks away, told his guest: "That's Bing Crosby's house."

That evening after dinner, the visitor (tired from a day's auto travel) stretched on the davenport and dropped off to sleep. Dick meanwhile turned on the radio, and happened to catch a broadcast of a Crosby record.

The music awakened the guest, who drowsily opened his eyes and commented: "Good gracious! I can hear Bing singing from 'way over at his house!"

EACH of the four Marx brothers looks upon the others as a natural phenomenon.

Very recently Groucho mentioned that Harpo was a most precocious baby.

"The moment Harpo was born," Groucho re-Marxed, "he opened his eyes, looked at the nurses and said, 'I'll take the blonde.'"

"He was then so astounded at his own accomplishment—and good taste—that he hasn't spoken a word since."

#### OUT OF HISTORY'S PAGES:

GEORGE BANCROFT'S first theatrical experience was as a trick bicycle rider. He was termed "A Tramp on Wheels." He gave that up and became a hooper. He teamed with a singing girl named Octavia Broske, who later became Mrs. Bancroft.

Jimmy Durante once decided to be a prize-fighter (yes, with *that* nose). He fought one time, and was knocked out. He was taken home, and as soon as he recovered, his dad knocked him out again.

Harold Lloyd's first movie job was in a Mack Sennett comedy. His duty was to roll down one of San Francisco's steepest hills. He commenced to roll—and couldn't stop. He crashed against a board fence at the foot of the hill. Harold was paid three dollars for his day's work, but he spent eleven dollars having his bruises and cuts ministered to.

(Continued on page 97)



## Scared of Movie Women

Continued from page 58

player is definitely established, the wisest course is to steer clear of entangling heart alliances. Which the resolute careerist tries to do.

But remember that a man also can long for companionship and a home. To say nothing, *ahem*, of the "call of fatherhood" and the pitter-patter of childish feet! A man, for instance, like Dick Powell, who is a product of the best type of the American middle-class family.

A girl may elude Hollywood's love complications much easier than a man. In the first place, it's quite possible that she may not be socially rushed. We have a decided surplus in women in Hollywood and invitations from the important and attractive males are at a premium.

Then, too, the acquisition of stellar gloss requires all of a serious girl's time. To progress she has to find ways to top all the rest in the tricks of novelty and *chic*.

The skyrocketing young man spends no hours in beauty parlors. Masculine attire is standardized. As for dates, though! Good-looking, prospering fellows are invited to all the Hollywood doings and the eligible literally have to pick which world-famous girl they care to escort.

The career man, bent on achieving permanency in his profession, is therefore constantly at war with himself. Which brings us right back to Dick Powell, Exhibit A.

"Love?" Dick shook his head warily and muttered, "Oh-oh!" in the ominous tone a familiar colored radio entertainer uses. We'd had a leisurely dinner out at his Toluca Lake cottage and had lazily settled in front of the blazing fire in his living-room.

I admitted he was correct in declaring love something to worry about. Curious, I wanted to know his recipe for avoiding it. And *why*. Here he's been in Hollywood for a year and a half and is the rage. As he describes himself in song, he's "young and healthy." Not classically handsome, this blue-eyed, wavy-haired, six-foot husky is "good-naturedly exciting"—according to an admirer who extolled him to me in her strongest adjectives.

There have been rumors of his devotion to various belles. I needn't name them; you've perused the gossip columns. On investigation these tales have proved to be much ado over minor attentions.

"When I feel myself falling, I get myself in a corner and state, 'Look here, Mr. Powell, cool off!'"

"And do you?" I interrupted.

"You bet!" he retorted vigorously. And the explanation was on.

Echoing the hottest dame on celluloid, Dick asserts that he's no angel. He is human and he craves to whisper yoo-hoo-hoo-hoo in pretty gals' ears. When it comes to love—ah! Massa Powell can't help it—he's *for* it! Furthermore, he's anxious to go a lot farther than Mae West. Family-conscious, he wants wedding bells, a wife and kiddies. Three or four of the latter!

So why does he say *non* when all the world is saying yes?

Because—and now I'll get to fundamentals—he clings to the old American theory that a man should be head of a family and should be financially responsible for his dependents. Money, the supposed root of our evils, is the sole reason for his Hollywood attitude towards love.

"If I were positive of a steady income equal to what I have at this time, I'd airplane off to Yuma. Well—as soon as I could fall in love and persuade the lady to accept me!"

His current income is not to be wheezed

at, but it's by no means large. And Dick plans ahead. He realizes you have to invest a considerable sum to draw adequate dividend checks. Having no rich uncle, he is fated to earn his own security. (Warners have contracted for his services for the coming two years, with no options attached. Such an arrangement is exceptional these days and it illustrates how optimistic his studio is about his prospects.)

"By 1936 I should have enough saved to marry," he amplifies. "I have no wish to become a Beverly Hills plutocrat or to live expensively." He does anticipate sensible comforts. This next summer he expects to build a home, a modernized American farmhouse being his dream. It'll be in the Toluca Lake district, a modest section of Los Angeles.

Those publicized appearances at parties and premieres with Hollywood lassies are fun for Dick. They're a perpetual temptation, these beautiful actresses. But, waxing confidential, he acknowledges that he honestly hasn't thought of marriage since he arrived in movieland.

"I've been too worried about myself. After all, this is my big chance. The talkies are the peak of show business and I want to make a permanent place for myself here. Of course I've had twinges of 'puppy love.' But I've stopped short whenever I discovered myself drifting towards

an 'understanding,' because I can't afford a wife yet.

"Anyway, I'd probably be a heck of a husband at this stage of the game. I'm too selfish, too interested in amounting to something!" Read between the lines and you'll gather that Dick isn't the least bit selfish. He is the most considerate actor I have met and is so *unselfish* that he condemns himself for realizing that there is a climbing period in everyone's life when concentration demands its toll.

The future Mrs. Powell won't be an actress. She may be when he courts her, but after the ceremony she'll go domestic. He has no doubts of this.

"I'm prehistoric, maybe," he elucidates, "but I think a man should be the provider. Nothing could be more appalling to me than to have my wife proclaim, 'Well, whose money is it? I'm earning more than you!' Hell, I'd bust up the furniture!"

"And then there's the professional jealousy which is bound to creep in. One or the other will be more popular and that provokes insidious trouble. All actors are exhibitionists. Why, I can see that jealousy problem without getting married. You date a prominent girl and either you or she garners the most spotlight wherever you go. Naturally nothing is said between you, but the one who's received the lesser flattery is hurt inside.

"Besides, if an actress had the time to be a wife—as *should* be—she wouldn't have time to be much of an actress. And an actor is too busy to bother with his wife's career. How many business men fret over their better halves' bridge club squabbles when they come home at night?"

Dick contends that the appeal of Hollywood women is mainly due to the success they have attained, and not to any special individual glamor.

"Take the same girl and the same clothes and remove her fame and so what? She'd have to make the grade on her very own merits and she would be no more stunning than many non-professionals.

"I'm still a movie fan at heart, though," he confesses. "Somehow the screen magically enhances and builds up charm." Recently he was asked to be Mary Pickford's escort at a dinner and theatre party and he frankly admits he was a-dither with excitement.

There are other famous women he'd like to meet—Myrna Loy, for example. And Hepburn. Like any fan he wonders if they are as fascinating as they seem to be. Ann Harding is a secret favorite. He saw her once at a big party and regrets that he wasn't introduced.

When Dick Powell speaks of love and marriage it is not with the bland assurance of a greenhorn. At twenty-eight he looks forward and weighs values through experienced eyes because he can glance back at his initial joust with Cupid.

Few recall it, but he impetuously married when he landed his first job.

"I was twenty-two and making \$70 a week, singing daily with a hotel orchestra in Louisville." He is too well-bred to rehash a personal matter which affects another. His wife was a non-professional, of genteel family. One day Dick commented to me, "My marriage was the only really influential event in my life." Despite his zeal for a career, you'll perceive, he seeks the perfect love just as everyone does. Behind his laughing face there are memories too painful.

"It burnt out so quickly, the flame," he mused as he watched the flames leap fan-



Here is Dorothy Hyson, attractive English ingénue who is in the British International musical, "Happy." Note her interesting "zebra" dress.



# Here's *CLAUDETTE COLBERT* talking to YOU!

WHAT IS IT MAKES A GIRL IRRESISTIBLE TO MEN? YOU'VE ALL WONDERED HEAPS OF TIMES, I'M SURE! ONE THING'S CERTAIN — MEN ALWAYS FALL FOR TRULY BEAUTIFUL SKIN...



WHEN I TELL MY FANS HOW REALLY SIMPLE MY COMPLEXION CARE IS, THEY ALWAYS SEEM SURPRISED! FOR YEARS I'VE USED LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY.



GIRLS, DON'T BE CONTENT WITH ANYTHING LESS THAN A TRULY FASCINATING COMPLEXION. IF YOU'LL TRY MY BEAUTY SOAP, YOU'LL SEE HOW EASY IT IS TO HAVE THIS CHARM MEN CAN'T RESIST.



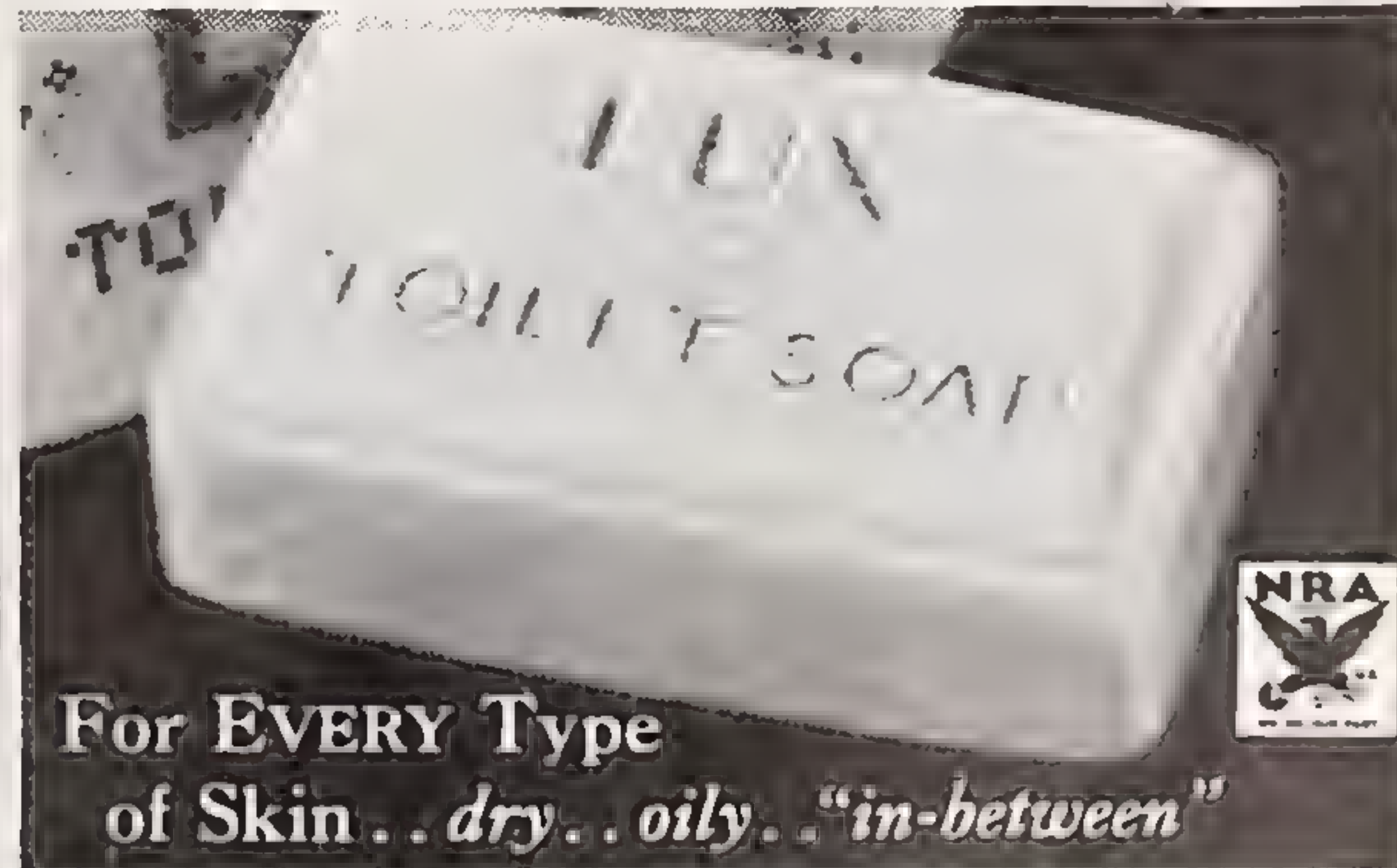
Here Claudette Colbert talks to you about *her* beauty care... Lux Toilet Soap. Tells you how *easy* it is to have a truly fascinating complexion!

This bland, fragrant, white soap brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. 9 out of 10 screen stars use it. Girls all over the country are finding that this simple care... used regularly... keeps their skin radiantly lovely... soft and smooth.

Try it! Start *today* to win new loveliness the screen stars' way!



STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "CLEOPATRA"



For EVERY Type of Skin... dry... oily... "in-between"



*Scientists say:* "Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually* contains such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."

YOU can have the *Charm* men can't resist



tastically on the hearth. I have been told that his wife could not understand the whirlwind existence his rapid rise necessitated. She disliked the stage. But personality such as Dick's could hardly be hidden in a commonplace, humdrum life.

"You've heard how I started. I came from an average American family and began singing in the church choir in Little Rock, Arkansas. Instead of going rah-rah, the fact that folks liked my singing turned me towards the footlights. I studied voice and got that job in Louisville. I stayed there for ten months, delivering light opera melodies.

"Gradually it dawned on me that popular music was more profitable. I got myself a banjo and jazzed my tunes. That boosted me. I became a master of ceremonies when I'd learned to tell jokes."

His remarkably cheery manner and his ability to delight audiences with his splendid voice soon led him to Pittsburgh. There he quickly wowed one and all. When a crooner with personality plus was required for "Blessed Event," Warners sent for him. In his first picture Dick spoke only one line of regular dialogue, but the songs he rendered immediately made us all aware of him. Since then he has evolved into our leading screen vocalizer.

Crazy about music, he hopes eventually to follow in the footsteps of his idols, Lawrence Tibbett and Richard Crooks. To this end he faithfully continues his singing lessons. Now he has become anxious to click as an actor. In "Convention City" he came through with a straight juvenile performance that demonstrated he doesn't have to rely on singing.

"What a kick I got at the pre-view when they laughed at my comedy scenes!" he remarked to me enthusiastically. "You know I've only done ten pictures and I've an awful lot to catch on to. It seems to me I'm still a little too 'broad.' On the stage you over-emphasize, but close-ups the size of a wall demand subtlety." He figures he benefited more from the small rôle he played in Arliss's "The King's Vacation" than from any other part.

His stepping out is astonishingly unsystematic. He may not date for two entire months, and then he's calling on our local ladies two and three times weekly. Here's a tip to them: you have to encourage him! He's not the flip, fresh sort who'll request a date after one meeting. Rather he waits until he has encountered you five or six times and is certain you relish his company.

If he is absent-minded, don't conclude he's giving you the big go-bye. Dick's

recollection for sending flowers and birthday cards is self-specified as "terrible."

"And no woman wants to be taken for granted," he bawls himself out. "Nor does a man," he adds philosophically. "A fellow likes to be petted when he comes home fussing after a hard day's work!"

Personally, I'd consider his schedule a sure antidote for a heavy love affair. He's on the skip-and-jump continuously. But he's used to the high-pressure gait, for he did four shows a day during the three years he headlined in Pittsburgh just prior to his Hollywood break.

His vacation this year is arranged for April, May, and June, and he intends to travel through Europe. No stage appearances as in '33.

Don't imagine he's hunting a riotous romance when he voyages away from Hollywood's million dollar queens. He came to us aware of the errors one can make in marrying, and he's determined to shun the slips of the past. And if you suppose this Dick Powell can't cool himself off at the psychological moments, listen to this: he actually found an actress here whom he could adore—and she would have given up her public in order to be his missus.

Because he is so convinced that he can't afford to give in, he didn't. What a man!

## Hail Hayes!

*Continued from page 27*



*Killing two birds! Heather Angel rehearses her lines with Norman Foster for "7 Lives Were Changed," while the studio hairdresser fixes her dark tresses for their next scene together.*

genius, twenty long years in the theatre, has a home, and a husband, and a baby, and a loving, watchful mother? Twenty years she lived in a wardrobe trunk, when other girls were having beaux, dates, and broken hearts.

"Didn't you and Charlie have a nice place in California?"

Her eyes clouded. "Oh, yes, but that was different."

"How different?" I persisted, thinking to grasp, perhaps, some new truths about the myrmidons of moviedom.

"I tell you, there's something dangerous about Hollywood, especially for married couples," said the little star.

"It's the everlasting living under a microscope. It's the constant close association with people who have only one interest—pictures. It's the eternal sunlight, the eternal moonlight, the green hills and pink houses and blue sky.

"When Charlie and I are in the east we are almost stupidly happy and content. In Hollywood we found ourselves getting fidgety and on edge. We didn't actually fight, but we were both nervous. Hollywood gave me the jitters—the marital jitters. And that's another reason why I'm glad I'm home!"

I clucked sympathetically and mentioned the names of two fine picture people recently split like a hot-dog bun—(not the Gilberts).

"Isn't that sad?" said Helen. "They're both such swell people. You know, out there they had a boat, and I used to think how wonderful it was that two married people should enjoy the same thing so much. I thought it helped guarantee the safety of their marriage. And not even the boat saved them!"

The little foot-doctor gouged deeper, and Helen said "Ooooo!"

"How about pictures themselves?"

"I honestly don't feel I have much to give Hollywood," she said. "At least, not nearly what I feel I can give the stage. What good is my long theatre training in Hollywood? I'm never called upon for sustained power, such as a play like this demands. A two-minute scene, and I'm



# WHY PAIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLD

**P**AIN—scientists now say—is attended by congestion of the tiny blood vessels and their feeders, called capillaries. These supply nourishing blood to the nerve endings and tiny muscles of your inner skin, preventing wrinkling and shriveling of your outer skin.

This is what happens every time your head aches: Tiny muscles contract like a clenched fist, retarding the flow of blood and causing pressure on the nearly 80,000 nerve ends which control pain in your face and head.

Physicians commonly use the term "headache face" in describing the patient whose beauty is marred by needless pain. Thus it is dangerous to your beauty to merely "grin and bear it". Each headache you neglect etches wrinkles in your face deeper and deeper until they become indelible lines of age.

## HOW TO FEEL AND LOOK YOUNG

Now there is no excuse for neglecting pain—no excuse for letting it rob you of your charm—no excuse for missing exciting parties on account of it.

Modern doctors know that



## Modern Druggists Prefer HEXIN

Buy a box of HEXIN today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HEXIN in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

*Science discovers that pain actually ages and permanently disfigures—"Grin and bear it," the worst advice ever given, to women who value their beauty—no creams or cosmetics can conceal the pain wrinkles which become indelible lines of age. New relief combats this danger.*

HEXIN—an amazing new scientific formula—relieves pain quickly, safely and naturally by relaxing tense muscles and releasing fresh blood to your irritated nerve ends. With lightning speed, HEXIN gently removes the direct cause of your pain.\*

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which simply drug your nerves and encourage acidosis. HEXIN relieves pain safely by RELAXATION. Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

## AIDS SOUND SLEEP

Sound sleep is important to you in building up your energy. Don't let cigarettes, coffee, nervousness or worry, interfere with your rest.

The next time sleep won't come easily take 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Let HEXIN relax your tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic nor a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency by lying awake?

\*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving women's periodic pains.

# HEXIN, Inc.

8 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

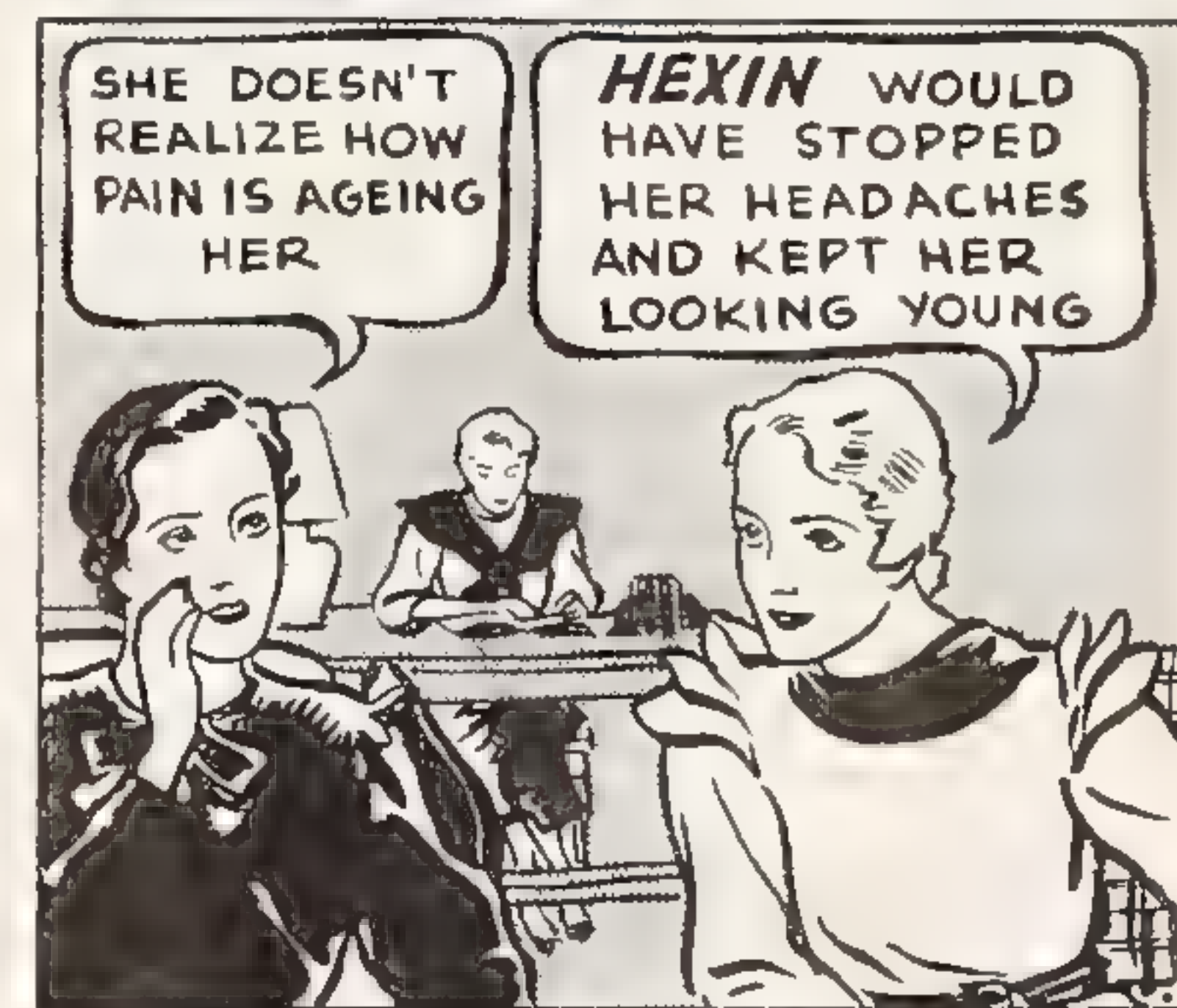
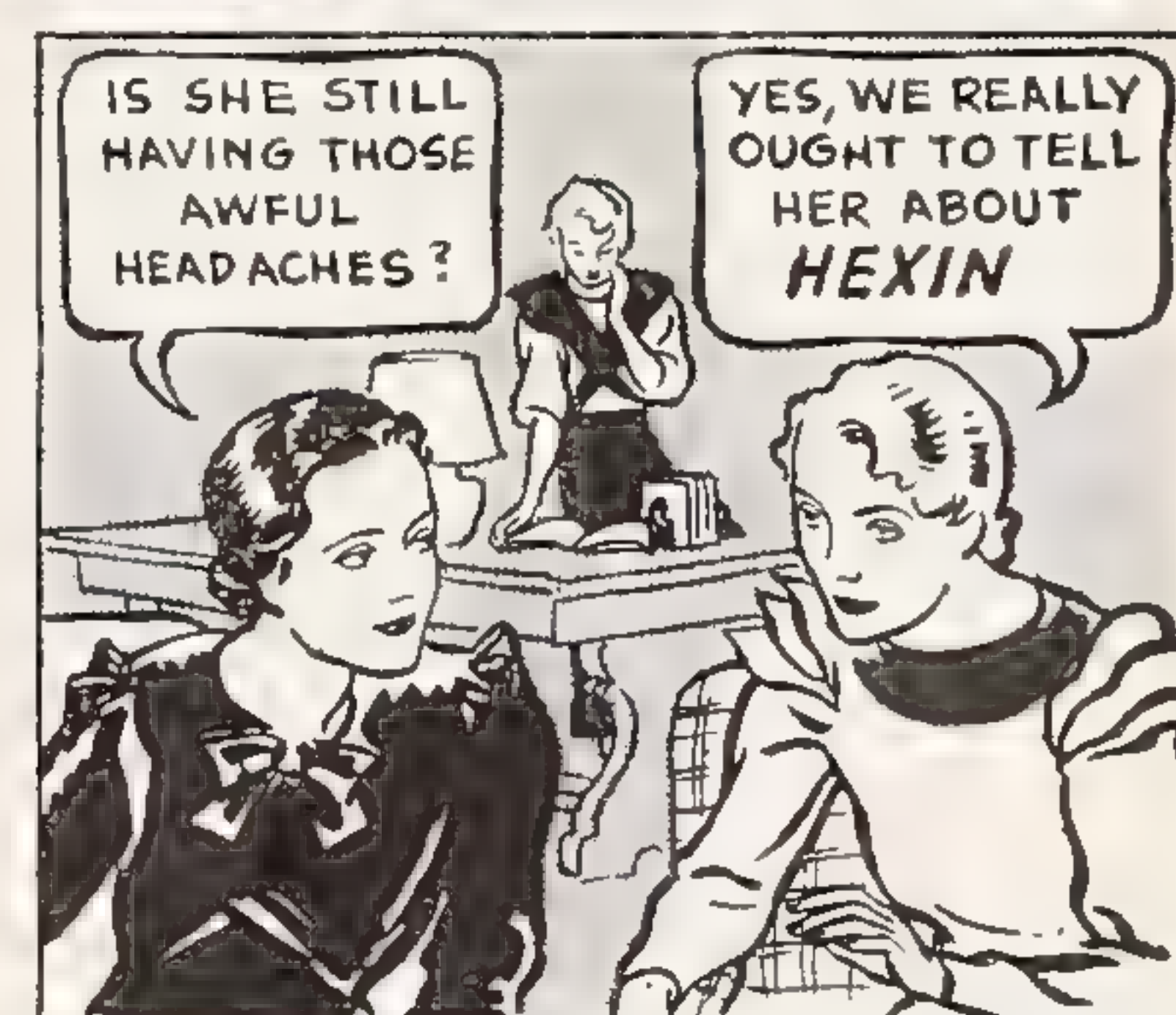
HEXIN will help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

## HEXIN COMBATS COLDS

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds, but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood. HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress safely—by RELAXATION. Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting, or greatly relieves one that has started.

## MAKE THIS TEST

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to combat your pain or distress. You'll never know what quick relief is until you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.



## Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

HEXIN, INC., 8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago S-6434

Please mail me a generous FREE sample of HEXIN.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_



through for a while. Hollywood takes beautiful girls and develops them into good, even fine actresses for the film medium. I'm a trouper of the theatre, I guess. I went into it when I was a little child, and I'll live in it and die in it."

I watched this wonder-child as she talked, awed as I always am by her canny good sense and by the stupendous power of the spirit that burns in that tiny body, that unrelenting little brain.

It is this spiritual power, guided by her long and excellent training, that makes Helen Hayes the consummate artist she is. I think of her as the faultless actress.

It is this inner, quenchless fire that can grow her from five feet to six, and dominate a high-hat stage filled with uptown actors. This priceless quality permits her to work her magical skulduggery on us befuddled customers, making us believe in anything she chooses, from *Infant Damnation* to the *Moral Efficacy of Spinach*.

One of Helen's most amazing tricks is the way she can jam the illusion of beauty into our brains. Helen would be the last to deny that she is no star-spangled lallapalooza for looks. In fact, if it were not for those eyes, she'd be a pretty plain little baggage. Her nose is just something to catch cold in, and no one ever looked twice at her Dietrichs.

Yet we've all seen Helen Hayes—notably in certain scenes in *"A Farewell to Arms"*—when she gave the illusion of being the most beautiful creature on earth, lovelier than fifty head of smouldering and mysterious Garbos.

What a little queen! In all her life there has been one motivating force, one driving power—her beloved theatre. As great fiddlers got that way by sawing in solitude for years, as famous pickpockets learned their art by practicing on Father when he



*A bicycle built for—? Eddie Cantor, who takes his exercise seriously, goes out for a little spin with the famous Sophie Tucker on a tandem bike.*

rolled home on Saturday nights, as saints won immortality by focussing their rapt eyes on Heaven—so Helen Hayes laid her girlhood, her toil, her whole being on the altar of make-believe. Nothing turned her aside, and at an age when most girls are getting silly crushes on marcelled crooners, Helen was an exalted figure on the Ameri-

can stage, acclaimed by the theatre world. Verily, she has her reward in love and glory today, this half-portion of remarkable woman!

Is she going back to Hollywood?

"Certainly!" Helen told me. "I'm engaged with this play until June, and then I expect to go back to the Coast. M-G-M has bought Barrie's *'What Every Woman Knows'* for me, and that's what I hope to do next."

And when she does, mates, you are in for something! She played it for sixty weeks on the stage, and my memory of Helen as *Maggie Shand* in this fine play is one of the most precious my heart holds.

So this is my report to you on the present happy state of one of our best beloved stars. Her toes may hurt, but her heart is high. She's again the toast of Broadway—once more she feels the surf-beat of applause as the last curtain falls. No true trouper is ever really happy without it, any more than the old fire-horse can help straining his ears for the clang of the third alarm.

She's happy with her Charlie and her baby and her mama at the old home in Nyack, with Wild Ben Hecht four doors away for laughs and company. And she's earned every dad-burned ounce of joy that Heaven sends!

I got up to make my farewells. The little doc still tampered with those million-dollar toes.

"Goodbye, Helen," I said. "Take care of the tootsies."

"I will," she said. "Be kind to your typewriter."

"And watch those marital jitters when you get back to Hollywood."

She laughed.

"I will," she said. "Remember, there's always Nyack!"

## Stars Return

*Continued from page 26*

named Miriam—or "Li'l Gawgia," suh!

There was the chorus girl Miriam. That was in '21. She played either "si" or "la"—I forget—as one of the "Eight Little Notes" in the great "Music Box Revue," first edition.

Then there was the struggling young ingénue Miriam Hopkins. That would be about '25 or '26, when she was playing in "The Fall of Eve." The play's big moment came when the bedevilled heroine, Miriam, tore practically all her clothes off, to the consternation of the villain and the joyous whoops of the crowd. I remember thinking then that she looked like an ivory toothpick—for that was before the time when God, Time, Prosperity and Prof. Ernst Lubitsch had made her into one of Hollywood's more luxurious maids.

After the play's opening, the producer gave a grand party, and there was "Li'l Gawgia"—champagne in one hand and a hot dog in the other, and *didn't* we have fun, just! Such a jolly, regular kid!

And the Miriam of '30, a looming Broadway hit. Again at a New York party, laughing and natural and gay, with a glass in one hand and the other employed for gestures, as my old pal O. Henry used to say at Jack's.

Now I was to deal with the Hopkins of '34—three years and better in Hollywood—Paramount star; a picture stolen from right under Chevalier's nose; a Lubitsch Creation, Class of '31; a booming star temporarily kettled by an unlucky floperoo. What now?

The lift popped me into the corridor, and I toddled to the door of 3311 and pushed

the buzzer. Rose, coffee-colored maid of eight years' service, admitted me. What ho!

On a wide and squashy sofa lolled Miriam Hopkins, finishing a smidgin of toast and a dish of coffee, the hour being 11.30 A. M. She didn't seem to mind being caught thus in her second best lounging pajamas, without a spot of make-up. At the moment the lass had no more glamor than my aunt Minnie. She looked like a nice, well-washed girl, with peach-fuzz on her cheeks, dawdling over a lazy breakfast. Which of course she was. No camera within miles—no Lubitsch under the couch with a jug of Glamor!

Looking a bit thinnish, I thought. Must feed the gell up a bit, what? (She later told me that she had taken to drinking up what the baby left of its certified milk, which I thought a cute idea for putting on bulk).

Greetings over, would I have a spot of coffee? No, thanks.

Would I have a glass of sherry? I opined it was no sin to absorb a mite of sherry at noon, tossing in the uninteresting news that I had practically given up cocktails for sherry before meals.

"I loathe cocktails," said the star. "I simply cannot stand cocktails before dinner, and brandy and highballs afterward. But champagne, or sherry, now—"

I, too, admitted a fondness for those vinous tipples.

"Too bad about 'Jezebel,'" I said, curse me for my cruel heart.

"Yes, wasn't it," she agreed. "I liked the play, and Guthrie McClintic—pro-

ducer—is so nice and so talented. But that's the theatre."

"And now what?" I asked.

"Perhaps I'll do another play before I go back to Hollywood in June. I have seven or eight here now. There are some back of the couch. [I confess I jumped slightly.] Gilbert Miller has two, and the Theatre Guild has a play by Milne I'm sure I'd love to do. They do things so well at the Guild.

"In Hollywood I want to free-lance. No more long contracts. Jesse Lasky advised me against contracts—free-lancing would assure me of better stories. Louis B. Mayer of Metro assured me they'd welcome me there, and so did Joe Schenck of United Artists.

"Then I want to divide my time between New York and Hollywood. I'd like to have a house on the East River, where I could have my books and my pictures and—oh, all the things one gathers through life. Hollywood in the summer—it's lovely then—and New York for a play at least part of the season."

The foregoing should be read very rapidly, like coal going down a chute. The Hopkins rattles on like a machine gun, coiling and uncoiling herself gracefully the while.

The breakfast things were toted away.

"Did you notice that set of china," asked Miriam. "That's very funny. Now that I'm out of work I thought I'd economize. I wouldn't have our breakfasts sent up from the hotel. Rose could make it in our own kitchen and I'd save money. So I bought a percolator and a toaster, and Rose



opened an account at the grocer's.

"Then, at a little shop on Madison Avenue, I saw the loveliest set of china. It cost \$200, but I just couldn't resist it. Well, that's the set. And that's how I economize! How could we eat \$200 worth of breakfasts by June?" I had no answer ready.

The door opened. A nurse wheeled in a pram carrying a sturdy, pink-cheeked infant.

"Here's Michael!" exclaimed Miriam, and bolted for the child.

And Michael! it was—Prince Michael I, of Hopkins—the 21-months-old lad Miriam adopted from a Chicago crèche soon after he was born. In other words, the silver spoon was inserted in his mouth shortly after birth. Fair-haired, blue-eyed, he's a healthy, jolly child who can say "mamma" and "door" just as plain as anything. To the Prince, everything that is not "mamma" is "door," and *vice versa*.

Mike, gradually getting accustomed to the funny-looking man in the shiny suit, was led in by his "Nana." Of course, chums, his nurse is "Nana." No relation to the naughty girl in the Zola story, obviously, but nurses are never "Gert" or "Mag." Always "Nana." Remember that, you rascally kiddies!

After passing cigarettes and attempting to tip over the decanter, which Miriam rescued maternally, the Prince scented vittles in the next room. Squealing joyously, he was hoisted into the high chair to cope with his three nice vegetables and his nice egg, administered by "Nana." Mike also improved his time by tossing silverware over his left shoulder, for luck.

It was time to go. I made my *adieu*, leaving the luxurious soot so near Heaven, and on the right side of the Avenoo. Miriam Hopkins and I pressed hands and parted, with mutual expressions of high regard.

I popped into the lift, fell 33 floors, popped out again and tooled down the Avenoo, musing on Miriam the while.

If the girl is munching bitter bread over her play's bust, while Hayes and Hepburn scoot on, she's too good a trouper to show it, though it must hurt like a galloping toothache.

Meanwhile she mothers Prince Mike and plans for the future. She's said to be a smart business gal, and her blonde fragility, all innocence, might make it easier to sneak up on the moguls and smack them down.

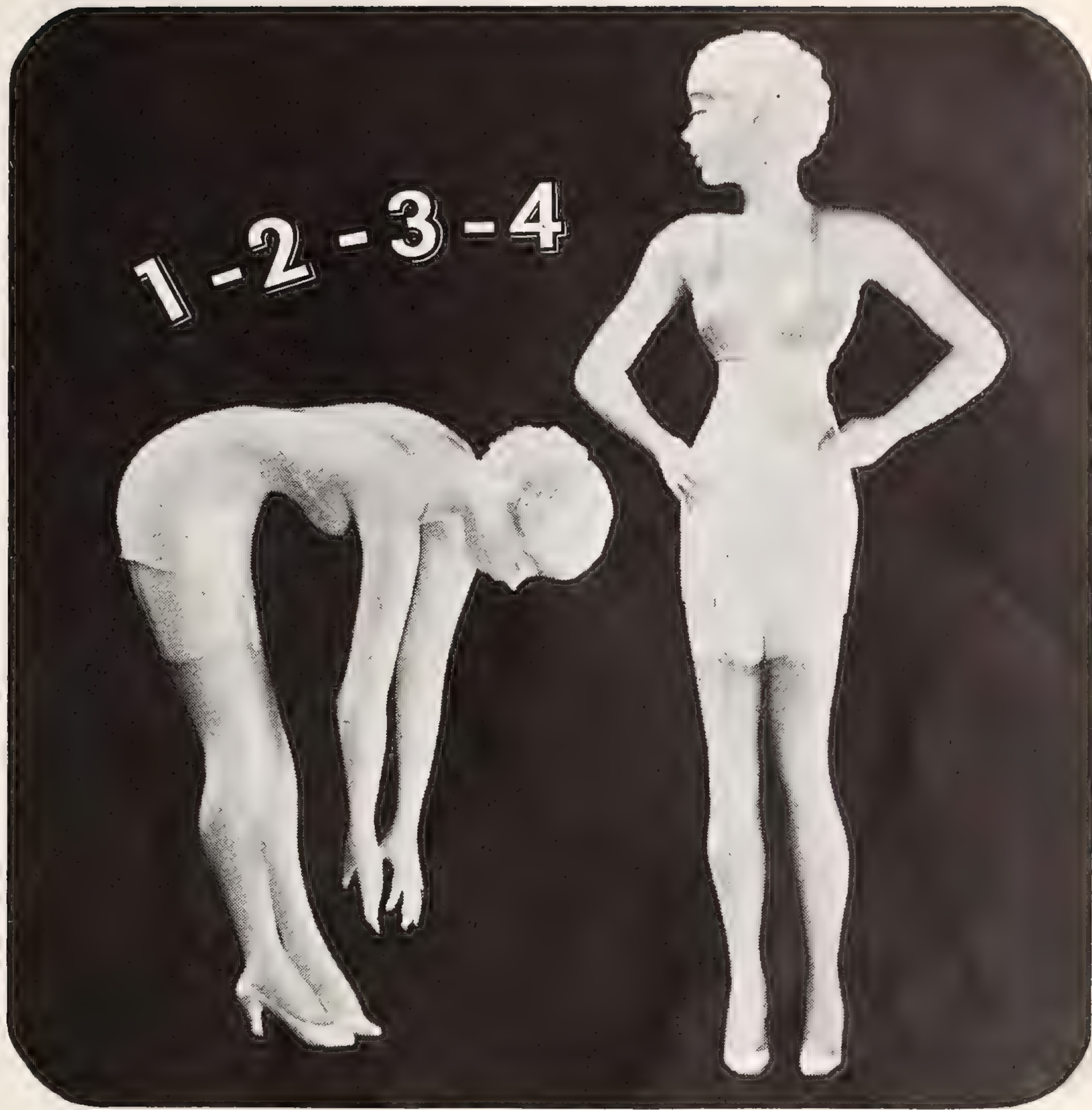
Hollywood saw her grow from a scrawny ingénue to a full-blown, alluring woman. Once Nature had taken its helpful course, Prof. Lubitsch took charge of the case, and with that famous yet totally inexplicable magic of his, shot her full of what passes for glamor in the films.

Just now "Li'l Gawgia" is out on a limb. She's an actress, young and full of beans, with nothing to act. Like a cornet-player without a horn, ham and eggs without ham.

Around her are her pictures, up in that swell hotel. There's a piano, and Mike, and "Nana," and "Rose," and a charming girl who makes herself useful acting as telephone-and-doorbell-buffer. Outside are a thousand friends. Famous couturieres come to *her* now for fittings. Oh, Miriam Hopkins is pretty swell—a Hollywood star with all the trimmings.

Yet I felt a little sorry for her, up there among the clouds. Helen and Katie down there on Broadway reciting away for dear life, and Miriam a smart little girl, too—with no pieces to speak!

I wonder if she ever thinks, a bit longingly, of the brave days when she was Hollywood-bound—laughing and gay, just a cute kid at a party, a glass in one hand and the other for gestures? Oh, probably not.



## 4 RULES for keeping foundation garments shapely

**1. Wash often.** Perspiration will ruin them if you don't!

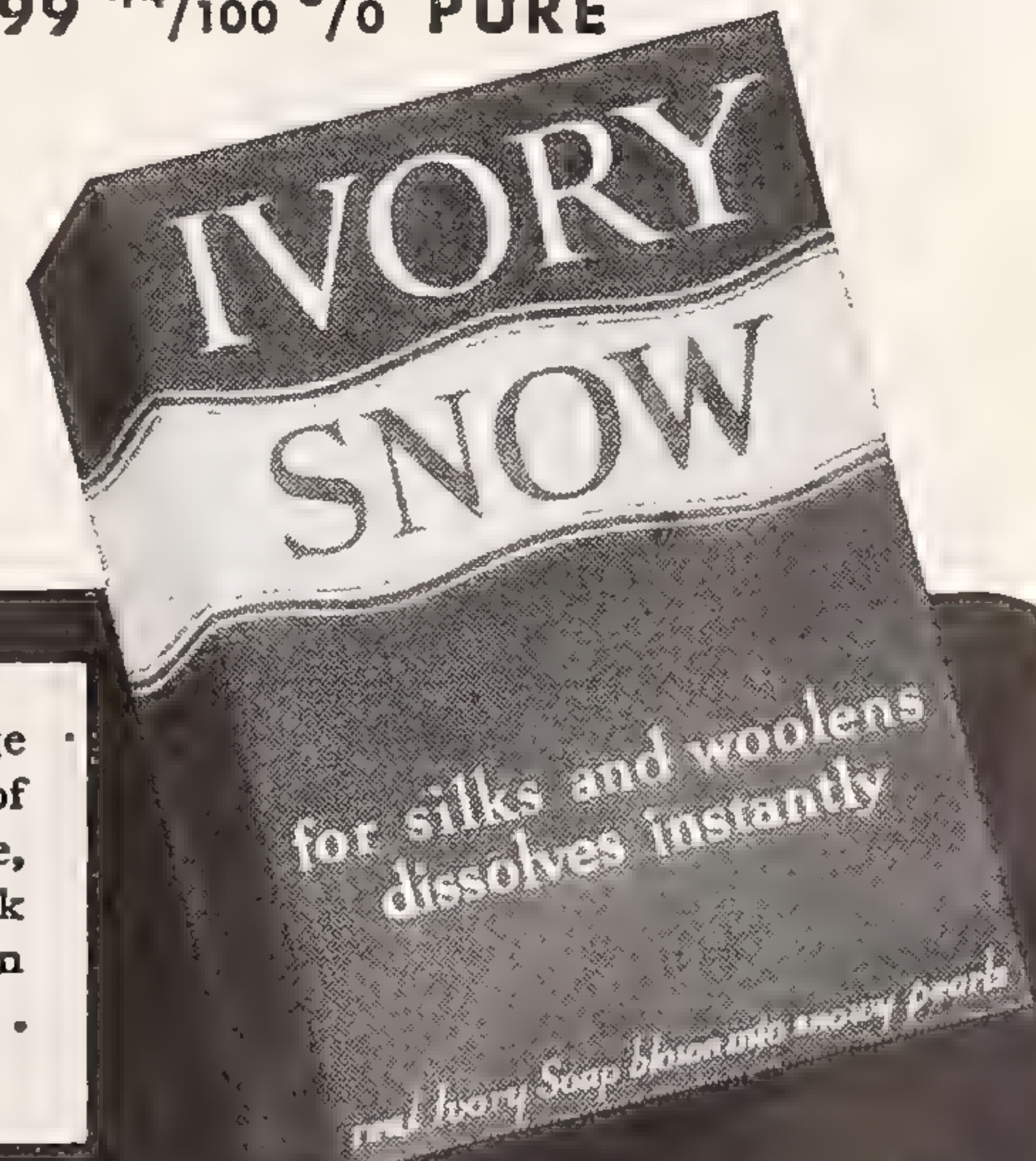
**2. Use pure, mild soap.** "Ivory Snow is ideal," says Kathryn Martin, Washability Expert. Ivory Snow is made from pure Ivory Soap. You can use Ivory Snow as often as you like, and you can use enough of it to make thick suds, because it contains nothing strong or harsh to fade colors, shrink satin, or dry out elastic.

**3. Rich suds, lukewarm, not hot!** Remember, heat spoils elastic! You do not need heat to take out oily dirt when you have Ivory Snow's rich, fluffy suds. And you don't need hot water to make suds with Ivory Snow. Ivory Snow is fluffy... melts quick as a wink in safe LUKEWARM water. Don't squeeze or twist garment. Slosh it gently up and down in the suds,

or, if heavy, scrub it with a soft brush.

**4. Gentle, lukewarm rinse — don't wring.** Ivory Snow suds are easy to rinse. No flat pieces in Ivory Snow to paste down on your garment and make soap spots! Roll foundation in a towel to blot up excess water; then shake out and dry in a place removed from direct heat. Before entirely dry, work it in your hands a bit to limber and soften it.

99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE



For 15¢ at your grocer's you can get a package of Ivory Snow that is as large as the 25¢ size of other soaps for fine fabrics. Enough pure, safe, quick-dissolving Ivory Snow to wash your silk stockings and lingerie every day for more than a month. Economical to use for dishes, too... keeps your hands in the Social Register!

FLUFFY · INSTANT DISSOLVING IN LUKEWARM WATER



# Hollywood Welcomes the New Elegance

*Continued from page 55*



*Wide World*

**Joan and Tone! The two celebrated movie arm-in-armers dine together at a fashionable Hollywood hostelry. Joan's shimmering gown imparts extra glamor to the lovely gal.**

evening gowns, cut low in the neck or entirely backless, are very good. You will look so demure in front and be so breathtaking when you turn your back!

"But the sophisticate will wear the bare-armed, décolleté gown with jewels.

"You must have a train, though, even if it's a tiny one, for no formal gown is correct without one.

"It is the material that really makes the gown. Very luxurious materials are being used of beautiful metallic cloth, lamé, jewel cloth, exquisite printed satins, and these will be good well into late spring except for very warm places. Then you may wear your jewels—whether real gems or costume jewelry—with tulle and chiffons, but don't omit the jewels!

"With the new styles, fashions in hair dressing show a distinct change. It's no longer possible to wear it short and uncurled. Your hair must be as formal as your gown, and you will put ornaments—brilliants and jewels—in it, or wear a diadem.

"The fashionable women in New York are using transformations for evening to save the time of having their hair formally dressed every night. Screen stars have done this for some time, as it would be impossible for them to get to a dinner at all if they had to stop for a formal arrangement of their crowning glories after a hard day at the studio. They wear transformations to save their hair, too, for so much finger waving, hot iron and hot drier will ruin any head of hair.

"The diadem isn't as heavy and 'dowager-ish' as the tiara used to be; it is light and graceful and makes your face look youthful. The tiara added dignity and made its wearer seem dignified and stately, but the diadem gives more the effect of glorious youth.

"Don't wear one if you are a débutante, however, or if you are of débutante age or younger. For you, is the tiny hair-band of silk flowers in pastel shades; of tiny stars pinned here and there.

"For the first time in years, the 'sweet young thing' won't be a copy of her mother and her aunt and her elder sister. Sophistication for the *jeune fille* is a thing of the past. She is to wear ruffles and tulle, bouffant skirts, pretty girlish-looking things, so that too-slim youth will no longer look

like a picked chicken or a string bean, but truly young and charming. There is an especial allure to a girl in full ruffled skirt when she is slender as a young birch tree.

"We are using beads on dresses again, brilliants and very tiny sequins that give the effect of dewdrops or a shining mist. Sequins dropped on tulle and chiffon are flattering and feminine. Of course, the simplest line must be used on such a gown or the effect will be lost.

"Restaurant hats are small, as they have been, but brilliants and shining ornaments appear on them—even jet is used if the hat is black.

"Wraps for evening are very elaborate. Luxurious furs are in once more—Russian sable has come back and chinchilla is very good, for the lucky ladies who can afford them; and as spring advances summer ermine and feather wraps will be the vogue. Taffeta and *peau de soie* are also nice for the spring wrap, but choose truly feminine colors, nothing harsh or heavy.

"Gone is the day when we could buy a sports coat with a fur collar and wear it anywhere!"

The off-hand style in clothes belongs to the day when woman's freedom was new. It was the over-emphasis on equality with men that brought in the era of boyish forms and mannish fashions, according to Vera. Women who dashed out to meet their friends in speakeasies, who flitted hither and yon without escorts, who wanted to show the world how independent they had become, didn't care to bother with feminine fashions.

"But now we're tired of so much independence," avers Vera. "We don't see the fun of shifting for ourselves, when some man might as well do the shifting for us. We are beginning to value the chivalry we laughed at, and to appreciate the courtly manners of pre-prohibition days. We want to keep the best of the freedom we've won, but we don't see the sense of denying ourselves all the tenderness men are eager to shower upon us.

"Men like to take care of women—it's their privilege—let's let them!"

So what is more feminine than afternoon tea? Not tea that really means cocktails, but old Sir Thomas Lipton's well-known beverage itself.

"Now that it is legal to drink liquor,

the smart thing to do is to serve tea!" declares Vera. "Pouring tea is such a gracefully feminine thing to do. And that brings in the new hostess gown and the tea gown, made in pastel shades of lovely soft materials, with wide sleeves falling back to reveal the wearer's white arm.

"And it *will* be a white arm, too, not a parboiled mahogany one!

"An afternoon gown today is an afternoon gown and not a makeshift. You can't take off the jacket or cape and go on to dinner. No, this dress is ankle-length, and sleeved. It is made of soft crêpe or chiffon—or, as the season advances, of one of the new and amazing cotton weaves, and no jewelry is worn with it.

"Quite a few large hats will be seen for afternoon, but they will be more formal than those we have been used to seeing. We are using elaborate trimming for the first time in years. Paradise feathers, when we can get them, will be very good, burnt ostrich and plumes are expected to make a real come-back this time, because they are to be worn in their proper place. We won't see woman wearing them to work, or to market or to shop, as we did during their brief reign two or three years ago.

"We have gone around like so many wrens for so long that it may seem strange to turn into peacocks, but you must be a peacock in 1934!

"For the formal luncheon, in late winter and early spring, the velvet suit with the metallic cloth blouse, or the dress of rich material with good furs, will be right. As it turns warmer, any of the beautiful new printed silks can be worn, or something elaborate in the new cotton weaves, perhaps with a touch of embroidery or lace, can be worn.



**Gloria Stuart, in these breezy sport shorts, demonstrates the kind of garb that one does not wear to cocktail parties in these new repeal days.**



"Do not, however, attempt to appear in a plain tailored suit or a sports frock.

"The sports things have their proper place, on the sports field or in the spectator's gallery. There are lovely hand-knits for spring, made abroad where they know how to do intricate stitches, and expensive-looking English woolen weaves."

Vera believes that the American woman dresses well for business, usually wearing simple, practical outfits that may be inexpensive but are very smart. She doesn't confine herself to black and navy blue, but knows how to add cheer to an office with colors that are not out of place.

"It always amuses me when a director insists that a stenographer be dressed in drabby, ugly clothes, because no American girl would dream of wearing unbecoming things," says Vera. "Even for business wear, there can be a dainty feminine touch rather than the severe mannish mode of past seasons.

"But now that the NRA provides more leisure, we all have time to spend on making ourselves more charming, on being women instead of mock-men."

We went without many changes of appropriate gloves during the depression because we couldn't afford them; before 1929, we didn't emphasize their importance because we wanted to feel free. But now we must hie ourselves to the glove counter and lay in a stock, for "no lady is seen on the street without her gloves," as grandmother used to remark.

1934 gloves are very plain against the more elaborate costumes; we won't go in for fancy materials and odd shapes and colors. They are well-made and neat.

"Shoes must match the ensemble," Vera informs me. "They are more elaborate than they have been, but that is because they are of fine leather or material and beautifully made. When we had to wear cheap shoes, we forgot how important exquisite workmanship can be and how much it counts in footwear. Remember it now.

"The same thing holds good with purses and handbags. It isn't the elaborate bag that is fashionable now, but the one of fine leather, properly made.

"Why, there's nothing to it!" I hear women say, as they pick up these new bags. But that's because they are used to flamboyant stuff and haven't been educated to appreciate the exquisitely simple.

"With the arrival of the new age, slacks and pajamas and all pseudo-male attire is definitely out," declares Vera. "You may wear your pajamas on the beach and your slacks in camp, but anywhere else will merely blazon forth your ignorance and lack of taste.

"Perhaps you may wear some ornate Russian pajamas with elaborate tops when you entertain informally in day-time in your own home, but nothing less elaborate will pass.

"Even in the bedroom, pajamas are doomed to say farewell, for nightgowns are back! They are of lovely lace and chiffon and gorgeous negligees are shown with them. Watch the screen for suggestions. We are using velvet robes, heavily embroidered, padded silk, and airy chiffons. No more can you don a bathrobe like your brother's.

"Lingerie has gone feminine, too, and the tailored underthings are passé."

In the new age, ushered in by repeal, poise is to be more important than pep; we can't wear a train and climb up on the piano; wise-cracks will be discarded in favor of gracious manners, and instead of embarrassing our guests with so-called wit, we'll strive to set them at their ease.

"These Charming People" won't be a meaningless phrase. Fall in line for formality!

TRY THESE

# Hollywood Hair Styles

*But don't let wispy DRY hair or stringy OILY hair spoil the effect*



One Hollywood star famous for her "allure" wears a long soft bang. The curls over her ears and at the neck-line are fluffed well forward. A good style for the new "off the face" baby bonnets—but wispy, dry, harsh hair would ruin the effect. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo treatment (given below) helps to correct over-dry hair.

Expressive of her vivacious personality is the radiant, up-tossed mass of loose curls worn by one queen of the silver screen. A piquant fashion—and becoming—but impossible to achieve with oily, stringy hair. To help correct over-oily hair, use the Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo treatment below.



## Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

## To correct OILY hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

**PACKER'S**  
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO  
*for DRY hair*

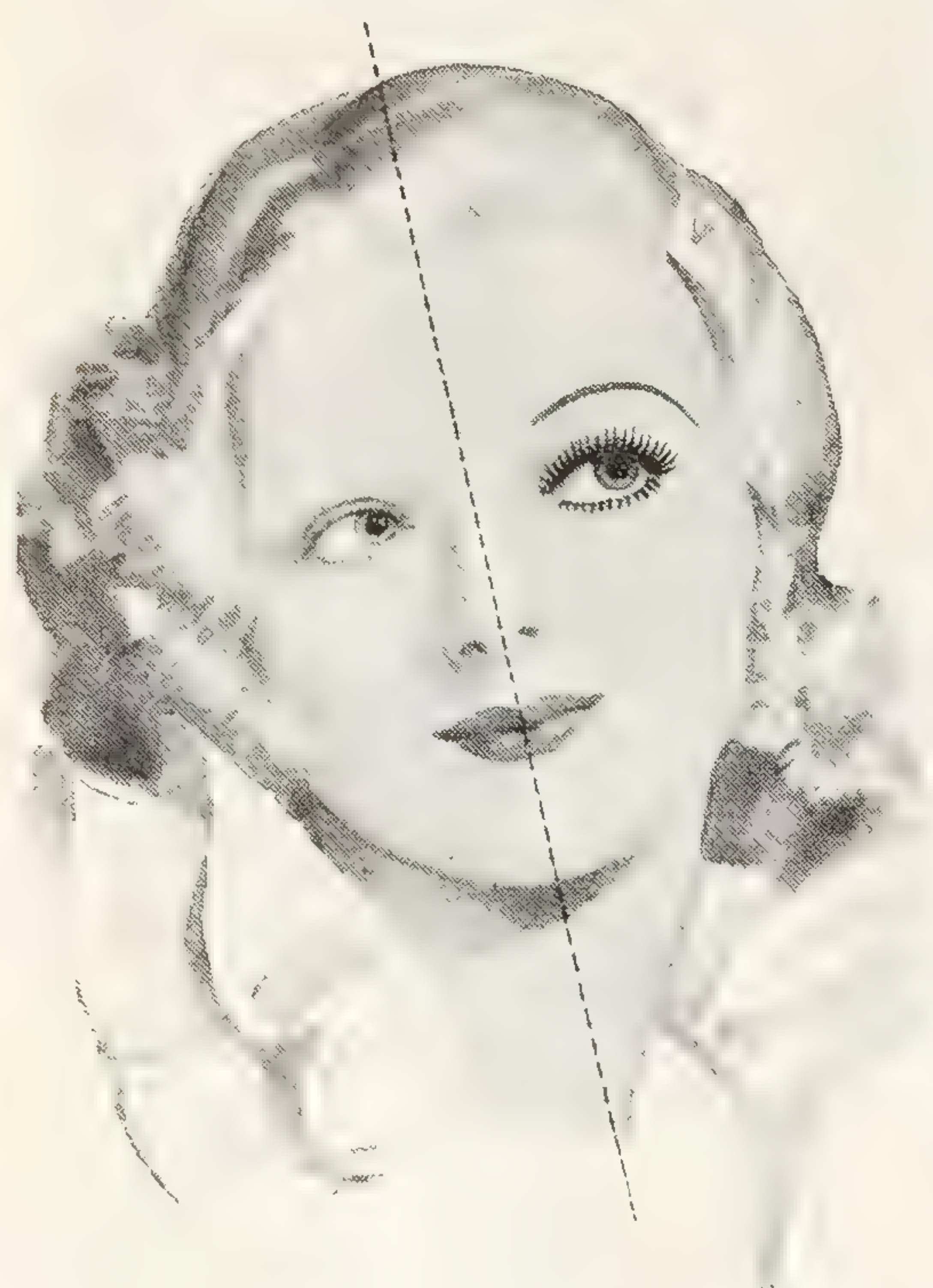


**PACKER'S**  
PINE TAR SHAMPOO  
*for OILY hair*



# What a DIFFERENCE!

What a truly amazing difference  
Maybelline DOES make



Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline. Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how your eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. This smooth, easily applied mascara is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. You'll be delighted with the results. Yes, thrilled! Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes. 75c at any toilet goods counter.



**Maybelline**  
EYELASH DARKENER

The perfect



Mascara

## Now You're Talking

Continued from page 8



Who said "blues"? Meet Ethel Merman, one of Broadway's favorite blues singers, who will sing to you in "We're Not Dressing," with Bing Crosby.

### THEY BRING US BEAUTY!

What a wealth of beauty and inspiration is brought to us through those celebrated costume designers!

To be sure, we wouldn't attempt to copy their models, but we can apply their principles—such as that good dressing constitutes suitability, simplicity and individuality, with a dash of imagination.

Am I right?

Marion Miller,  
2008 Grand Ave.,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

### THOSE TORRID TITLES

Have you ever stopped to think that the names of motion pictures may frequently cause us to miss good shows because of misleading titles? "Girl Without a Room" is a good example. The title sounds cheap, yet the story proved quite funny. Consider, producers!

Elizabeth Ann Sheppard,  
1115 Weller Ave.,  
Springfield, Mo.

### LAURELS FOR "PRINCE JACK"

"Counsellor At Law" was a great picture—and even greater was the acting of John Barrymore. Here is one Hollywood actor who can make a silence more eloquent than any torrent of words could be. Oh, for more actors like the Barrymores!

Jack J. Shear,  
505 E. Washington St.,  
Bloomington, Ill.

### WONDROUS WALT

Marvelous! Walt Disney's "Night Before Christmas" is so lovely it makes even his "Three Little Pigs" look like a lot of ham! If the screen ever had anything more charming or diverting than these colored Silly Symphonies, I have never seen it.

Elmer H. Mayer,  
6814 Fifth Ave.,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

### "MAKE WAY FOR JOAN!"

So Joan Crawford wants to be the greatest actress? She's close to the top already. As dancing daughter or glamorous lady-

with-a-past she is peerless. When she learns that it takes even greater acting to portray simple, unaffected girls or noble, virtuous women—then, make way for Joan!

Mrs. J. E. Fortney,  
South Bend, Wash.

### A GRAND IDEA

I hope Walt Disney is going to do "Alice in Wonderland," despite the fact that the story was recently screened. Disney's animated drawings have a whimsical quality and a subtlety that Alice deserves.

F. M. Martin,  
2424 Spaulding,  
Berkeley, Calif.

### THE ACCOLADE GRACIOUS

He's sincere! No bally-hooey, no publicity stunts to announce him, but suddenly he was there! If you saw him in "Ever in My Heart" and "The Prizefighter and the Lady," you know what I mean. Attractive, versatile, refined, poised and intelligent—a great actor and a grand man—Otto Kruger!

Phyllis Dallam Menke,  
Thomaston, Conn.

### IT MUST BE LOVE!

What a girl is Margaret Lindsay! Her performances in recent pictures have gained an enviable host of admirers for this radiantly beautiful personality.

She has those rapturous qualities that glow and tingle, and create an answering spark. In short, a superb actress and a beautiful woman!

Hoyt McAfee,  
Forest City, N. C.

### PERFECTLY "RIPPING"!

Here's to M-G-M for giving us Charles MacArthur's "Rip Tide" with Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery. A perfect trio!

MacArthur's brilliant writing, Shearer's loveliness, and Montgomery's poise and facility should make the picture one of the long-remembered ones of 1934.

Eve Anderson,  
2257 University Ave.,  
Bronx, N. Y.

### A CROSBY CONQUEST

Bing Crosby is the only actor on the screen who really has everything. The most gorgeous voice in all the world—and that charming personality! I simply can't stay away from a theatre where he's playing. In fact, I saw "Too Much Harmony" eight times. 'Nough said!

Shirley Winters,  
Troy, N. Y.

### AND STILL THEY RAVE!

Of the many outstanding pictures of 1933, I would give the palm to "Only Yesterday." A thrilling and powerful story, beautifully photographed and gloriously acted. Best of all, it put that dynamic little actress, Margaret Sullivan, over the top. What a picture! What a girl!

Rose Eleanor Lefco,  
916 N. Hawthorne Rd.,  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

### PRAISE INDEED!

Charlotte Henry made a delightful Alice in Wonderland, and I must congratulate



the director on his accurate copies of the fantastic figures and grotesque characters appearing in the original drawings of Sir John Tenniel. I think even Lewis Carroll would have been delighted with the result.

Helen M. Watson,  
57 Center St.,  
Concord, N. H.

### MARGARET IS BACK—IN "LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW"

Please don't let Margaret Sullavan leave Hollywood and the films! It is imperative that we see her again after her poignant characterization in "Only Yesterday." As far as I am concerned, her fine acting and delightful voice have combined to put all other actresses in the shade.

Mary Daniel,  
18 Kennedy St.,  
Hartford, Conn.

### A "WHOOOP" FOR WALTER!

Just a word in praise of Walter Huston. From "Abraham Lincoln" to "The Prizefighter and the Lady" his characterizations have always been superb. And to think he was once a song-and-dance man! It was a fortunate day when this talented artist was persuaded to enter motion pictures!

Arthur Keller,  
109 Shippen St.,  
Weehawken, N. J.

### HE'S AN OLD SMOOTHIE!

I like Franchot Tone—his natural manner, his well-modulated voice. He seems actually to be living every part he plays. And the first thought that comes to you when he strides into the scene is, "Well, here's one actor who looks as though he's at least read a book!"

Marcia Feldman,  
1034 Lanier Blvd.,  
Atlanta, Ga.

## My Real Life Story

*Continued from page 19*

that, I could stay out there after the rest of the family went home. At the time I suppose I felt a little rebellious over having to work for things other kids' families could afford to give them without their working for it. I suppose many times a tear or two splashed into a bucket of water as I trudged from the spring to the camp pondering over the cruel fate that forced me into being a human water-wagon when I would much have preferred being a human dolphin.

But the tears, the water-buckets, the cords of wood I chopped are all forgotten now and I can only remember the joy of those weeks when it seems, in retrospect, that I worked very little and played a great deal. I can still recall the pride I felt when I first perfected a jack-knife, a front flip, a back flip and a half-Gainer.

The chagrin and heartache I felt the next summer when I worked as locker boy in the municipal swimming pool—the humiliation I felt when I entered a swimming meet and none of my family except my mother bothered to come to watch me because they thought I had no chance of winning and so refused to get excited about it—those things are forgotten although I know I must have felt them keenly at the time. I can only remember the intense pride and excitement Mother and I felt as we burst into the house that night carrying the medals I had won—six firsts and two seconds.

I don't remember school as a sort of



## JANE FROMAN

*Lovely Singer of 7 Star Radio Revue and Ziegfeld Follies*  
**tells why 50¢ Lipstick is offered  
to you for 10¢**

"AT FIRST", writes Jane Froman, "I was skeptical that such a fine lipstick could be obtained for only 10¢. Then I learned why this amazing offer is being made by the makers of LINIT—to introduce the remarkable LINIT Beauty Bath to those who had not already experienced its *instant* results in making the skin so soft and smooth. I bought some LINIT; enjoyed the sensation of a rich, cream-like bath; and sent for a lipstick. When it came, I was no longer dubious, but now carry it with me everywhere. I could not wish for a better lipstick."

Just send a top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (wrapping and postage charges) for EACH lipstick desired, filling out the handy coupon printed below.



LINIT is sold by  
grocers and department  
stores.



CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, Dept. S-4.  
P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City

Please send me.....lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked below. I enclose.....¢ and.....LINIT package tops.

☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark

Name .....

Address.....

City..... State.....

THIS OFFER  
good in U. S. A.  
only and expires  
Sept. 1, 1934





## The sky's the limit!

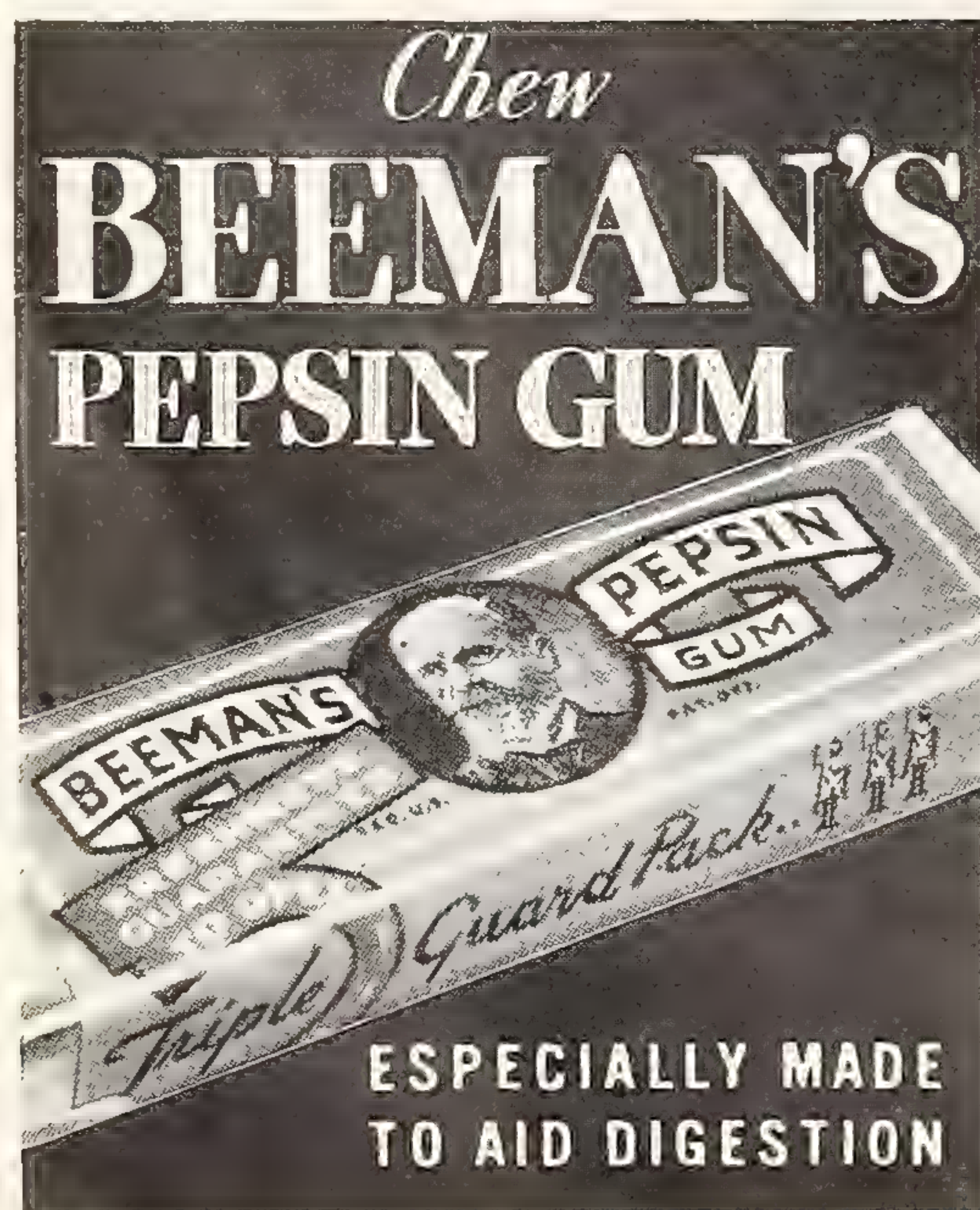
**VIGOROUS!... ROBUST!... JUBILANT!**

All outdoors can't hold you when digestion is good, when jabs and stabs and twinges aren't cutting down your spirit and efficiency.

Beeman's helps keep digestion honey-sweet. It is smooth, mellow — especially made to gently stimulate digestion.

Beeman's is so pleasantly healthful! Its beneficial qualities are matched by a flavor that's cool, fresh, and exhilarating. A flavor that tempts your taste—a flavor kept unfailingly fresh by the amazing new Triple Guard Pack.

Try Beeman's today! Smell its aromatic freshness as you puncture the airtight wrap. Enjoy its genuinely fine flavor. And chew it regularly for its mild, pleasant aid to digestion.



prison. I can't say that I recall jumping up and down, clapping my hands and yelling "Goody" when summer was over and it was time to go back to studying, but I remember having a pretty swell time in school.

But I guess I should quit trying to talk about the things I don't remember and tell you of the things I can recall.

I've always been blessed with a good memory—for some things—(not anniversary dates and things I *should* remember, however)—so my lessons never gave me much trouble. If I read them over once or twice I knew them well enough to get by and get pretty fair marks in the bargain. And, like all kids, I suppose, I used to try to see how much I could get by with in school. The first week of each semester was devoted to sizing up the teacher. Some of them would stand for a lot—others very little. Most of them seemed to like me because I usually knew my lessons, so, for the most part, I got away with murder.

One teacher, in particular, I recall was a quiet, mousey little thing. Young and rather pretty. She had a swell disposition and I took advantage of it to the point of driving her to distraction. I've always liked to kid and clown and I used to keep the room in an uproar. She kept me after school and pleaded with me several times that because I learned easily didn't mean that everybody did and I was interfering with the other pupils. That meant nothing to an eight or ten year old kid—and I've always been as stubborn as a mule. I wouldn't come to time.

So she went to the principal and that dignitary sent for Mother and laid the facts before her. "Punish him," Mother told them. It wasn't until years later I discovered that my own mother—whom I'd loved and trusted—was responsible for the shellacking I got the next day. But I was a pretty subdued boy for the rest of that term.

The next year I was in the room of a teacher who was known all over town for leaning more to rulers and yardsticks than to pencils. "How are you and Miss — getting along?" Mother asked me once.

"O.K.," I answered. "A guy'd be a fool to start anything in *her* room."

Years later when I was in Gonzaga College I was still trying to get away with everything I could. The day I enrolled there I'd sidestepped some of my chores at home and Mother was none too pleased. "Just you wait," she threatened. "Father Canale and Father Werner will slow you down."

Those two fathers were famous all over the northwest for being disciplinarians of the old school, and I had no intention of crossing them. "That's what *you* think," I answered. "Those birds'll be lucky if they even lay eyes on me!" And, in the five years I went there, I never had a single run-in with either of them!

I mentioned awhile ago that I'm stubborn as a mule. It's true, alas. And there's something else, as well. It isn't one of my traits to which *Vanity Fair* would point with pride, but it's one of my dominant characteristics and, as such, I guess, has a place in a life story. I just can't be bothered with people whom I don't like. And when I don't like people they darned soon know it. Try as I will I can't conceal it. I'm just no good at dissembling. When they're around I sit there with a half-sneer on my pan or else leave the room entirely when they enter.

There was a father at Gonzaga who taught French and I still contend the guy was a squirrel. I just couldn't force myself to study for his classes. I was working my way through college and mother

used to try to reason with me and say, "You're paying for something you're not getting, when you don't study." But it made no difference to me. I comforted myself with the thought that I was showing him up for a bad teacher when I wouldn't learn in his room. I had my mind all made up that as soon as I got out of there I'd study like the dickens and the next teacher would get a raise on the strength of the brilliant showing I made in *his* room after the poor one I'd made in the squirrel's.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. There were seven of us children: Larry, Ted, Everett, me, Catherine, Mary Rose and Bob. We lived in a big, rambling white frame house. My father must have been hard put to it at times to pay the rent, the butcher, the baker and candlestick maker—to say nothing of the cobbler and clothier. But, somehow, there was always plenty to eat and we were always decently dressed. In fact, my mother was a right handy person with a needle and my sisters were just about the best dressed girls in Pullman, where they went to school. I used to protest to mother that there was no sense her working herself to death sewing for them—that nobody expected them to be so well-dressed and there was no sense to it. As long as they had nice clothes that was enough. But Mother just used to smile and go on sewing.

With all the expense my Dad was under it was small wonder there was no surplus for spending money for us kids. We were given to understand at a pretty early age that we'd have to get out and dig for any extras we wanted. Movies, dates with girls, baseballs—anything in the line of recreation we wanted, we had to earn.

I can hardly remember the time I haven't been working at something. My early summers are a kaleidoscopic succession of jobs in my mind's eye. I sold newspapers, magazines, picked fruit, worked in the post office, at the swimming pool, and one year during the winter I worked as janitor in a club for down-and-outers. There were numerous other jobs that elude me at the moment.

Since I've begun to make a little money there is a general and widespread belief in our family that I've always been my mother's favorite. It's true she always encouraged me in anything I wanted to do and she was usually on hand to give me moral support in anything I wanted to do, but she never excused me from any of the jobs I was supposed to tend to around the house. There was no reason for her spoiling me. I wasn't the oldest nor was I the youngest. I was just one of the gang.

I think if she had a favorite it would be Larry. Larry is the oldest and while we're all devoted to our mother, I think Larry was—and is, more considerate of her than the rest of us. He did much more around the house than he was supposed to—just so it would take that much more off her shoulders. In addition to that, he saw to it that the rest of us did our chores. He was a lot harder taskmaster than Mother. It would be strange if she didn't appreciate all he did for her.

Personally, I've never cared much for housework and I'm ashamed to say that if there was any chance of ditching it, I never had any qualms about sneaking out without chopping wood, sweeping the sidewalks, mowing the lawn or doing any of the other things planned for me.

I've found on talking to people that they are greatly interested in the disciplinary measures employed to keep me in line. I must confess I can't speak with authority on that subject. As I mentioned, time dulls one's memory. It seems to me



I was always out in the wood-shed for a session with Dad and his razor strop. In fact, I'd almost wager money that the reason I'm so fond of easy chairs today is that seeking a chair with a soft cushion after those excursions to the wood-shed became such a frequent necessity it grew into a habit!

My mother, on the other hand (and she insists she has an excellent memory for details), stoutly maintains that I was seldom actually punished and that the measures taken to "slow me down" as she puts it, usually ended with threats.

On one thing we're agreed, however. My table manners during those years must have left much to be desired. I've always maintained that food was invented to be eaten and not toyed with. I never could see any reason for pretending you don't care about it when you're starving. I have an aunt who used to visit us occasionally and she was always after my mother to whale hell out of me on account of the way I ate. She said it "nauseated her."

I firmly believed good manners around home were a waste of time—sort of like spraying perfume on the desert air—and that when I got out I'd know how to get the food down the gullet without disgracing the family. I *have* learned, too. It's got so now when we're invited out, half the time my wife doesn't even glance at me to see if I'm using the right fork.

There is one other all-important subject in my life that should be touched upon: MONEY.

I've told you how, at a tender age, it became incumbent upon me to get out and dig for myself. Well, that taught me an appreciation of money. I've never learned the value of it but I've learned that it's something no young boy can afford to be without. I've been pretty lucky, I guess. Until comparatively recently I've never had more than I needed but, somehow, there has always been enough to permit me to do the things I wanted.

This lack of understanding on my part is the cause of many an argument in my home today. If Dixie, my wife, spends \$175 or \$200 on a dress it seems to me like sinful waste—N. R. A. or no! On the other hand, when I lose five or six hundred over the gaming table (as has happened occasionally), it upsets her because she can't forget what *she* could have done with that much. I, on the other hand, argue that she shouldn't let it upset her because I swear I never go in there *expecting* to lose that much. In fact, I go in with my mind firmly made up to win. So I'm forced to the conclusion that the loss of a tidy sum like that is directly attributable to an Act of God, an accident, or something, whereas the dress was purchased with malice aforethought.

My mother and I used to have much the same kind of argument when I was small. She was always prominent in church work and, invariably, when they got up socials and things, she'd want me to sing for them. I maintained that if I could sing well enough to be entertaining, I could sing well enough to be paid for it. She was hesitant about asking the various church committees to pay her son, so it usually ended by my forming a quartet and instead of having to pay only me, they had to pay four of us!

I dunno! Maybe money is the root of all evil. But if it hadn't been for wanting money I'd probably have stayed in Spokane the rest of my life. You'd never have heard of Bing Crosby and I'd never had got the thrill that comes from writing—"Continued next month"!

(Watch for the next instalment of Bing Crosby's own life story in the May issue of SCREENLAND.)



GINGER ROGERS, vivacious motion-picture star, is just the type to wear this difficult but delightful gown. Made of fashionable rough crepe, the little jacket has mink lapels to give it immense chic.



## How to make the most of your GOOD POINTS

STUDY your features! You may wish to play up the color of your eyes, to accent lovely lips, to highlight an interesting profile.

Watch your figure. Modern fashions are built around youthful curves. If you reduce, be sure your diet contains adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination.

Too often, women permit this condition to dull their beauty and charm. Yet it can be corrected so easily—with a delicious cereal.

Laboratory tests show Kellogg's ALL-BRAN provides "bulk" and vitamin B to aid proper elimination. Also iron for the blood.

Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. Chronic cases, with each meal. Isn't this better than risking unpleasant patent medicines?

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. Get the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

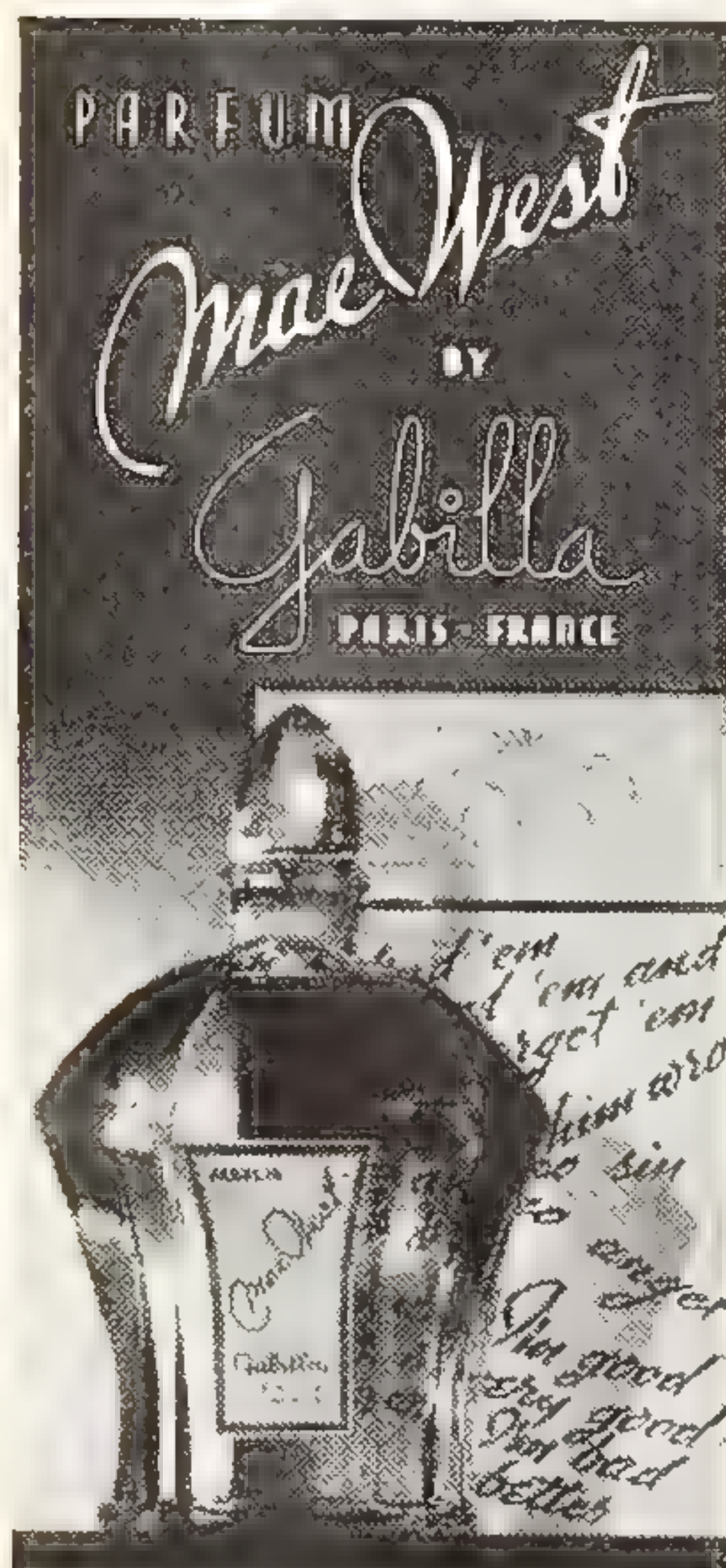
KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE



Here's the Perfume  
Mae West uses for  
that "come up'n see  
me sometime" lure



**N**OW YOU can use the identical scent which Mme. Gabilla of Paris blended for Mae West—loaded with lure—dripping with sex appeal. There's intrigue in every drop. It's charged with that "come up 'n see me sometime" personality. This isn't merely an endorsement, it is Mae West's actual perfume. ● Be the first in your crowd to use Parfum MaeWest—exquisite bottles at 65c—\$1.00 to \$25.00.



If your favorite store cannot supply you with Parfum Mae West you can order from us direct by using the convenient coupon and enclosing 65 cents in stamps for the dram size—\$1.00 for the 1/4 oz. size.

As a special introductory offer we are sending you six intimate photographs of Mae West with your order



PARFUMS WESMAY, Inc.  
19 West 18th Street, N.Y.C. ( ) 65c. size  
Enclosed find money for ( ) 1.00 size

Name ..... S-2

Address .....

City ..... State .....

NOTE: This is not merely an endorsement—this is the personal perfume of Mae West.

## Warning to Hollywood Stars

Continued from page 21

old, despite the fact that he has played love and emotional scenes with almost every female star in the business, from Garbo down.

Why do I stress this point? Because emotional scenes, especially romantic ones, are the very kind of work which burns up the lives of our motion picture celebrities quicker than anything else.

That Montgomery's nerves have not suffered so far—in fact, that he actually seems to have benefited—is lucky for him, although I must admit that he never seems to let himself go entirely, neither off-stage nor on. Perhaps that is what saves him.

On the other hand, did medical ethics allow, I could cite cases of actors and actresses whose Hollywood residence has not been so harmless. It is no exaggeration to state that if a screen actor, especially a star who must needs take the most intense climaxes, manages to escape with mental and physical health intact he or she is performing a stunt that well-nigh approaches the miraculous.

I know you have read about, and even have seen photographs of, movie stars playing golf, riding horseback, hiking, waiting for their masseur to give them a rub-down, and otherwise disporting themselves to keep fit.

But even these, who realize the health dangers their work involves, find they can do little or nothing to counteract them. After all, a picture *must* be made, and while it is being shot the work for all must needs be most intensive. There just isn't any other way out!

Clark Gable surely is a "he-man," if ever there was one. He is muscular, strong, self-assertive and, apparently, free from "nerves" in the generally accepted sense in which that term is used. Yet Gable has been sick a great deal. He does not seem to enjoy the health he had when he entered the movies.

Strong, masculine, virile types like Gable, Spencer Tracy, Paul Lukas, Richard Dix and Richard Arlen cannot be shut up indoors for long without jeopardizing something of their strength. Men like that need plenty of fresh air as well as plenty of room in which to exercise their muscles. They may make good lovers and look stunning in a drawing room. They are not parlor or bedroom boys, however. They must expand their lungs, shout, fish, hunt, ride or wield an axe if they would keep in physical trim. Even Gary Cooper, although he seems so shy and aloof, is quite a cowboy at heart. In fact, most men are. It just lies "in the nature of the beast!"

Women, to be sure, do not need so much strenuous exercise as do men. But they, too, must have change. Too much of the same kind of work, especially indoors, is bad for them as well.

One wonders, for example, whether Garbo is as vigorous in health as she might or should be. In her latest picture, "Queen Christina," she looks so weary, so tired in some scenes. This seclusiveness of hers, which has done much to bring her unsolicited publicity, can undoubtedly be carried to extremes.

Insurance companies have always considered actors, whether men or women, and irrespective of whether they are in pictures or on the legitimate stage, mighty poor insurance risks. Some companies do not write them policies at all or they make the premium rates higher in order to cover themselves.

Beholding a movie unfold before your eyes while you sit comfortably in an easy

chair in a picture palace, where you can even rest your feet on a railing and smoke, is *one* thing! Making the picture yourself in a setting where you are surrounded by lights, ladders, wheels and the usual unromantic paraphernalia of "backstage," where a dozen or more mechanics, directors, and what-not are watching you with eagle eyes and sharply criticizing every move you make—surely that is a horse of quite a different color!



Hollywood, we are here! Pat Paterson, Fox's compelling candidate for world stardom, arrives to take the lead in "George White's Scandals."

Time after time the same scene is photographed over and over again until it is right. Hour after hour the minutest details are rehearsed until the actor's nerves are frayed to a frazzle. In-between rests are not long enough. Under such circumstances it is impossible to relax. When you are in a picture you actually eat and sleep with it until it is finished. No other job could possibly be harder.

A Hollywood star, and a very popular one, too, once said to me: "You can't imagine how often I have wished to be back on the farm, peeling potatoes or playing nurse-maid to the cow!"

And listen to this from one of our leading male celebrities when I expressed surprise that he was thinking of giving it all up in order to take on another job outside the screen.

"Don't think I want to stick to the movies all my life," he blurted out. "It's the big money that appeals to me—nothing else! But there's a limit to that, too. My wife says I'm a pretty hard customer to



live with when I'm doing a picture but she doesn't realize how hard it is for me to live with *myself*. Pictures *get* the actor, Doctor; they sap his vitality. Not to mention the deadening mechanics of it, which sooner or later affects everybody's nerves. Yes—I'm going to quit before some sanitarium or the undertaker has a chance to rob me of some of this hard-earned cash I've made!"

If you are in a picture star's confidence and he trusts you, you will hear many expressions such as those mentioned above. All realize that movie actors are likely to "burn themselves out" before their time; that they exhaust their energy dynamos; that the pace of the movie star is the kind that kills!

Take Zasu Pitts, for example. This highly-gifted artist actually is forced to capitalize her neurotic nature. Note her drawn features; her anxious expression, her sensitive hands. These characteristics of her personality and work are not "put on"; that figure up there on the screen actually *is* the real Zasu Pitts.

And do you suppose it does a naturally high-strung individual like that any good to be playing parts where this neurotic make-up must be emphasized? Small wonder that Miss Pitts had to undergo a course relaxing and body-building to prop up her health and strength.

If all movie stars could work like Mae West, the draining of their reserve of strength would be much reduced. Miss West works so easily, without apparent effort. Even the scenes which should be highly charged with emotion are carried off with a few significant gestures, a rolling of the eyes and an undulation of the torso. Miss West produces the desired effect of allure without placing a particle of strain upon her nerves.

On the other hand, there is Joan Crawford, who crowds every appearance she makes with every ounce of nerve force she possesses. If she can keep this up without injury to her system she will stand as a denial of all that Doctors preach in the way of health preservation. The average, however, cannot keep on burning themselves up that way. Emotional exhibitionism inevitably exacts a heavy penalty!

I had occasion at one time to examine a star one hour after she had finished a scene in which she was taking the part of a neglected wife who becomes jealous. In this picture plot, outbursts of feeling were frequent. As usual, the scene had been rehearsed many times over; in fact, the whole day had been devoted to it.

The pulse rate of this particular woman was 140; the heart beat was irregular, with a beat dropped out every now and then; the blood pressure had dropped to 101 instead of her normal of 130; fine tremors in the extended fingers were in evidence; all her reflexes—that is, her automatic nerve responses—were over-sensitive. But what is more significant still, I discovered later on that a similar state of nerve exhaustion always followed, not only the acting of love scenes, but any others in which strong emotion had to be employed.

Any of you readers who may be women will acknowledge that making love is a weakening business. You also must know what shocks, anger, joy, suspense and other high-tension mental states can do to you. Even if you possess what is often spoken of as a temperamental nature you know with what a feeling of being "washed out" such states can leave you, even to the extent of affecting you physically and making you actually feel weak in the knees.

Unless you are an actress, however, you probably do not know what such experiences, occurring daily and repeatedly, can do to undermine your strength and deplete your reserve of nerve force. Although the

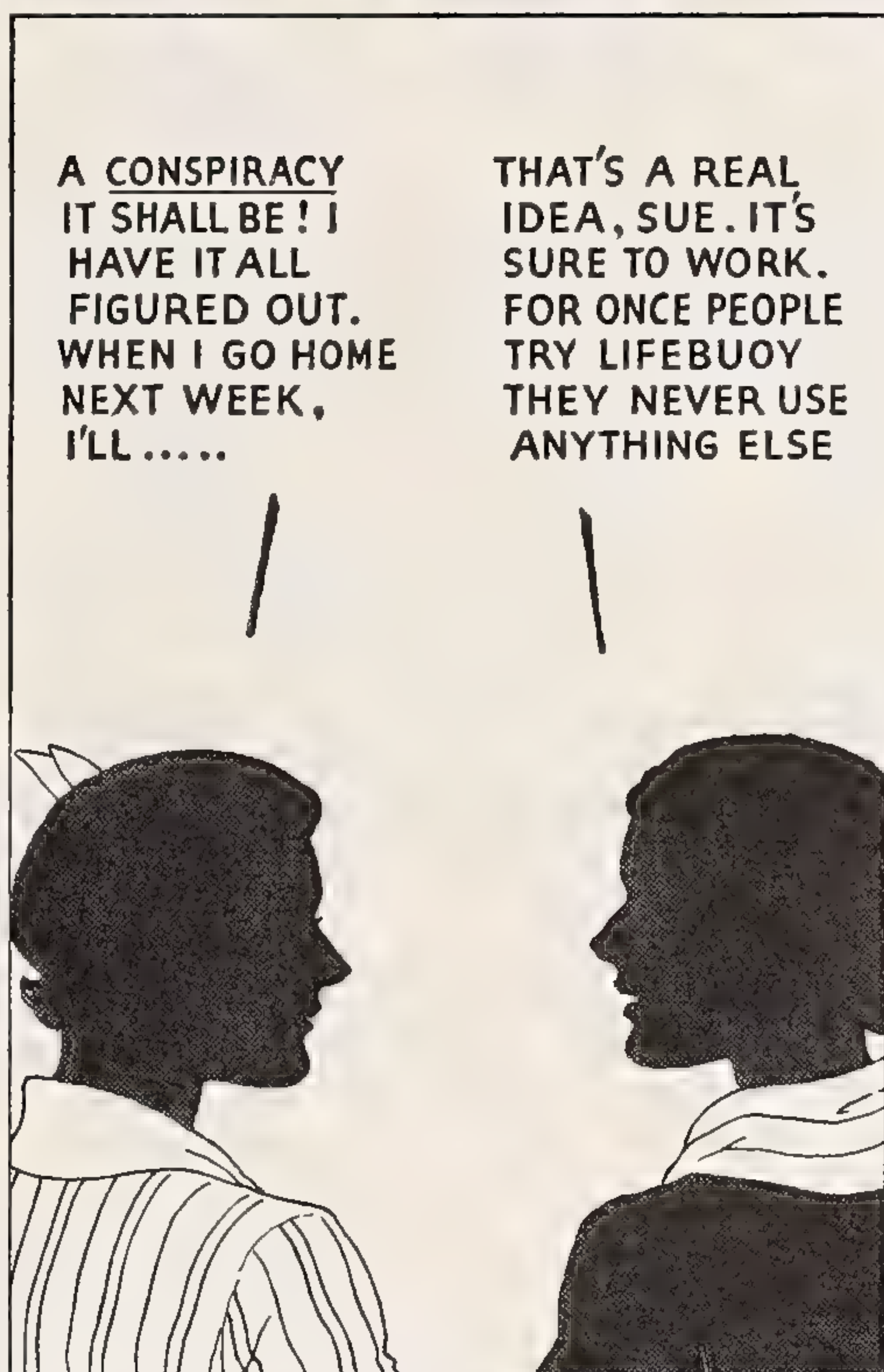


NEXT DAY —

*Sue gets the "lowdown"*

ANN, YOU SAY THAT YOU ..... THAT EVERYONE LIKES HER .... IT IS ONLY THAT SHE'S CARELESS

YES, PUT YOUR THINKING CAP ON, SUE. GET HER TO END "B.O." AND I'LL SEE THAT SHE'S SWAMPED WITH INVITATIONS



NEXT WEEK

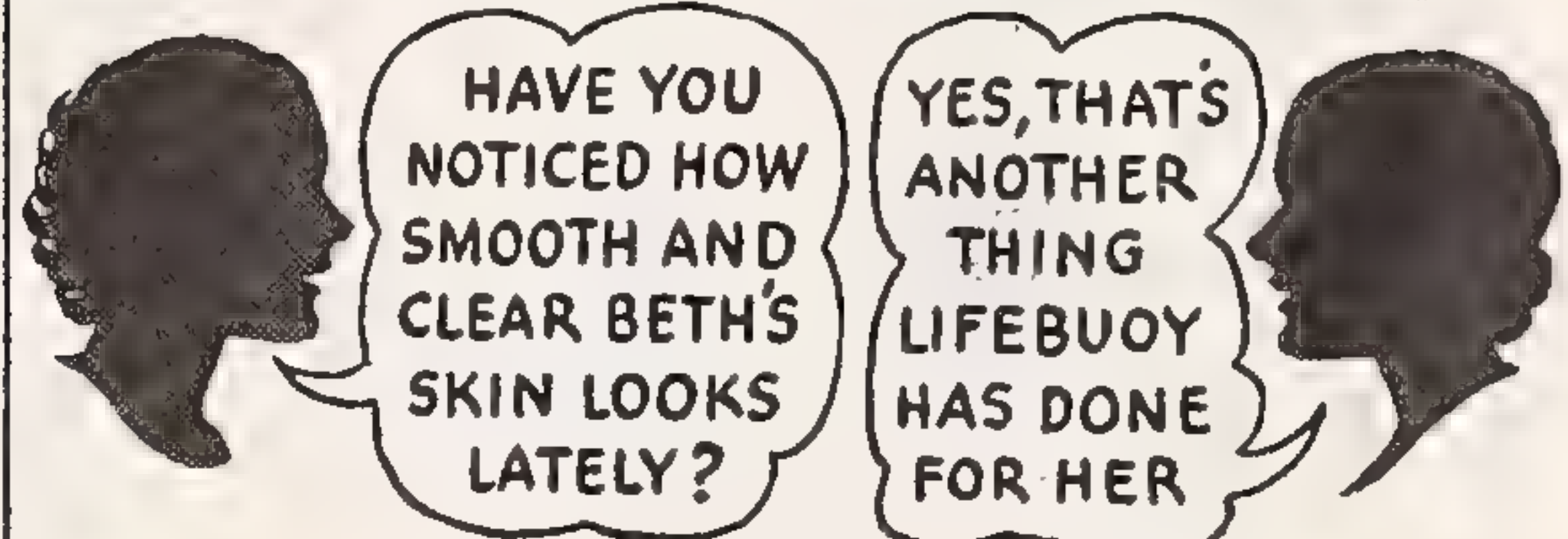
OH DEAR, SUE'S FORGOTTEN HER TOILET SOAP. WHY, IT'S LIFEBOUY! M-M-M ... HOW CLEAN IT SMELLS. I'M GOING TO TRY IT

NEVER SAW SUCH SOFT, RICH LATHER. LEAVES YOU SO CLEAN-FEELING! I'LL ORDER MORE LIFEBOUY AT ONCE

"B.O." GONE —  
*appreciated at last!*

YES, I'D LOVE TO JOIN THE WOMEN'S LEAGUE, ANN THANKS FOR ASKING ME

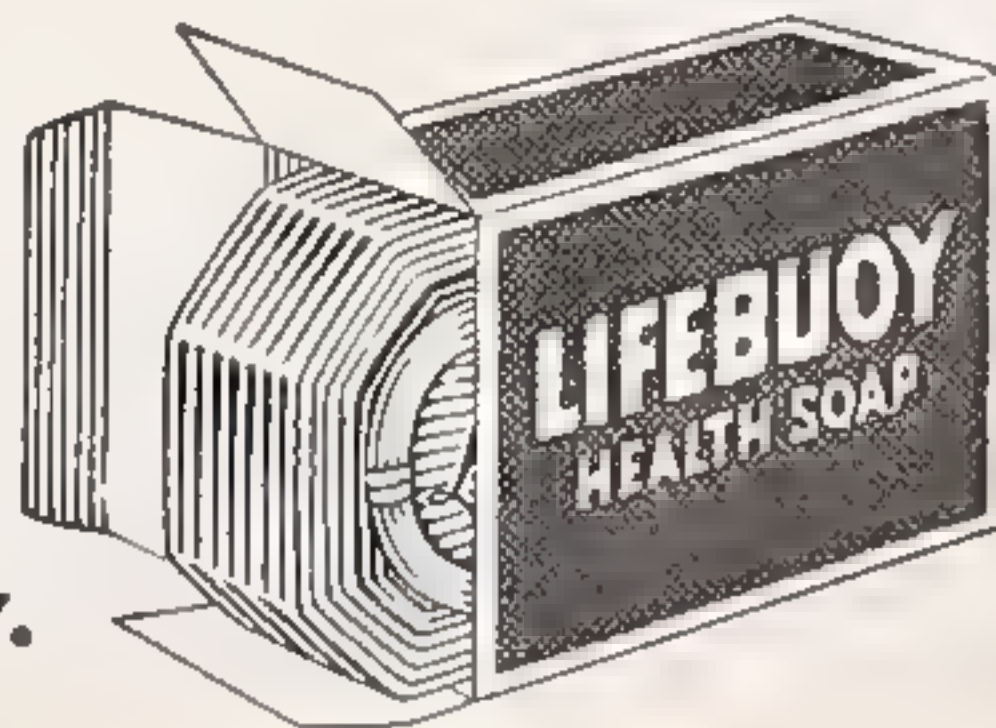
DON'T THANK ME, MY DEAR. THIS TOWN IS JUST BEGINNING TO REALIZE HOW FORTUNATE IT IS TO HAVE YOU!



**Y**OU can tell a Lifebuoy complexion—fresh, glowing, radiant with healthy beauty. Lifebuoy's rich, penetrating lather deep-cleanses pores of clogged impurities—clears and freshens cloudy skin. Purifies body pores of odor-causing waste. Removes all trace of embarrassing "B.O." (body odor).

**Easy to offend — play safe!**

Why risk this common yet unforgivable fault when Lifebuoy will keep you *safe*? Bathe regularly with this delightful toilet soap. Enjoy the *extra* protection which its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives. Adopt Lifebuoy today.





## HOW CLARA CLEARED UP HER RED EYES



When eyes become bloodshot from crying, late hours or exposure to sun, wind and dust, apply a few drops of *Murine*. It quickly clears up the unsightly redness—leaves eyes looking and feeling just fine! *Good Housekeeping Bureau* approves *Murine*, so you know it's safe to use. And—it costs less than a penny an application!

# MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

## TYPEWRITER

only 10¢ a Day

Not used or rebuilt. A new Remington Portable. Carrying case free. Use 10 days without cost. If you keep it, it's yours for only 10¢ a day. Write today. Say: Tell me how I can get a Remington Portable on 10-day free trial offer for only 10¢ a day. Remington Rand Inc., Dept. L-6, Buffalo, N. Y.



## 3 Perfumes

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sell regularly for \$12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers—

- Three odors: Send only  
(1) Romanza  
(2) Lily of the Valley  
(3) Esprit de France  
A single drop lasts a week!

30¢

To pay for postage and handling send only 30¢ (silver or stamps) for 3 trial bottles. Only one set to each new customer. **PAUL RIEGER**, 173 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

nervous system is the body's energy producer and possesses most remarkable endurance as well as re-charging qualities, there is a limit which sooner or later is reached and which inevitably results in mental and physical impairment of some sort.

Psychologists as well as physiologists have long been familiar with the direct effect that emotion has upon the so-called "endocrine glands" or the "glands of internal secretion." Whether the emotion be love, anger, fear, or joy, the glands that particularly bear the brunt of attack are the "adrenals."

The adrenals are two in number, each about the size of the tip of the little finger, each embedded in fat on the top of the kidney structure. Whenever emotion is registered in the mind the adrenals at once become more active than usual, and the blood becomes surcharged with the powerful chemical they secrete, namely "adrenalin."

Adrenalin in the blood contracts the blood vessels, raises the blood pressure and makes the course of the blood flow faster. This means an increased supply of oxygen to all the tissues. Adrenalin in addition releases "glycogen," a kind of stored-up sugar, from the liver, which likewise is highly stimulating to all the organs.

What bearing has all this upon motion picture actors, you ask?

Where an actor must needs do combat with the villain, or flee from a burning building, or a woman finds herself forced to protect her honor or, contrariwise, she sets out to vamp and conquer her man—no matter what the story portrayed may be—the adrenals of the actor involved are invariably stimulated, and stimulated to excess.

For every picture stresses action, the high-lights of life, and dramatic moments. What is more, a film condenses life, surcharges it with emotion, packs it full of heart throbs and breath-taking incidents.

Therefore, subjected as they are to emotional stress and strain in the parts assigned them, movie actors, especially the stars, find themselves in a chronic state of hyper-excitement which even continues in their private lives after the day's work is finished. Like the spring in a clock, it

must keep on unwinding if it is to continue at all.

Frankly, I have yet to examine a picture actor or actress who did not reveal at least a few signs, indicating frayed nerves, such as I have mentioned. Every one of them had a low blood pressure and all were too high-strung. Evidence of depleted adrenal glands was common. A few even were suffering, in addition, from impairment of some vital organ. All because they were laboring for the screen; all because they were just being burned out!

Not long ago I heard that Bette Davis was to be insured so that her studio might be protected against her growing stout; that should the actress reach 120 pounds—Miss Davis now weighs 106—the insurance company would pay her employers \$50,000.

Yet Bette Davis is only 5 feet 3½ inches tall and the average for girls of that height, irrespective of age, is 118 pounds. This is only two small pounds less than the penalty weight in her case! Most certainly her present weight of 106 is too low!

It is a great pity that picture actresses must keep so thin especially when doctors realize the lowering of vital resistance that goes with being underweight; and the organic diseases, especially tuberculosis, that such a condition invites. But here again is another drawback that seemingly cannot be avoided. The women simply must keep slim in order to hold their jobs.

That stars exist who are perfectly healthy goes without saying. In pictures, however, the definite tendency, and for the reasons I have given, is decidedly to grow old young.

Disaster can be prevented if the star is willing to be on the alert and take care of himself. Many of the breakdowns that already have occurred could surely have been avoided. Let us be optimistic. Let us hope that our warning to Hollywood may be heeded.

In fact, having captured our hearts, our beloved screen stars owe us that much, anyway. Not only should they look after their health for their own individual good, they should also remember how genuinely solicitous for them we are. Having, in effect, become members of our own immediate family, it is their duty to take care of themselves!

## As Thousands Hear

Continued from page 51

say: "Absolutely not! It was the only way I could make Hollywood realize that I am a modern girl. I'm so tired of playing 'Senoritas' and peasants. I want to play sophisticated rôles. That girl I played in 'Flying Down to Rio'—she was so sappy! But I *did* like the girl I played in 'Wonder Bar.' That one had character, was exotic, and wore beautiful clothes!"

Speaking of clothes—as you can see by the fascinating pictures of Dolores, she was wearing one of her "Glamor School" dresses at the rehearsal. (Remember January SCREENLAND carried two pages of Miss Del Rio's favorite frocks? The dress she wears in these photographs is one of them.) It is of green wool and suits her stunning brunette beauty perfectly. "This is my working dress," she began to tell me about it—but I'll never know why, for at that moment someone cut in with, "Pardon me, Miss Del Rio, we've arranged for you to leave by the back exit this evening so you won't be mobbed." And before we could get back to the green dress, the program director asked her to run through her script again.

To me, the most remarkable thing about Hollywood's most picturesque brunette is the fact that her nails had not a speck of polish on them! Dolores proved herself a grand sport, too, when it came to posing for the pictures. She didn't take time out for fussing or prettying up—not even to the extent of running a comb through her hair. For almost any girl that's almost unheard of, and in an actress, it's positively super-colossal!

Dolores was as thrilled as a novice when one of the studio boys told her how well her voice recorded. And she thanked him so prettily that he practically floated on air back to the control-room. For one of the lovely star's most effective traits is a way of making whoever she is speaking to at the moment feel that he's the only human in existence for her. Her enormous eyes and the intentness of her look speak volumes, and tell you that you're positively the most brilliant and fascinating person she's ever known! In other words, Dolores scores an unqualified knockout with everyone she meets.

And no wonder.



## Maurice Denies It

Continued from page 33

kind answer, telling me how he was happy that the thing was not true. So I wiped the sweat from my forehead, because—"he informed me gravely, though his eyes held the first glint of a smile I had caught in them that day, "—because emotion always makes me sweat, and I said, thank God this is the end of a bad story. But I was too fast," he finished ruefully.

He *had* denied it then. But the papers must have had other fish to fry by the time the denial came, and reconciliations are notably less interesting than quarrels. If the denial was given any space at all in the press, it wasn't sufficient to correct the false impression already stamped on the movie public's mind. The mention of Chevalier's name was still likely to be greeted with an accusing: "But he said he wouldn't work under Lubitsch. And he doesn't want to play with Jeanette MacDonald."

As a matter of fact, he said neither of those things.

"I have said," he explained, speaking clearly and deliberately, "that I want to develop in my art, *if*—" he added with humility, "—you can call that an art. I have said I want to do something new, to have something solid under the feet, something on which I can—I can *repose*. I am not trying to knock my head on the wall. I know I am not Barrymore. But I started as a red-nose comedian and if, after that, I can do 'The Love Parade,' it must be that I have the possibility to develop—I hope.

"But with always the same type of story, how can you develop? And when you are under contract to a studio, it is very difficult, this question of stories. You sign for two years, with an option for another year—and another—and another—all right. So you have to play five years till you are at the end of your options. When they have a great story, they are only too happy to give it to you—with both hands—here, take it. When they have none, still they must use you. You know they are trying to do their best for you. So, not being enthusiastic, still you try to kick yourself into it. And to kick yourself into an enthusiasm—it is the same as to drink flat champagne.

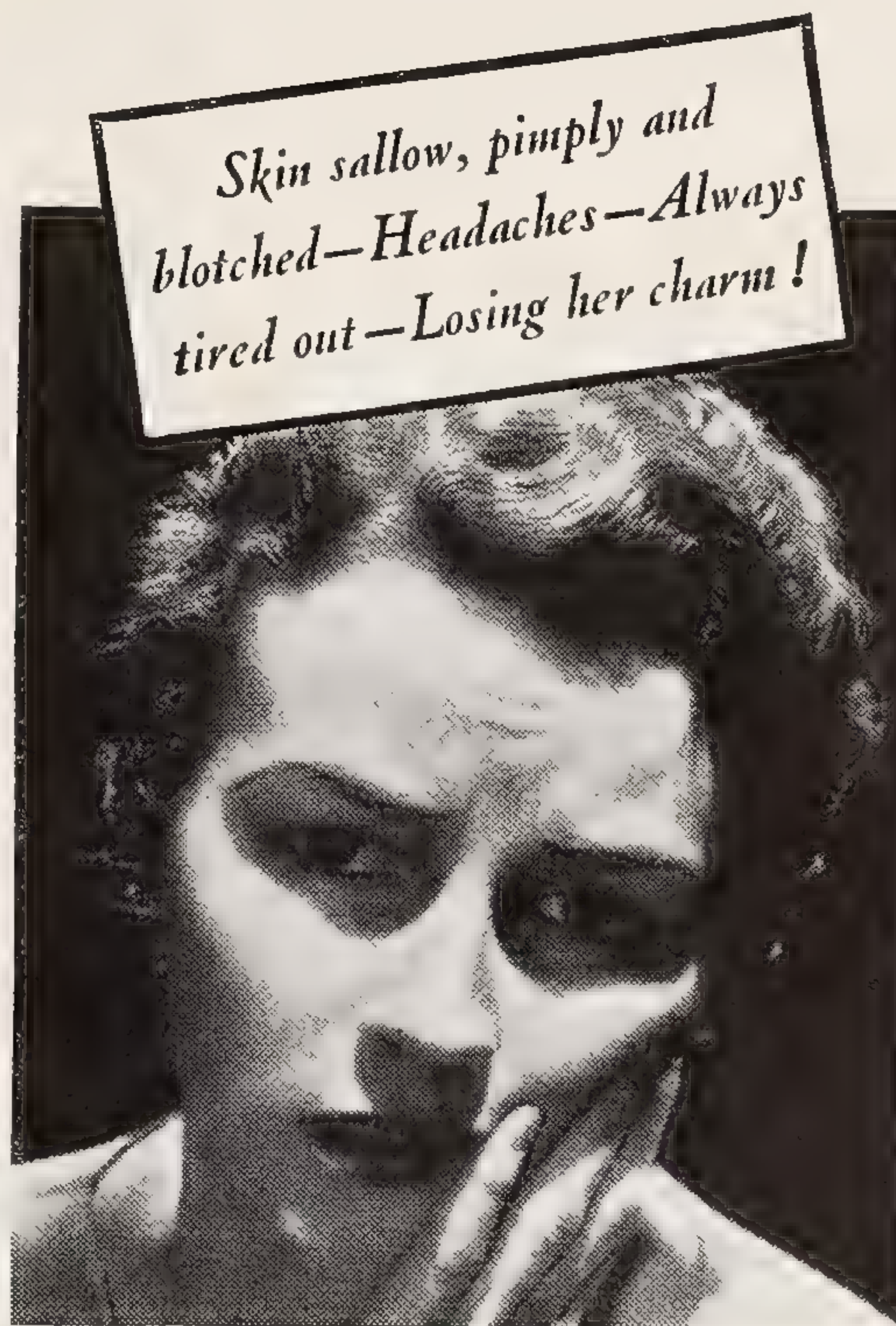
"'The Love Parade'—'The Smiling Lieutenant'—'One Hour With You'—they were all different from the parts I played in France, and I was pleased to do them at the time *because* they were different. I was pleased with the first part of 'Bedtime Story' because it was different—and with parts of every picture I have played. Other parts—no. Now I want to do something else, which is normal. I don't want to be marked as a type. After all," he exploded in a sudden snort of disgust, "should a man go on all his life just trying to be cute?"

I might have been tempted to answer that rhetorical question, if a severe glance hadn't warned me to skip it.

"But," he continued hastily, "if I have said that I want to do something different from all I have done before—with Lubitsch or another—is that to say I will not work under Lubitsch? On the contrary, I have shouted not once but many times—as soon as Lubitsch will have for me a story I like, a story where I will feel in my shoes, I will run to do it with him. And if I have said that when a man and a woman play too many times together they are marked down for a team, is that to talk bad about Jeanette? Then it is as much to talk bad about myself. Some actors work as teams. Lunt and Fontanne is a team. MacDonald and Chevalier is not a team. And I have said—and I will say the same until I die—that if two people

# NEW HEALTH & BEAUTY This Amazingly Easy Way

**Remarkable, New-type Pasteurized Yeast Ends  
Dull, Muddy Skin and Ugly Blemishes—Corrects  
Common Cause of Constipation**



**W**HY let the poisons of constipation drag you down, rob you of health and happiness? Why be ashamed of a sallow, blotchy or old looking skin when this simple, easy treatment will do wonders for you? Thousands have found that it brings a clear, lovely skin—perfect digestion and elimination.

"My skin was in very poor condition," writes a lady in South Boston, Mass., "but since taking your pasteurized yeast, the blemishes and pimples have completely disappeared." "I always had trouble with constipation until last winter when I started taking Yeast Foam Tablets. Now my elimination troubles are completely corrected. Your tablets were a great find for me." In such cases, the trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That's just what Yeast Foam Tablets provide.

### New Health and Beauty

These delicious tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain rich stores of the precious vitamins B and G—the nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes disappear. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new beauty and new health.



These results you get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are made of pure yeast. Remember, pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. In the average diet these essential elements are sadly deficient. In some of our most common foods they are entirely lacking! Yeast Foam Tablets are so helpful because they are super-rich in these nutritive factors.

### See for yourself

Yeast Foam Tablets are very different from ordinary yeast. They cannot cause gas or discomfort. They keep fresh for months and are always uniform in vitamin content. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The ten-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. See what this remarkable corrective food will do for you. Get a bottle today!



**ON THE AIR** every Sunday afternoon, Jan Garber's "Yeast Foamers" over NBC-WJZ and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.

### FREE: MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,  
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Please send me free sample of Yeast Foam Tablets and descriptive circular.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....SC-4





Do  
You  
Have These  
Complexion Faults?

**Clogged Pores Dryness  
Pimples Roughness**

Does your skin redden and roughen easily? Is it extremely sensitive to what you use on it? Then try the safe, gentle Resinol treatment—Resinol Soap to thoroughly cleanse the pores—Resinol Ointment to allay any irritation, roughness and dryness, and help in healing the sore, pimply spots.

The Resinol treatment is not new and sensational. Doctors and nurses have used and recommended it effectively for more than thirty-five years in the care of infants' skin, as well as adults'. They know, that the elements in Resinol Ointment and Soap are pure, soothing and beneficial—that regular use does make the skin clearer, smoother and finer.

Get Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap from your druggist and give yourself a Resinol facial today. See how clean your skin looks—how soft and velvety it feels. Note how quickly Resinol Ointment relieves any "broken out" places.

Free sample Resinol Ointment and Soap sent on request. Write Resinol, Dept. 3-F, Baltimore, Md.

# Resinol



IF YOU HAVE  
**GRAY HAIR**  
and DON'T LIKE a  
MESSY MIXTURE....  
then write today for my  
**FREE TRIAL BOTTLE**

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling **All About Gray Hair**. ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 5, LOWELL, MASS.

**KNOW YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE STAR**

Learn all about YOUR favorite movie star's habits, likes, dislikes, intimacies, etc. Our large 9x12 envelope is chock full of photographs, stories, picture stills, reviews, biographies, etc. Not a jumbled package about many or several stars, but a package filled with stories and dozens of pictures about ANY actor or actress that YOU SELECT. All this sent postpaid at our special introductory price of 25c, 5 stars for \$1.00. For a small annual fee, we will send you twice every month EVERYTHING published about YOUR favorite star. Write today for free literature, and name your favorite star.

**MOVIE STAR CLIPPING BUREAU, Dept. 14  
2303 W. North Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

**SONGS FOR TALKING PICTURES  
BIG ROYALTIES**

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U. S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our sales department submits to Music publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET.

**UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 604 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and  
Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California**

who are not a team play too often together, it begins to have no kick for them and no kick for the public, which is not fair for Jeanette and not fair for me. This is what I have said. This is *all* I have said. First, that I want to play a different kind of part. Second, that I do not want to be marked down as half of a team. Lord," he cried, his blue eyes kindling, "if I can't say that, then what must I do? Just walk on my knees?"

He rose and walked—on his feet—the length of the room. By the time he reached the other end he'd recovered his serenity.

"So—now to talk of something pleasant. I have this time two stories that I like. 'The Merry Widow' with Lubitsch. That already smells great, eh?" he beamed. "And then I go to London to do a picture called 'Monsieur le Maréchal' with Korda. Alexander Korda, who did 'Henry the Eighth.' Also not a lemon, what do you think? Then? I don't know. Then I will see how I ride my bicycle.

"Who will play with me in 'The Merry Widow'?" He raised his hands in self-defense. "Please don't ask me. First, it looks as if I have the right to say I want this and not that and not that. Which is far from the truth. I will play with whom Thalberg and Lubitsch decide. They know all the angles and I put them above my judgment. Only this I will say and I cannot say it too strongly—if they decide that Jeanette is the one for the part, then with all my heart I will play with Jeanette."

He eyed me speculatively for a moment. "Maybe I have again talked too much, eh?" he inquired a little anxiously, then broke into a grin. "If you don't talk, then you are dumb or high-hat. If you talk,

then see what happens. Always you are afraid to say the wrong thing. Maybe now they will think I am talking against the papers. I am not. I know that sometimes, without meaning to say something bad, I don't make myself quite clear. If I could talk English as I talk French, it would be simple. Then, if someone would misquote me, I would say: all right, I must not talk with that fellow again. This way I think maybe it is my fault—not my fault exactly, either, you understand—but the fault of my English. Because I cannot twist it to my will, it comes out as if I am insulting someone I admire and like.

"It makes me feel so terribly sad and sorry," he said, his face clouding again, "that such a thing should happen in a country where people have been so kind with me and where I have tried always to behave well."

Like a courteous guest, he refuses to load any share of the blame on those whose country he is visiting. But it seems to me that the guest deserves at least equal consideration with the host. Granted that his original statement was genuinely misunderstood, it might have occurred to some of us that there was a nigger in the woodpile, since said statement hardly bore the Chevalier hallmark. We might have gone to the trouble, before spreading it broadcast, of asking him: "How about it?" And without hurting ourselves overmuch, we might have given his repudiation a tenth of the space so lavishly bestowed on the things he was supposed to have said and didn't.

We're sorry too, Maurice. There's nothing to say now but excuse it, please, and we'll try to behave as well in the next crisis as you've behaved in this one.

## Marshall vs. "Bart"

*Continued from page 34*

hopefuls from fourteen to four times that in forays for photographs and autographs. Mr. Marshall obliges very graciously. But he wishes Bart weren't so excited. He wishes that Bart's heart would stop pounding so audibly. Won't that boy Bart ever get over being touched and humbled by adulation? As a business man, Mr. Marshall is the better of the two.

Paramount wanted them to go to Hollywood to work in pictures. Bart said yes. Mr. Marshall said no. They had a contract with Gilbert Miller. They were playing in "There's Always Juliet." The picture offer would have to wait.

Paramount asked Gilbert Miller to figure out his profits for the next five weeks. Gilbert Miller sent Paramount a pretty fat figure. Despite its size, Paramount wrote out a check to Gilbert Miller for the full amount, and down came the curtain on the show. And Bart and Mr. Marshall went off to Hollywood together.

Mr. Marshall liked Hollywood. Bart just loved it. It was thrilling, luxuriant, restful. It was the top of the hill at last. They both remembered London, so far behind them, where Bart had been born. They remembered heartaches and hardships. The climb had been steep. They remembered every moment of the long journey since that memorable May dawn when Bart had popped into the world. They remembered Bart's prosaic childhood. They remembered Bart's gruelling college days. He was not a rich man's son. When he graduated, he became—oh, no, not a King—but a clerk who went to work for a firm of accountants.

Bart could not add or subtract to the queen's taste so they fired him. He got

another job. He was fired again. And again. As a clerk, Bart was a flop. No one dreamed then that Bart would ever grow up and become the Herbert Marshall of London, New York and Hollywood.

One night, a theatrical manager offered the discouraged young clerk a job with his troupe. Bart accepted laconically. He served as assistant stage manager. For a long time, he was committed behind the bars—of the box office. He went in and out with road companies. He played every part back-stage—except that of actor. He was forced into acting against his will. The Management (with a capital M) had decided to economize and the manager (with a small m) insisted on casting Bart as a servant. He played the part of a servant. He played a count. A coat-tree. A butler. A background. A king's army. The fore-legs of a horse. A sailor. A soldier.

For a long time, he did not earn much money. But he had all sorts of experience which was worth much more than money. He acted in repertory and in stock. He toured the road. He played Shakespearean rôles. He filled a variety of parts and the parts filled him, rounding out his elbows and his angles. He spent his time thinking, building, dreaming, studying the technique of other actors, correcting his own and demanding to know when he was going to stop being a nobody and start being a somebody.

As yet, he had had no experience on the London stage. His first real opportunity came through Cyril Maude. The bit called for a nervous man. He was perfect for the part. He was so nervous during the audition that Cyril Maude could not hide



his amusement. However, his utter lack of experience was offset by his smooth performance and Mr. Maude signed him for a tour of America.

America! That was the first of those fifteen memorable trips by boat, plane and train.

Dark clouds were then gathering over Europe. War broke out. He gave up touring to join the army. He fought. He was wounded. At this point of the interview, both Bart and Mr. Marshall, sitting side by side on the shadowy sofa, suddenly turned silent. Neither would speak of that citation for bravery under fire, and say at what a cost it had been earned. But the limping leg was very eloquent.

After the war, he joined Sir Nigel Playfair's Repertory Troupe as well as indulged in a fling at teaching the drama. His first class consisted of twenty-two women of all ages and sizes. Every one of them had paid a small fee. Every one of them expected to become a famous theatrical figure. There were two men in the class. They expected nothing, and they got it.

"Frankly, most people who go to dramatic school are wasting their time. There are two things which make for theatrical success. One is instinct. The other is luck. Without the instinct, luck is futile. Without the luck, instinct is futile.

"I did not long for the stage or go into acting through any sense of glamor. My father had been an actor and a very good one, although not what you might call a popular success. It took me twenty painstaking, back-breaking years to arrive."

"Aw, that's enough about the career," interrupted Bart. "Tell her about our best girl."

Here Mr. Marshall tugged at the puppet string. He leaned over and whispered that good little boys were seen and not heard.

Bart refused to take the hint. "Aw, g'wan, Mr. Marshall, tell her about Edna. Tell her about our brand-new baby. Tell her—or I'll tell her."

Mr. Marshall tried pushing Bart out of sight under the sofa. He tried clearing his throat of embarrassment. "Here's something you may say for publication. I'm a member of the exclusive Green Room Club. I'm also a member of the Garrick Club in London—"

"She's a brand-new baby," shouted Bart in exultant perversity. "Her name is Sarah Lynn Marshall and she's a beaut."

"Keep quiet, Bart," commanded Mr. Marshall. "Nobody's interested in the baby."

Mr. Marshall turned to me. "Although I spend a great deal of my time in America, I maintain a home in England—"

"Want to hear more about Edna?" Bart was sitting up and jumping up and standing up right in front of Mr. Marshall, blocking him completely out of sight.

"We met Edna while we were co-starring in 'The High Road' in New York. We fell in love right off the bat. We were married to two other people at the time. In fact, Edna had a pair of twins. She's exceptional in a lot of ways. Exceptional-al. Can you spell it?"

"Sit down, Bart. Stop being a booby. What do you think this is—a ventriloquist act?"

"Aw, come on, Mr. Marshall, you've had your say. Let me put in seven words."

Bart bounced up and down and talked in and out. "Well, the three of us fell in love—Edna, him and me. We had to get two divorces. Then, we went to Jersey. Jersey City, to be exact. Take a run over yourself next time you've got nothing to do and do what we did. We got married. We were awfully in love. It's getting more awful all the time, especially since the baby came. It means another plate of love to hand around but

# World's Easiest Chocolate Frosting



## Eagle Brand

### MAGIC CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate      1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk  
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

*Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! Never too thick nor too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls! But remember... Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.*

### FREE! "AMAZING SHORT-CUTS!"

Cut out that astonishing recipe above! Prove to yourself that it actually works. And here and now, mail this coupon, to learn a whole new kind of cooking!

The Borden Co., Dept. SU44, 350 Madison Ave., New York  
Please send me FREE booklet, "Amazing Short-Cuts."

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
(Print name and address plainly)

**MAGIC!**

THE MOST  
**AMAZING  
SHORT-CUTS**  
IN COOKING  
THAT EVER BECAME OF

**NRA**

WE DO OUR PART

**Borden's**

1857

ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Sarah Lynn is worth it. When she was born, there was nobody in the world happier than me or Mr. Marshall—unless it was Edna, or the baby. I guess I'm all mixed up. But you can't be dignified all the time with a baby in the house. Don't let Mr. Marshall try to tell you he talks to Sarah Lynn in seven syllable words. I'm around. I know better.

"Edna Best is no mean actress. Just because she picks up and goes anywhere you go ought to win her a spot in this story. Tell the lady the facts, Mr. Marshall. Didn't she leave the baby behind in order to go to Hawaii with you on that 'Four Frightened People' location trip? Didn't she give up a show in order to be your shadow? Go on, tell the truth! If you won't tell her, I'll tell a hot one on you. You wear blue pajamas. Yes, you do! Pale blue ones with yellow stripes in them—"

"After that intimate disclosure, you can

tell anything else you like," said Mr. Marshall disgustedly.

"Aw, don't be mad at me," pleaded Bart. "After all, we got to spend the rest of our lives together."

"You talk too much."

"All right. Let me tell just one more story and I'll call it quits. I've got to tell this one or bust."

Coldly: "Very well. Proceed—"

"We made a film in England. It made a lot of money. We bought a car. A Hispano. We came to New York to act in a play. So we shipped the new car to America."

"What's the point?" demanded Mr. Marshall in a bored voice.

"Don't you get it? We own an Italian car bought with English money for driving around in America."

Mr. Marshall softened. "For driving around in America," he echoed. "Edna, Sarah Lynn and I."



## "Here is the SECRET"

says  
*Mary Brian*



### MOON GLOW NAIL POLISH *Beautifies Your Hands*

You will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your shelf all of the six MOON GLOW shades—Natural, Medium, Rose, Platinum Pearl, Carmine and Coral.

If you paid \$1 you couldn't get finer nail polish than Hollywood's own MOON GLOW—the new favorite everywhere. Ask your 10c store for the 10c size or your drug store for the 25c size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in all shades. If they cannot supply you, mail the coupon today.

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Hollywood, Calif.

Gentlemen: Please send me introductory pkg. of Moon Glow. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. ( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Platinum Pearl ( ) Carmine ( ) Coral.

Name .....

St. and No .....

City..... State..... SC-A4

## What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND

**SHE** could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR** (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box to-night. 25c—at druggists'.

**FREE!** New gold & blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer—samples **NR** and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to **A. H. LEWIS CO.** Desk DK-91 St. Louis, Missouri

**NR TO-NIGHT**  
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

**"TUMS"** Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

## SONGS WANTED FOR RADIO BROADCAST NEW WRITERS INVITED

Cash Payments Advanced Writers of Songs Used and publication secured. Send us any likely material (Words or Music) for consideration today. Radio Music Guild, 1650 Broadway, New York.

## DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 425, 70 5th Ave., New York

## Hints for Home-Makers

*Continued from page 53*

national character better than anything else I know of—it's strong and plain and really well-made.

"If you watch the screen, you will notice many sets in this style, from which you may choose your own.

"If you have an old house and think that you cannot afford to have it remodeled, you can have it painted to change the feeling when you redecorate inside. Perhaps your house is of no particular style and is a drab brown or a dull gray. Have it painted an off-white, with the sashes and lintels painted black; the shingle roof can be grass-green, and you will have what we call a 'house-and-garden' effect. The inside need not necessarily 'match' the outside.

"Of course, if you are considering remodeling your house, call in an architect. It will run into more money and be less satisfactory if you try to do it yourself.

"You can get ideas on altering or enlarging your rooms from this Irene Dunne set."

Mr. Polglase showed me an alcove in the right wall of the living room, beyond the fireplace.

"We can imagine that at one time the archway leading to this alcove was just a window and see what an improvement we have!" he pointed out. "The window has been thrown back into the outer wall of the alcove, and book cases have been set into the walls. There is room also, as you see, for a desk, a small sofa, and several chairs, so that one may come in here to read or write and not be overlooked."

At its farther end, the "Transient Love" set's living room opens into a sun-room with six double glass doors leading out onto a terrace. This makes a lovely light spot at the end of the room, and is a hint for those looking for ideas for alterations.

"A big studio window at the end of your living room may be removed and a sun-room like this added onto your home," said the young art director. "Yellow curtains would add to the sunshiny effect—or if the room seemed too light, you could use green or blue."

The curtains on the set were white, but this was, as he explains, for photographic reasons.

"The arbor that extends from the sun-room to the end of the garden on this set is also a good hint for householders," observed Mr. Polglase, opening one of the double doors so that I could see the green and shady length of the synthetic arbor. "It adds a restful vista, very grateful on a warm day, and it is also an addition to the outdoor aspect of the house."

Those who live in the bigger cities abroad are more museum-conscious and know more about good pictures and fine music than does the average American citizen, Mr. Polglase believes.

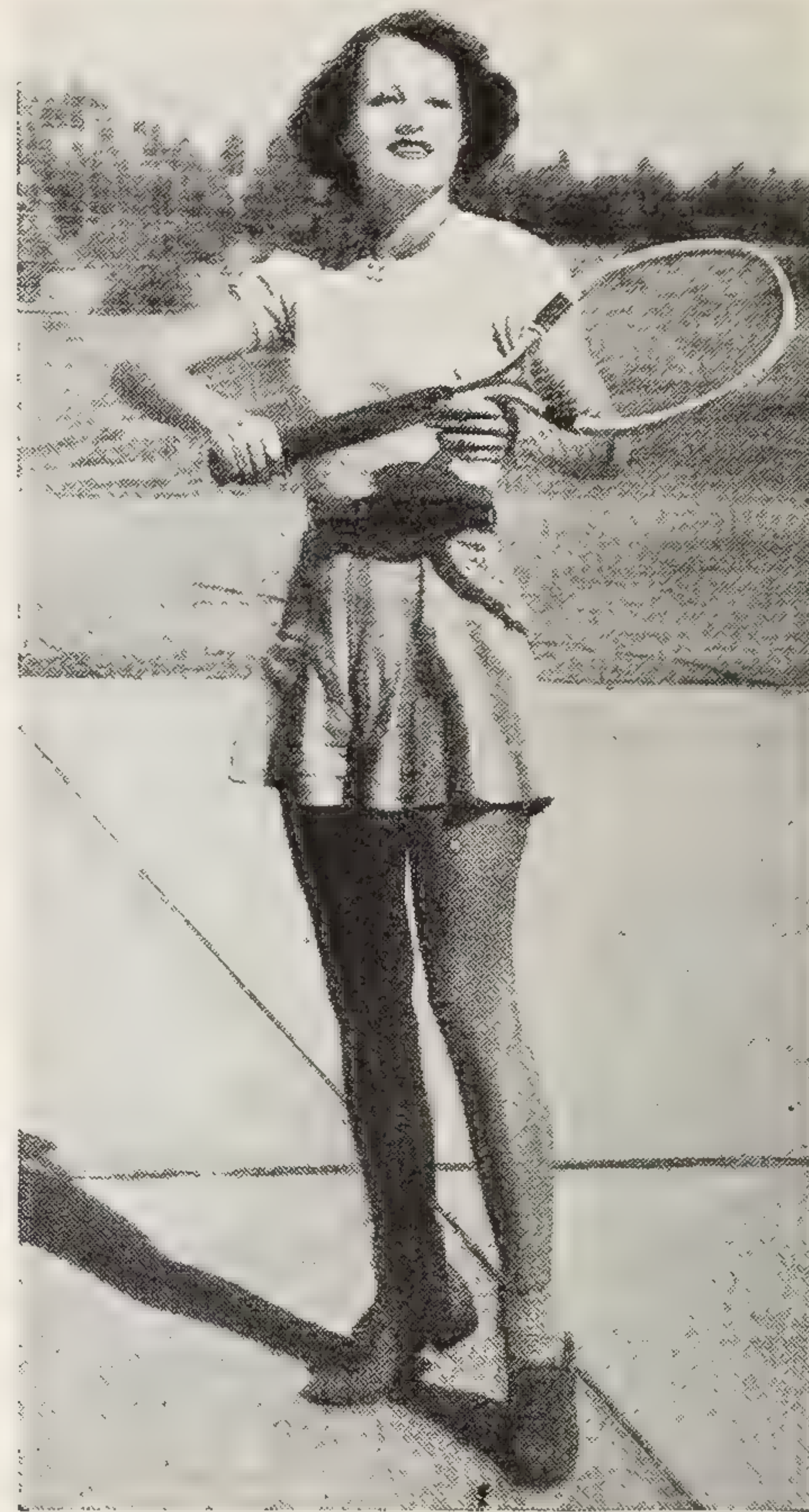
"There are more bastard styles here simply because we don't know what is good," he explained, "but we are rapidly learning, mainly through the medium of the screen.

"But don't be afraid to be yourself in your own home! Don't feel that you can't have what appeals to you because you're afraid it isn't right. A woman who likes bright, gay, comfortable rooms won't bloom in a cold, white austere place full of cubes and oblongs.

"If I were doing a room for an average girl of sixteen, I think I'd use French Provincial furniture, with printed curtains or small figured chintz and light walls. Her mother, if she were a smart, sophisticated

sort of person, might use good early American furniture with light toned materials in solid colors. Her sash curtains could be chintz or taffeta, according to her personality.

"Personally, I like a figured carpet. I like Oriental rugs with good old mahogany. We've used a figured carpet on the floor of the hall on this set with the dark furniture and the white winding stairway.



*On her toes! Rochelle Hudson waits for a fast one to come over. She's one of the loveliest of tennis recruits.*

"In the living room, however, because the furniture is mixed and the chairs are covered in different colors and materials, we have a plain rug on the floor. We have some interesting curtains here, too, about which we shall no doubt receive much fan mail.

"By the way, if you have a Spanish adobe house, don't think you must confine yourself to old Spanish furniture, most of which is uncomfortable. Dark mahogany looks very well in such a house. I like to see good wall-paper in a house so decorated, but as a rule I notice they go in for plain plaster walls.

"A simple English house should have good wall-paper of its particular period, and so should an early American house, but if you don't care for wall-paper, you can use painted walls that harmonize with your furniture. However, if you decide on a color for your wall, stop first and consider what you will have in the room. If you plan a blue wall, think out your curtains and rugs first, instead of wishing you had, afterwards.

"I like pictures on the walls, if they belong there. If you have a Cape Cod feeling about your house, use paintings of ships on your walls, and little ships in bottles or small ship models in your early American living room.



"Outside the house, you can use a figure-head from a ship or a mast for flags, especially if you have a view of water from your garden.

"If someone in the house likes sports, good sporting prints are excellent decorations. At present, the fad is definitely for colored prints of animals, birds and flowers, simply framed with wide mats.

"You may use smartly framed pictures or pictures in old frames, but don't mix them!

"I don't prohibit ornaments, but please don't use too many. Have them just the necessary things, like cigarette boxes, lighters, ash-trays, coasters for cocktail glasses, vases for flowers, or some special knick-knack that means something to you personally. This helps to express *you*. But one or two of these is enough.

"I like bookcases set into walls, without glass doors, like the ones in the alcove on the set here. But if your books are so valuable that they need protection, you can use bronze screens over the shelves. These are decorative, too. I remember that in 'Animal Kingdom' we used the casing of a grand piano, up-ended, as a cabinet and screened this in bronze. It attracted much attention."

When you look at the sets displayed on the screen, remember that you may expect to find things on them that the designer would not use if it were not for the "action" given in the script of the picture.

For example: On the "Transient Love" set, there is a bridge-lamp standing beside one of the couches at right angles to the fireplace.

"This is here because one of the characters in the picture has a piece of business to do with it," explained Mr. Polglase, "To my way of thinking it is out of place in this room, especially *where* it is. I never use standing lamps myself, because I think table lamps give better light and are more decorative. In this case, too, there are lamps on the mantelpiece that give plenty of light to those sitting on that couch; but if you took the lamps away from the mantel, a small table could be set at the arm of the couch for the needed light.

"Don't put your lights too close together in a room; it destroys the balance of the room, it's unnecessary and uncomfortable.

"Always remember, when you are arranging a room, that comfort must be considered as well as beauty. Draw up your chairs or couches or tables or lamps with an eye to what the occupants of the room will be doing. Put the furniture where it can be most readily used—to get warm, or cool, or have light or air—for conversation, for reading, studying, sewing.

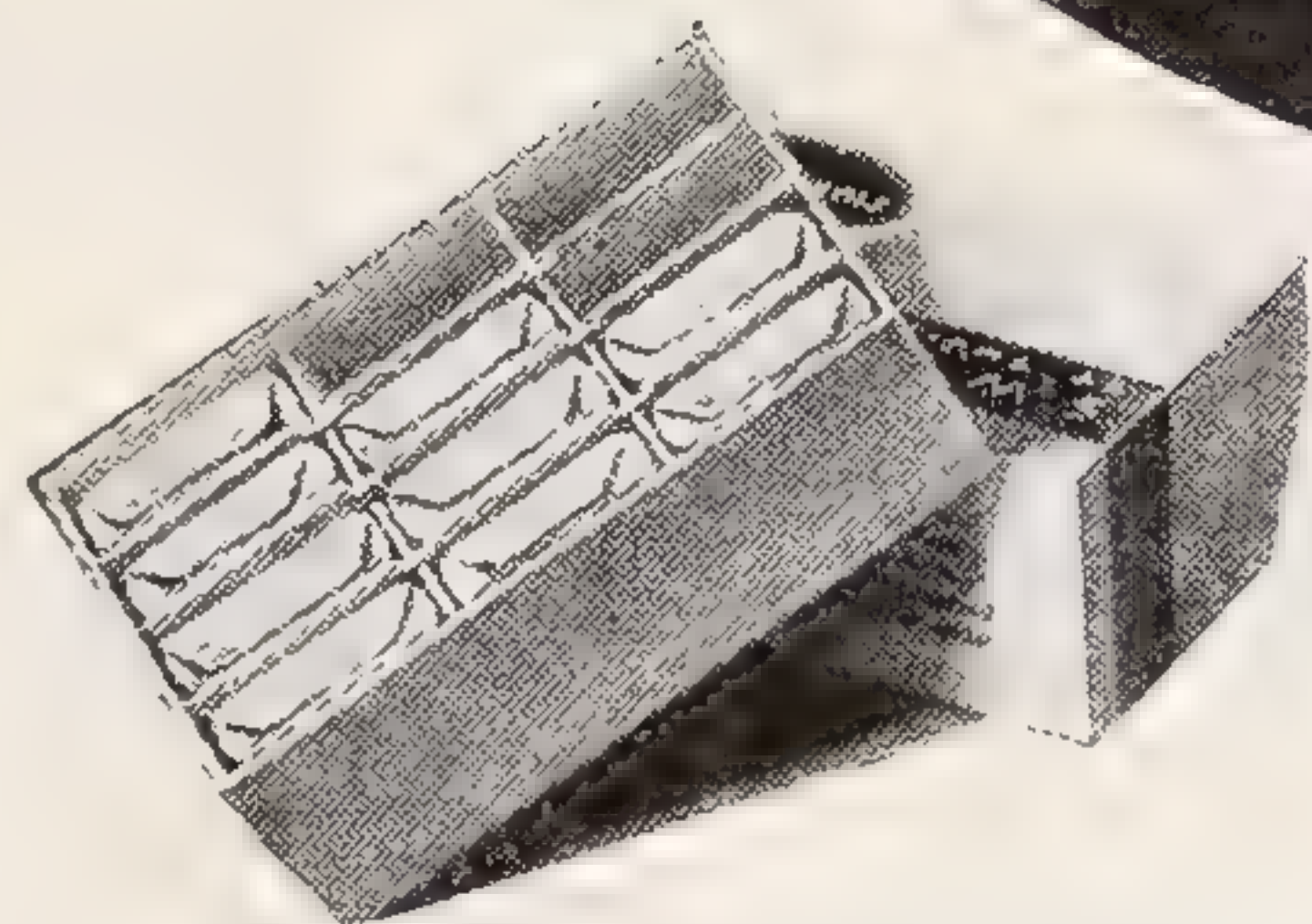
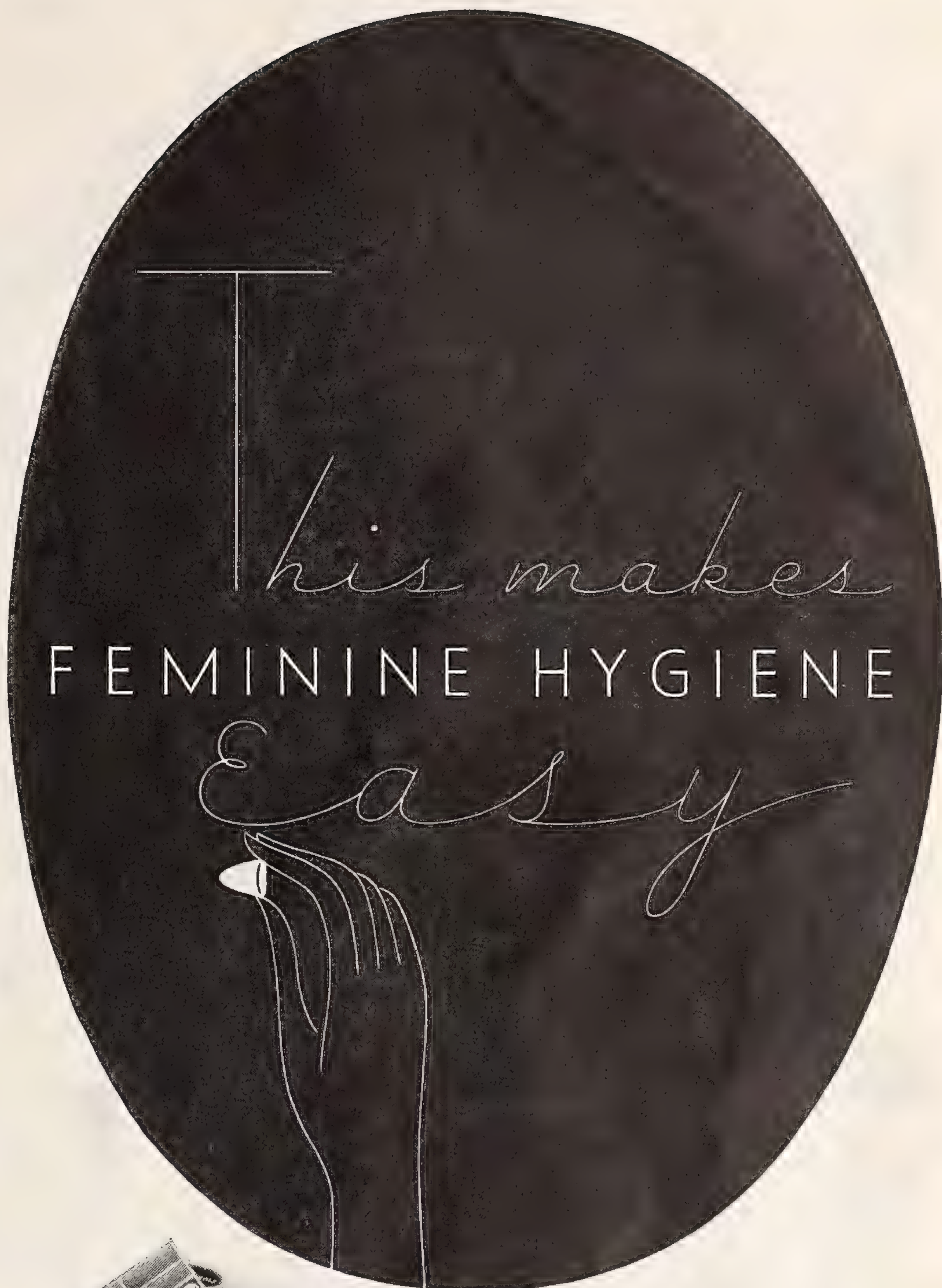
"Hints on livable arrangements of rooms can be gained from the screen because pictures deal with things people do, and furniture must be arranged so that actors will be able to do them easily and gracefully."

If your flowers are inclined to straggle or settle bunchily and ungracefully when you use them on your table or in your living room, you may find hints on floral arrangement in almost any picture.

Not only do the artists who decorate a set understand how to put blossoms into vases or jars, but they understand how to place the containers so that the best effects are obtained. You will also notice novel flower groupings, unusual assortments of bloom and odd treatments of flower and vine decorations, if you pay attention to scenes that show dinner parties, weddings, teas or balls.

But look at these film affairs with a careful eye. Be sure not to copy what you see if the story indicates that the hostess is a bizarre creature, or a woman of poor taste.

(Watch for the next article in our series, in the May issue, with helpful advice to home-makers.)



**E**VERY DAY, more and more women are adopting Norforms as the easiest, most convenient and satisfactory form of feminine hygiene.

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate membranes and tissue—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours. Norforms contain Parahydrecin—a powerful new antiseptic developed by The Norwich Pharmacal Company,

makers of *Unguentine*. Parahydrecin kills germs, yet is harmless to tissue. There is no danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."

Norforms are completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, and actually deodorizing. Many fastidious women use them for this purpose alone.

Send for booklet, "The New Way", by Dr. M.W. Stofer. It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, each individually foil wrapped.



# NORFORMS

KNOWN TO PHYSICIANS AS VAGIFORMS

The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Dept. 104, Norwich, New York

Please send me Dr. Stofer's Norform booklet in plain envelope. I want to know more about "The New Way" to safe, easy feminine hygiene.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_





## Feet Hurt?



**CORNS  
SORE TOES  
CALLOUSES  
BUNIONS  
SORE HEELS  
SORE INSTEPS**

### RELIEF IN ONE MINUTE

Aching corns, throbbing bunions, painful callouses, soreness on any part of the feet or toes from new or tight shoes—all are relieved at once by Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads stop the cause; prevent sore toes and blisters and quickly, safely remove corns and callouses. Try them! Sold everywhere.



## Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

PUT ONE ON—THE PAIN IS GONE!

### Have You Other Foot Troubles?

Dr. Scholl has formulated and perfected a Remedy or Appliance for every foot trouble—assuring quick, safe relief. Ask your dealer. Write for valuable booklet on FOOT CARE to Dr. Scholl's, Dept. 68, W. Schiller St., Chicago.



## Here's a Queer Way to Learn Music!

No teacher—no confusing details. Just a simple, easy, home-study method. Takes only a few minutes—averages only a few cents a day. Every step is clear as A-B-C throughout. You'll be surprised at your own rapid progress. From the start you are playing real tunes perfectly by note. Quickly learn to play any "jazz" or classical selection—right at home in your spare time. All instruments. **FREE** Send for Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful home study method fully. Mention instrument preferred.

U. S. School of Music, 1194 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

## Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

## Gray Hair Pencil

Instantly gives to **GRAY Hair Desirable Youthful Color**. Sure, easy way to keep gray from showing at Roots, Temples and Parting, and Keeps Gray from Spreading all through the hair. Cannot be detected. Delights both men and women! To **Quickly Introduce** Buell full size Pencil **NOW 25 CENTS** given for only 25c coin. Lasts many months. State shade. **BUELL CO., 404 W. Erie St., Dept. D-34 Chicago, Ill.**



"You'll see this in every drug-store window..."

**Y**OU don't have to go to the movies to see Mae West these days. You'll find her in practically every drug-store window on every four-corners of the country. No, of course not in person, but the photos are pretty personable at that. The cause of it all is the Mae West perfume. The bottle not only carries her signature, (printed), but the box is generously inscribed with some of her pet sayings. As for the perfume, it's very fine, and terribly intriguing. First made by Gabilla of Paris for Miss West personally, and now made by the same people for all of us.

Don't let the recent publicity against certain eyelash dyes scare you, as this attack was made only on a few such products, which have already been taken off the market. This does not apply to Maybelline or Winx or to any of the other well-known and much-advertised brands, which are not dyes at all. These products are absolutely pure and safe, and most beautifying!

There's a certain beauty product that I've been raving about for some time. Believe it or not, I've even made speeches about it, just because it's one of those products that rouses a beauty editor to speech-making. It's Du Barry Special Preparation for blackheads, made by Richard Hudnut.

It's a powder, not a cream, which you mix with a bit of water, to form a paste. You put it on your face (over the large-pore and blackhead area), leave it until it dries, and then wash it off. The effect is marvelous. Used consistently once or twice a week over a period of a month or so, the results are bound to be effective. Used even once, it makes your skin look much cleaner and clearer. The modern girl, being the crank on absolute cleanliness that she is, will insist on routing the tiniest speck of grime out of every pore—and she can depend on this special preparation to do it!

## Femi-nifties

In the spring a young woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of loveliness!

By Katharine  
Hartley



"The government didn't mean Winx or Maybelline!"



"Used even once it makes your skin look better..."



"Don't wait for summer to get a permanent..."

At last I've been quite convinced that the English women really do know their beauty. Not only are their skins of such exquisite freshness, but they keep their bodies quite as fresh and youthful, by giving them the same kind of care and attention, as they do their faces. One of the foremost beauty authorities of England, Mrs. Daisy Stebbing, has come to this country to show American women what it is all about. At the present she is only introducing two of her many products, one cream for reducing and another cream for developing the body. Mrs. Stebbing very wisely admits that even her fine creams need assistance from you. So if you send for her reducing cream, she also sends you her own chart of healthful body exercises. Since her products are new to this country, you will have to write to her direct for her products, or for information, to Forest Hills, Long Island, N. Y.

If you are one of those people who wait for summer to have a permanent, and keep putting off the permanent that you very likely should have now—well, it's more than I can understand! Naturally you will want to have a permanent wave in the summer, what with the bathing and the out-of-doors, but don't you think that your good looks are just as important (if not more), during the winter

social season! In France you can always tell when the winter round of parties is about to begin, by the way the women flock to the beauty shops to get permanent-ed. And 50 million Frenchwomen can't be wrong!

Another thing, we wear hats so much during the winter that our hair is naturally flattened out. The natural life is smothered, and you really need a good permanent to keep your hair looking lovely. In case you still have part of a permanent, on the ends of your hair, you can get a Eugene wave for those grown-out straight few



inches of hair near the scalp. The Eugene Sachet makes it possible to get right close to the head.

Who says the old-fashioned sewing club has gone out of existence? I personally know of two groups of young girls right in this town who get together once a week to discuss the clothes problem—but more than that, to do something about it. They realize that clothes must be of good quality fabrics and tailoring really to be effective. But clothes of this type are expensive, and while few of these girls can afford to buy them ready-made, they can all afford to make them.

"Oh, yes," says you, "but they must have taken sewing in school!" Well, they have, but not at the kind of school you're thinking of. They're all taking courses by mail from the Women's Institute at Scranton, Pa. The Institute does more than teach you how to sew. It teaches you how to know a good fashion when you see one. It prepares you for a career of Dressmaking or Designing. And perhaps most important of all, it teaches you how to copy expensive models that you have your heart set upon. (Does this give you an idea of how you might copy the smart clothes you see worn by Joan Crawford, Carole Lombard, Lilyan Tashman, and other Hollywood stars?) If you're interested in making some smart new clothes for yourself, and don't know exactly how to go about it, write the Women's Institute at Scranton, Pa. Their course will be of help to you all the rest of your life.

## June Knight Tells How to Put Your Best Face Forward

*Continued from page 59*

It's mascara that's what it is!"

"It's what?"

"Mascara. Look, I use it like this."

June took a bit of dark blue mascara on her finger tip. (She often uses blue for her eyelashes, to bring out the blue in her eyes.) She moistened the mascara, and then spread a very thin film of it over her eyelid. I had already grasped the idea. It was waterproof, and for her eyelids, it had the advantage of not melting and running into creases when her skin gets warm under the blaze of many studio lights. Original, eh what? Of course you could use the brown, if brown is effective on your eyelids, though I personally think that brown eye-shadow gives the eyes a tired, sleepy look. Incidentally, the new eye-shadows with the iridescent flecks of silver or gold in them are very flattering for evening. They lend a sparkle to the eyes, and catch the light whenever you move or lower your eyes.

Do I have to remind you that eye-shadow should never be applied above the line of the eyeball? A lot of girls make the mistake of smoothing it way up to the eyebrow, which looks unnatural. But it's hard, you say, to look exactly how your eye-shadow looks, since you can't see it yourself, when you look in the mirror. Well, here's a trick that *will* show you your eye-shadow exactly as others see it on you. First apply your eye-shadow as nearly right as you can. Then stand in front of a large mirror, with a small hand mirror in your hand. Now hold the hand mirror so it reflects the picture of you in the mirror in front of you, and look down into it. There, you see your lowered eyelids exactly as "he" sees them! And if the eye-shadow doesn't look natural, it's not too late to change it!

AND 2 MONTHS AGO  
THEY CALLED ME SKINNY!



### Compare Your Measurements

|        |             |
|--------|-------------|
| HEIGHT | 5 Ft. 4 In. |
| WEIGHT | 120 Lbs.    |
| BUST   | 35 In.      |
| WAIST  | 26 In.      |
| HIPS   | 36 In.      |
| THIGH  | 21 In.      |
| CALF   | 14 In.      |
| ANKLE  | 8½ In.      |

# SKINNY?

## Special quick way adds pounds fast

*5 to 15 lbs. gained in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported ale yeast concentrated 7 times and iron added.*

THOUSANDS of people today have found that there's absolutely no need to remain "skinny" and unattractive. They can't say enough for this new easy treatment that has given them all good solid flesh and lovely curves—in just a few weeks!

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

### Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is then ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're a new person.

### Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

### Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 264, Atlanta, Ga.



*Posed by professional models*



## DRESSMAKERS WANTED



EASILY, quickly, right at home, in spare time, the Woman's Institute will teach you all the professional secrets of planning, designing, cutting, fitting, and finishing smart, lovely clothes. You can have *more clothes*—with *smart individuality*—and *SAVE* one-third to one-half their cost.

**Earn \$20 to \$40 a week**

Increasing prices have created big demand for dressmakers. You can easily earn a splendid income at home or have a smart shop of your own. To PROVE to you how easily you can learn, we will send you a 48-page Dressmaking Lesson—ABSOLUTELY FREE. Read its clear directions. Actually MAKE something you need right now. SEE FOR YOURSELF how easy everything is. Mail the coupon TODAY.

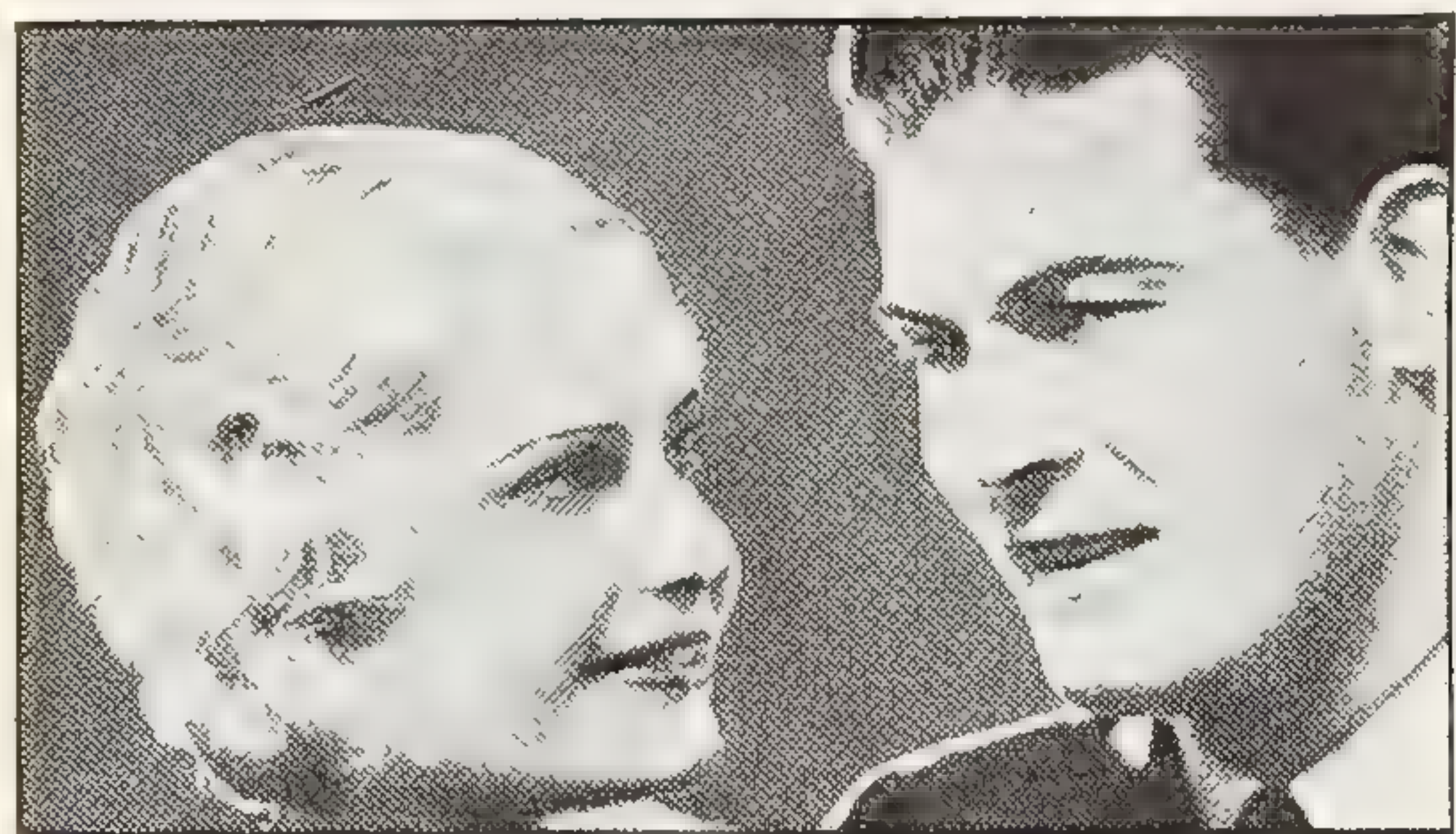
**MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR 48-PAGE DRESSMAKING LESSON FREE**

**WOMAN'S INSTITUTE**  
Dept. 93-D, Scranton, Pa.  
Send—FREE—48-page Lesson and information about course checked:

☐ How to Make Smart, Distinctive Clothes  
☐ How to Earn Money as a Dressmaker  
☐ Millinery ☐ Foods and Home Cookery  
☐ How to Run a Tea Room, Tourists' Home

Name.....  
(Please specify whether Miss or Mrs.)

Address.....



## "Her Blonde Hair won me!"

ROMANCE always comes to blondes who keep their hair golden. And it's so easy with Blondex. This special shampoo not only prevents darkening—but safely restores natural golden color to dull, faded light hair. Brings out sparkling lights—adds gleaming radiance. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. Used and recommended by scores of famous blonde movie stars. Two sizes—\$1.00 and 25¢. Get Blondex today and see how beautiful *your hair* can be.

NEW! Have you tried Blondex Wave-Set? Doesn't darken light hair like ordinary wave-sets. Not sticky or flaky. Only 35¢.



## DR. WALTER'S

### Flesh Colored Gum Rubber Garments



LATEST BRASSIERE 2" to 3 inch compression at once. Gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. Send bust measure. **\$2.25**

REDUCING GIRDLE. 2 to 3 inch compression at once. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made; very comfortable. Laced at back, with 2 garters in front. Holds up abdomen. Send waist and hip measures. **\$3.75**

Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.

Dr. Jeanne S. C. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., New York

## NOW! THE GIANT TUBE



## ZIP PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM

ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT  
PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

# What Happened to Hepburn on Broadway!

Continued from page 25

I could feel nothing. Came the emotional scenes and something inside me curled up—the emotion seemed to me always a coating applied from without rather than a fire glowing from within.

I'm perfectly willing to concede that my lack of appreciation may be due to a lack not in Miss Hepburn but in me—since many people whose opinion I respect have told me so. Wherefore it was with particular interest that I went to keep my appointment with her, hoping in a personal encounter to find some clue which would open to me too the gates of this Paradise in which millions delighted.

My appointment was for 1:30 at the theatre where Miss Hepburn was to play a matinee that afternoon in "The Lake," the play in which she made her "come-back" to the stage she had deserted for Hollywood. I was admitted by the doorman, who announced me. Would I wait, please? I sat down outside the dressing-room and waited. Five minutes passed, ten. I was beginning to grow a little uneasy. I knew that because of the matinee my time would be limited. A man strode past me and knocked at the door.

"Who's there?"

"Tony."

"Oh, come in, Tony."

Tony went in. And Tony stayed in. I could hear the delightful sound of Miss Hepburn's laughter and Tony's answering boom. Nervously I watched the minute hand of my watch fly. Ten minutes of two!

"Will you remind Miss Hepburn that I'm here?" I asked the doorman.

His jaw dropped, his eyes widened. "Oh, I couldn't do that, miss," he all but gasped. "I told her once you're here. I couldn't tell her again." Deciding that I'd bumped up against an unfamiliar rule of stage etiquette, I subsided. But at two o'clock, with the gay conversation from the dressing-room still going strong, I took a chance that an outsider might be permitted what a doorman wasn't, and knocked myself.

"Who's there?"

"Have you forgotten about me?"

"No. I'll see you in just a moment."

This time she was as good as her word. In just a moment Tony departed and I was admitted. Sure I was sore. Who wouldn't have been? A perfunctory apology did little to soothe my ruffled feelings. A glimpse of Miss Hepburn did more. For here's a fact you Hepburn adorers can hug to your bosoms without fear of its being snatched away. Your dream, walking and talking, is far lovelier to look at than is her image projected on the screen. It's not only that her coloring—the warm chestnut of her hair, the delicate clarity of her skin, her eyes which seem neither blue nor gray nor violet but a luminous combination of all three—it's not only that these beauties are lost in the black and white of the screen. That's a loss she shares with other film actors. More startling and unexpected are the softly curved contours of her face, which hold only the barest hint of that hollow-cheeked angularity so sharply accentuated by the camera. All this I caught despite the fact that I never really got a good look at her. For only on two or three occasions did she turn her face my way for a moment. The rest of the time she kept her eyes fixed steadily on her own image in the mirror studying it with professional gravity and intentness.

I commented on the difference between her actual and her screened features.

"You know," she said with the forthrightness for which she is famous, "that was one reason why I thought they

wouldn't like me in the movies. I thought my face was too ugly, my voice too loud, my personality too strong. Lots of people do dislike me, of course. My personality's the kind people take swats at." Her voice, incidentally, so liberally swatted by critics as harsh and colorless in the expression of emotion, is distinctly agreeable in ordinary conversation. "People either fall for me or they hate me. There's no in-between. She's fine, they say, or she's very offensive. And I thought the latter would be in the majority. I went off to Europe before 'A Bill of Divorcement' was previewed. It wasn't till I got back six weeks later that I knew what had happened. How did I feel about it? Great! How would you have felt?"

"And just as I was afraid they wouldn't like me in the movies, so I was afraid they wouldn't like me in this play. Only this time—" I saw the corner of her mouth curl with distaste, "this time I happened to be right!"

And that's where the picture turns into a jigsaw puzzle.

Katharine Hepburn, as no one needs to be reminded, made what amounted to a clean sweep of the movie stakes—one of the swiftest, most spectacular and all-embracing triumphs in the history of the films. If there were dissenting voices raised here and there to mar the grand symphony of acclaim, who cared? The owners of said voices were told they were crazy and Katharine was hailed queen by an overwhelming, if not a unanimous vote; the critics hymned her praises; the public bent its knee in homage.

That's one face of the medal. How to reconcile it with the other face, more or less buried until it was turned right side up after "The Lake," starring Miss Katharine Hepburn, opened in New York? Here was a play that had wowed London. Here was an actress, originally of the legitimate stage, who, since her last appearance in the theatre, had been skyrocketed by Hollywood to glory. Play and player had been the talk of the town for days. Drama lovers were agog. The first-night house was sold out two weeks in advance of the opening.

What happened? The rocket fizzled. Again a chorus of voices was raised in judgment. But this time the situation was reversed. The burden of the song was sour. The critics lamented that their high hopes had been dashed, and brought in a verdict that Katharine Hepburn was no great shakes as an actress. Here too there were some dissenting voices, but they were too feeble to avail much against the general cry of thumbs down.

"It seems almost as though the comic fates had decreed it that way," said Miss Hepburn with a brief laugh. "Because it was going to be such a joke if I failed after all that ballyhoo!"

Apart from the fates, what's the answer?

Was she so panicstricken lest she fail to live up to expectations that she frightened herself into failure? Was the high-hat drama just looking for a chance to pan the darling of its illegitimate brother-industry? Or were the critics right and is it true—as has so frequently been asserted—that you may shine and shine in the Hollywood heavens and still not be an actress?

Miss Hepburn has definite views on each of these theories. "I was terrified all right," she said, "though that hardly describes it. I felt—" she turned her head—"as though I weren't in my body at all—as though I were following myself around." An indescribable look flitted across her



face as she recalled the sensation, and I felt a sudden pang of pity. But you can't feel pity for Katharine Hepburn long.

"As a matter fact," she went on firmly, "I suspected all along it was going to happen. Why? Simply because I wasn't good enough yet to be starred on Broadway. Oh, yes, I know—but starring in the movies is something else again. You've got to be trained for the stage. On the screen, if you have a personality that happens to get across, they suddenly decide you're the greatest actress in the world—which is, on the face of it, asinine. You may have the talent—which I think I have—to be natural in front of the camera—to realize the character and then think yourself into it simply and truly. And you also may have the good luck—which I know I did—to be blessed with the perfect director.

"I could rave on forever about George Cukor. He can do anything with anyone. He can make people who are devils behave well. The moment he steps on the set, you know everything's going to be all right. The very qualities people have complimented me on are the qualities he brings out in me. George," she said suddenly, "means more to me than anyone in Hollywood. You know—" once more her face softened, "—I phoned him the morning after this play opened. It made me feel better just to hear him say, 'Ah, go on—it couldn't have been as bad as all that!'—even though I knew it was every bit as bad and worse.

"Well, when you have a director like that to rely on and to build up your performance for you, you can see how much easier things would be. In a play you're responsible for everything yourself. Where I hit a snag was in not being able to sustain the performance. The critics," she assured me, "were perfectly right. If I felt I'd been unjustly panned, I'd be mad. But I don't. I think they bent over backward, trying to be nice to someone they expected to make a hit and would have liked to see make a hit.

"If I hadn't been starred, they wouldn't have expected so much. And the funny part of it is that nobody wanted to star me. I didn't. My producer didn't. But with all the publicity I'd been getting, it just seemed crazy not to. We talked and talked and talked it over, and finally decided yes. What we should have done, of course, was to wait until Broadway itself was ready to star me."

She was brisk, businesslike, impersonal. I got the feeling—perhaps because of the clear-cut profile which was all I could see—that this was a mask, repeating by rote the things Katharine Hepburn, lurking somewhere inside, was ordering it to say.

I thought of all the conflicting stories I'd heard about her—stories, on the one hand, of her marvelous kindness to the people she works with—stories, on the other hand, of unbelievable high-handedness and brusquerie. Here an interviewer says that talking to Katharine Hepburn is like talking to your favorite kid sister home from college. There another comments acidly on the fact that *trying* to talk to Hepburn is like crossing an avenue paved with red-hot spikes. You hear that she's gracious and generous. You hear that she's arrogant and hard. Are these tales simply the natural manifestations of a many-faceted personality or are they the results of a well-calculated gag to make talk?

"Why don't you like interviewers?" I asked her.

"It's not that," she informed me. "I just don't feel I have anything important enough to say." Then she thought better of it. "I'm nice to the people I like," she said. "I'm a person of moods. One day I may say I don't give any interviews and the next day, if I happen to like the face

## 500 HUMAN. TESTS FURNISH STARTLING FACTS

Average cold lasted 5 d  
Pepsodent Antiseptic cut  
time in half. New ru  
for avoiding colds

Recently an interesting test brought to light new facts about colds. Scientists found that the antiseptic Pepsodent Antiseptic cut the time a cold lasts in half. As to how many colds you have, Pepsodent Antiseptic makes a difference as to how long a cold will last. These scientists took a group of 500 people and observed them closely for five months. Here are some of the remarkable facts uncovered. A cold will last five days on average. Pepsodent Antiseptic is gargled and the time of a cold is cut to two days. Many of the group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had no colds at all. The number of colds was less than among the group who used other antiseptics. The first test was with

# Make \$1 do the work of \$3 in the fight against colds!

**Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you 3 times greater protection — gives you 3 times more for your money.**

CLAIMS are easy to make until they have to be proved. That's why scientists spent last winter in making one of the largest experiments of its kind ever conducted. They wanted proof of what Pepsodent Antiseptic was worth when used daily.

Last winter five hundred people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt water—some with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used only Pepsodent.

Those who used Pepsodent had 50% fewer colds than any other group.

What's more, those using Pepsodent Antiseptic, who did catch cold, got rid of their colds in half the time. What convincing

evidence—what remarkable testimony.

Here is a clear-cut example of the protection Pepsodent Antiseptic affords you.

### Know this about antiseptics

Take note! When mixed with an equal part of water many leading mouth antiseptics *cannot* kill germs. Pepsodent Antiseptic can and does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when it is mixed with 2 parts of water.

That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes \$1 do the work of \$3. Don't gamble with ineffective antiseptics. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic. Safeguard health—and save your hard-earned money.

## PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC







## Easiest Way To Become Popular

Tireless energy, sparkling eyes, laughing lips, rosy cheeks bring success and popularity. Free your system from poisons of constipation, the cause of dull eyes, sallow cheeks, dragging feet. For 20 years men and women have taken Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets—a substitute for calomel. Non-habit-forming. They help to eliminate the poisons without bad after-effect. A compound of vegetable ingredients, known by their olive color. They have given thousands glorious health. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

## DEVELOP YOUR FORM

by a Safe Simple Method successful more than 30 years. Build up Flat Scrawny Bosom, Neck, Arms, Legs--or ANY part of the Body. Get a Beautiful Symmetrical Figure with no trouble and little cost.

I make no absurd claims but send the PROOF and the Cream FREE. Just enclose a dime, carefully wrapped, to help pay for packing etc., and you will receive a Large Container of my PEERLESS WONDER CREAM



and my Confidential up-to-the minute information "How to Have a Beautiful Symmetrical Form by my Natural Home Method", sealed and prepaid. No C. O. D. MY GUARANTEE: Your dime back if you say so. Can anything be fairer? But--do it NOW.

MADAME WILLIAMS, Sten. 15, Buffalo, N. Y.

## Consult Yogi Alpha

### ABOUT YOUR FUTURE

1934 will be the year of opportunity. Yogi Alpha, internationally known psychologist and astrologer, who has amazed thousands by his uncanny predictions, offers a 2500 word Giant Astrological Reading, based on your sign in the Zodiac, giving you predictions month by month with exact days, dates and happenings for 1934. Consult it before making any changes in business, signing papers, love, marriage, employment, health, accidents, lucky days, travel, etc. Send only 50c and exact birth date for complete Astrological Forecast. 300-word Numerology Reading included FREE. Money returned if not satisfied. YOGI ALPHA, Box 1411, Dept. 902, San Diego, Calif.



**FREE**

300-WORD NUMEROLOGY READING with order for Astrological Reading.

If you have a friend who wishes reading, send \$1 for the TWO readings.

**YOU, TOO, CAN BE Beautiful!**

**LIFT YOUR OWN FACE!** Why wear wrinkles, freckles, sagging muscles or sallow skin? Free booklet "FACE LIFTING at HOME" describes sensational treatment recommended by famous physician and plastic surgeon. Positive results WITHOUT massage, packs, plasters, straps or peeling. Retire lovely and lovable!

**EUNICE SKELLY (Dept. A.)**  
Park Central, 55th & 7th Ave., New York City.

of the person who wants it, I may change my mind. It's the same with autographs. Depends on how I feel that day—or that minute. I know it's not right." She smiled brightly. "I don't approve of it at all. But there it is.

"And then," she continued, "if only they'd be satisfied to write a simple story instead of trying to make something sensational out of it. Those are the people who spoil everything for the others—the kind who'd rather get a picture of you in bed than your opinion on anything sensible—who'd rather dig out some terrible disgrace in your past, whether it's there or not, than anything sweet or comfortable."

It was a perfectly sound and unanswerable argument.

"Suppose you were forced to make a choice between the stage and the screen, which would it be?"

She flashed me a swift glance. "Now? The screen!" she answered promptly, wholly natural for a moment. "Sour grapes, I suppose," she laughed. Then the mask seemed to slip down again. "When you do a thing like 'Little Women,' that hits so many millions of people, naturally you love to be associated with it and with all the enthusiasm it creates. It's true," she speculated, "that people get sick of

you sooner in the movies than they do on the stage. And why shouldn't they? You do four or five movies a year to one or two plays. And yet—" she spoke thoughtfully, "when they get hold of someone like Marie Dressler, who has the fundamental qualities, they do hang on to her, don't they? Well, anyway, after I've made 'Joan of Arc' and one more picture, I may come back and do another play. And I trust," she concluded in her own crisp style, "that I shan't make a fool of myself again."

I left very little wiser than I'd been when I arrived. I felt that I'd been watching an act put on for my benefit—skilfully put on but unmistakably an act. I felt that Katharine Hepburn could turn on her honesty, her gallantry, her charm, like so many faucets at will—and that it needed a shrewder observer than myself to decide where the genuine ended and the artificial began. Intelligence, distinction of appearance, vitality—those things I could see. But the things that go deeper—the things without which, by your leave, an actress fails to be great or a human being authentic—those things I couldn't believe in. Off-screen or on, Miss Hepburn's emotional reactions don't ring true to me. I'm still an outcast from the enchanted garden.

## ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

*Be Jolly.* I've been called a lot of names but never "magnanimous" but that will do until you have a better one for me. Claudette Colbert's pictures have been "The Sign of the Cross," "I Cover the Waterfront," "Torch Singer," "Three-Cornered Moon," and "Four Frightened People," the latter with Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, and William Gargan. Bramwell Fletcher was the actor who is supposed to go hysterically mad in the first part of Universal's "The Mummy." The dog who played with Marion Davies in "Peg O' My Heart" was called *Michael*. In Maurice Chevalier's latest release, "The Way to Love," another grand dog makes his appearance. He is billed as *Mutt* but it may be one and the same canine, who knows? Certainly there's a resemblance. Elissa Landi is the author of several novels, among them are "House for Sale," "Helmets" and her latest, just completed, is titled "The Ancestor."

*Blue Bird.* And where have you been keeping yourself? On the wing? If I tell you the name of my favorite screen player, I'll be divulging a secret I've been keeping for a long time, but if you must know, none other than *Spanky* of "Our Gang." He has the most gorgeous smile and the grandest name, and here it is—George Robert Phillips McFarland. His famous "rozberry" as Will Rogers says, is a classic.

*Allen.* It would take too much space to give you all of Lee Tracy's pictures but to begin with "Blessed Event," I'll list a few of them. "Washington Merry-Go-Round," "Private Jones," "Phantom Fame," "Clear All Wires," "Dinner at Eight," "Turn Back the Clock" and "Blonde Bombshell"—and his latest is "Advice to the Lovelorn." Lionel Atwill was *The Baron* in "Song of Songs." Gene Raymond was born August 13, 1908. "The Monkey's Paw" was released in 1923 as a silent picture and the talking version was made by R-K-O with a capable English cast, in-

cluding Ivan Simpson, Louise Carter, C. Aubrey Smith, Bramwell Fletcher, Betty Lawford, Winter Hall, and Herbert Bunston.

*D. M.* No wonder you were all bothered seeing your hero with two names—Tom Keene and George Duryea, but they are one and the same. George changed his name to Tom Keene because he thought a French name like Duryea wouldn't interest the fans—well, anyway, his good-looking Irish face didn't look like a Duryea, hence we have Tom Keene in the movies. Tom was born in Sleepy Hollow, N. Y., on December 30, 1903. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 175 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. His wife, Grace Stafford, is a stage actress. Frankie Darro, Sidney Miller, Raymond Borzage and Mickey Bennett had the principal juvenile leads in "The Mayor of Hell" with James Cagney.

*Movie Fan.* After "Another Language" was released, my mail box began to bulge and bulge with letters asking about John Beal who played *Jerry*. John played the same rôle successfully on the stage before signing up for the screen. He is just 24 years old, graduated from the University of Pennsylvania three years ago, and appeared on the stage immediately after. If the fans have their wish, John will make more pictures, but so far his real love is the stage.

*Just a Fan.* If you are very lucky, you may receive a letter from your favorite movie star, but let me warn you, your letter will have to be clever and original. But don't feel badly if you have to wait a few days, a few months, or even a few years. These stars have a habit of keeping very busy. Ruth Etting appears with Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Thelma Todd, and Phyllis Barry in "Hips, Hips, Hooray." Thelma Todd can be seen in "Sitting Pretty" with Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, and Ginger Rogers.





Here it is—SCREENLAND'S own fashion show in the making! Your favorite movie magazine, in collaboration with Fox Movietone, put on this spring style exhibition, directed by Miss Vyvyan Donner.

*V.P.I.* I haven't a record of a picture titled "Love is Dangerous," with Rochelle Hudson. You may have reference to "Are These Our Children?" with Rochelle as the feminine lead, opposite Eric Linden. Others in the cast were Arline Judge, Mary Kornman, Roberta Gale and Ben Alexander. Rochelle was born 18 years ago in Claremore, Okla. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has dark brown hair and grey eyes. She was a Wampas Baby Star in 1931. Her latest releases are "Walls of Gold" from the Kathleen Norris story; "Wild Boys of the Road" with Frankie Darro, and "Mr. Skitch" with Will Rogers.

*Marion.* I don't know why the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" between Katharine Hepburn and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was cut and presented by Katharine alone in "Morning Glory." I suppose

because the picture ran too long and had to be cut. Many admirers of both stars were looking forward to at least a part of it. But wasn't Katharine's rôle as *Eva Lovelace* a most delicious bit of acting? Now for a real treat—see "Little Women" with Katharine as the beloved *Jo*, Jean Parker as *Beth*, Joan Bennett as *Amy*, and Frances Dee as *Meg*. Hepburn's very latest release is "Trigger."

*Dorothy W.* Ralph Bellamy did not play in "The Last Mile." The principals were Howard Phillips as *Richard Walters*; Preston Foster, *Killer Mears*; George E. Stone, *Berg*; Noel Madison, *D'Amoro*; Alan Roscoe, *Kirby*; Paul Fix, *Werner*, and Daniel Haynes as *Jackson*. In "The Conquerors" Richard Dix played both the young and old *Roger Standish*. Julie Haydon was Ann Harding's daughter in the picture.

## Tagging the Talkies

Continued from page 6

### If I Were Free R-K-O

With Irene Dunne, Clive Brook, Nils Asther and other notables in the cast, this picture would seem to have the cards stacked in its favor. Unfortunately, it seldom succeeds in coming to life. An old-fashioned "problem" drama about divorce in England, it is hampered by lethargic writing and too-leisurely direction. Several fine performances, particularly Miss Dunne's, help a good deal to compensate for the indifferent story and treatment.

### Woman's Man Monogram

So this, once again, is Hollywood! We meet a film-star heroine who, though one of the orneriest ladies seen on recent screens, is still presented as the heroine. After two-timing everyone in sight she consents to marry pugilist Wallace Ford, thereby making all hands deliriously happy. John Halliday's able playing of a director is the film's chief asset. Marguerite de la Motte—remember?—plays the actress.

### Before Midnight Columbia

Ralph Bellamy swaggers through this murder yarn in the nearest approach to a perfect actor's holiday that has been on view for some time. As *Detective Trent* he is virtually all over the place, and at times his acting suggests that he has not looked upon the screen work of Charles Laughton in vain. The film adds nothing to the copious lore of screen mysteries. It moves along briskly enough, but most of the standard clichés are present. June Collyer is plausible and very beautiful in the ingénue rôle.

### The Charming Deceiver Majestic

Even Constance Cummings' persuasive charm fails to make an interesting film out of this little comedy. Connie, a London mannequin who is a "ringer" for a movie queen, goes to Deauville for a holiday. Of course she is mistaken for the star, basks in the resultant attentions, and finally is exposed. But along comes gallant Frank Lawton to snatch her out of her fix and into romantic marriage. Anyway, it's clean.

CLAIRE WINDSOR  
POPULAR STAR



## What shade is your hair?

Tell me and I will tell you an important little secret about your hair that will enable you to bring out all its natural loveliness and sheen in a *single, simple* shampooing.

Golden Glint Shampoo reveals the full beauty of your particular shade because it is used differently on your shade than on other shades. Simple directions tell you how. One shampoo and your hair glows with a new radiance. 25c at your dealers'—or let me send you a free sample and a personal letter about your hair.

**FREE**

J. W. KOBI CO., 617 Rainier Ave., Dept. D  
Seattle, Wash. \* \* \* \* Please send a free sample.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Color of my hair: \_\_\_\_\_



## REDUCE Special Offer 50c

How do you look in a bathing suit? Don't be embarrassed by ugly fat. You, too, can have a lovely figure by using the BETTY ROSS METHOD. Takes only seven days to prove it. No starving, no dope, no exercising. Fully guaranteed to take off ten to fifty pounds, whatever you desire, without danger to your health. The fat just disappears. Your doctor will approve this method. This can mean a thousand dollars to you in charm and beauty. SPECIAL FIFTY CENT OFFER GOOD FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY. TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT NOW. Send name, address and 50c to

**BETTY ROSS**

Apt. 3, 119 Bacon St., Lockland, Ohio

## WANT TO BROADCAST?



If you have talent here's your chance to get into Broadcasting. New Floyd Gibbons method trains you at home in spare time. Fascinating course fully explained in Free Booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting." Send for your copy today. Give age. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, 2000—14th St., N. W., Dept. 4 D 10, Washington, D. C.

## KILL THE HAIR ROOT



My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. We teach Beauty Culture. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Booklet. For promptness in writing me, I will include a \$2.00 Certificate for Mahler Beauty Preparations. D. J. MAHLER CO., Dept. 29D, Providence, R. I.

## MOLES mar your beauty

SENT FREE—Write for 16-page illustrated booklet. Explains simple but scientific method of removing these ugly growths and warts. Used by physicians and clinics in Paris, Vienna, Hollywood—world's beauty centers. Quick—Safe—without leaving disfiguring scars or sores. Booklet is FREE—WRITE TODAY. MOLEX (Hollywood) COMPANY, Dept. SU 325 Western Pacific Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.



## Enlarge Your Chest-Line

Let Me Show You How to Develop the Full, rounded CURVES, now all the Vogue.

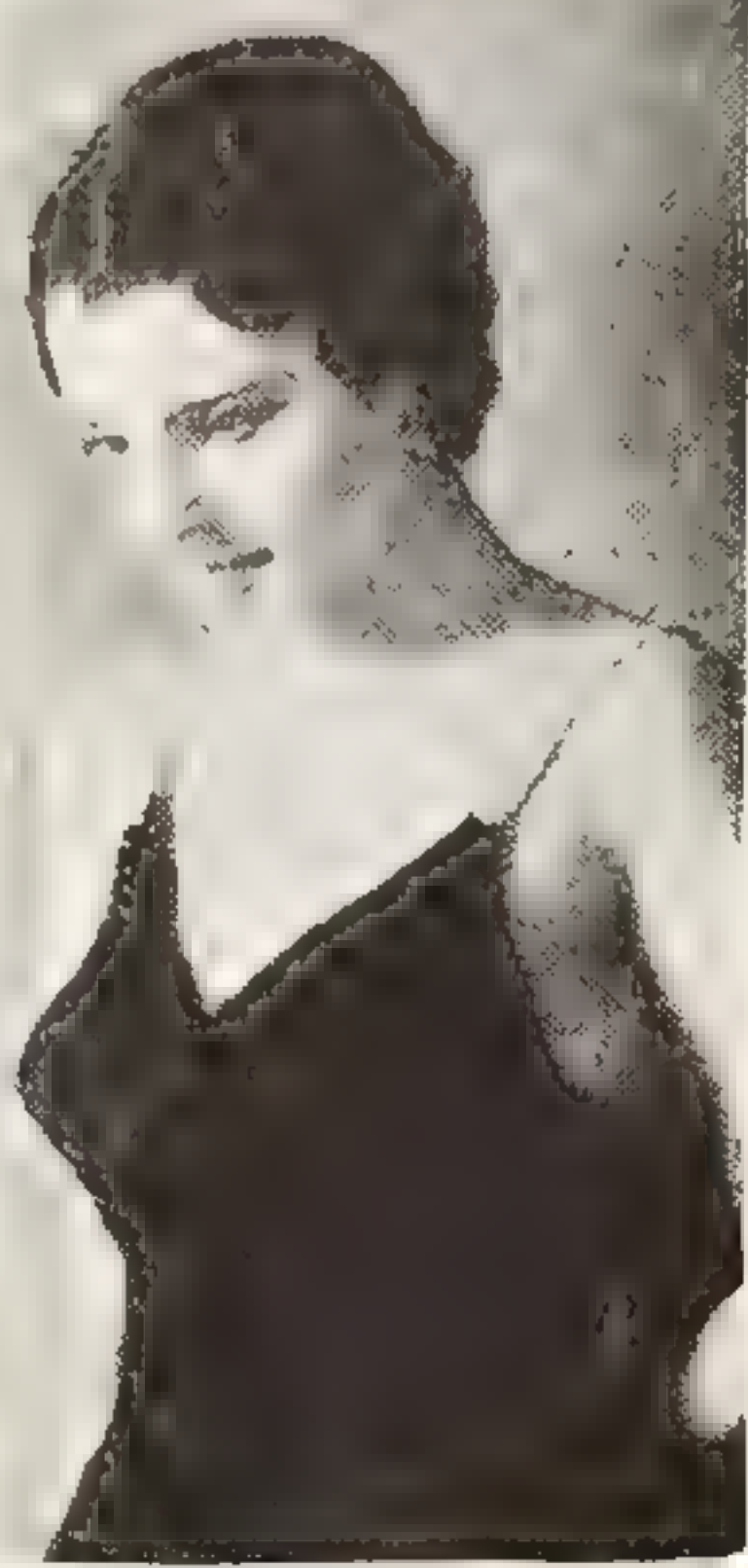
### Are You Flat-Chested?

Why be embarrassed by a flat-chested, unwomanly form? Fill out your bust to lovely shapeliness. Try my easy, home treatment for adding firm, rounded tissue.

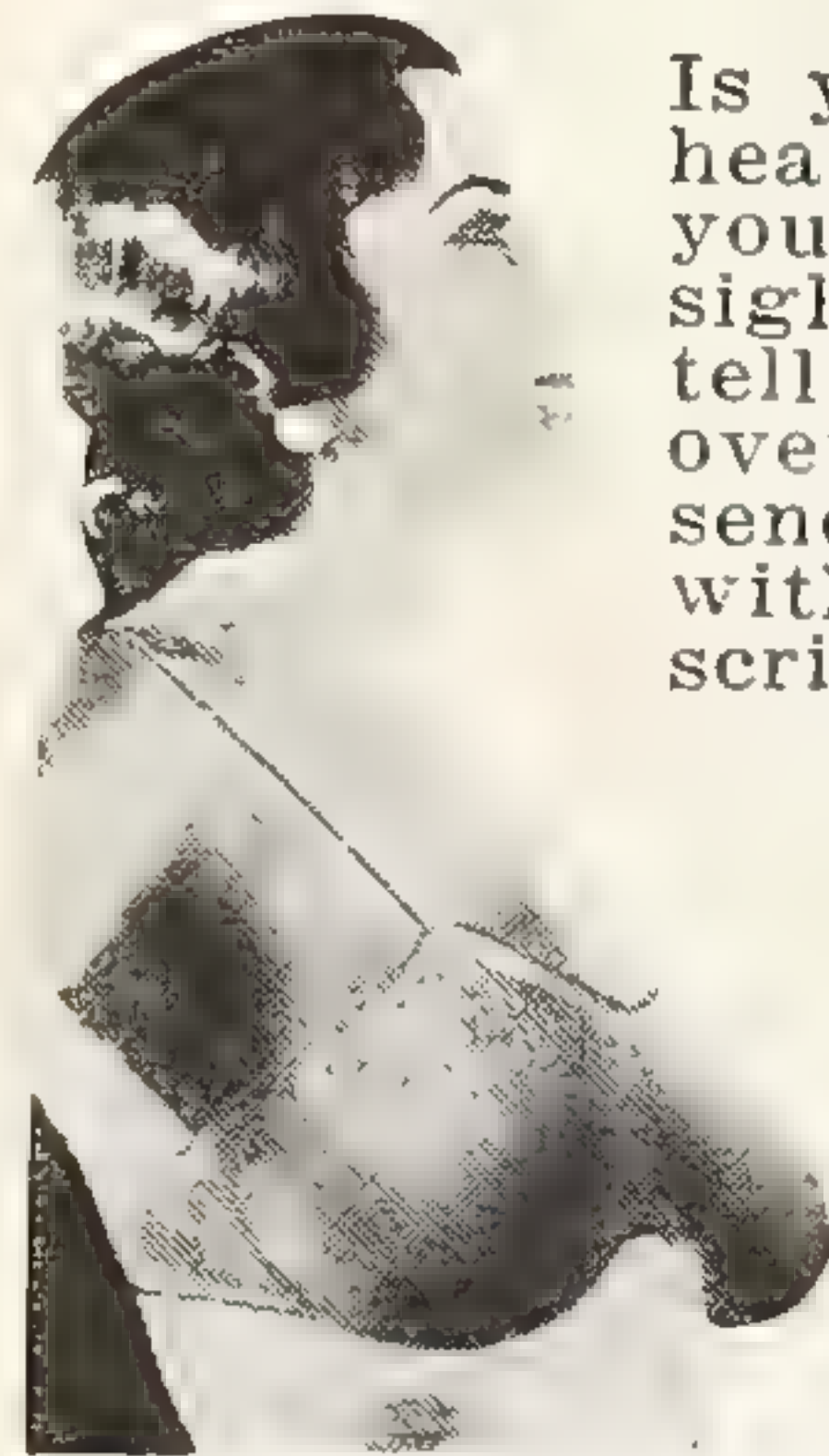
**FREE!**

Write today for my easy instructions and container of Creamo—free. Merely send name, address and 10c forwarding charges. Your package will be mailed in plain wrapper.

MARIE DUNNE, Dept. SC-4  
122 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



## Try My Way to Reduce Your Form—Free!



Is your figure spoiled by a heavy, sagging bust? Are you embarrassed by this unsightly fat? Then let me tell you how to reduce an oversize bust. I'll gladly send you my easy directions, with a container of "Prescription-36".

### SEND ME YOUR NAME

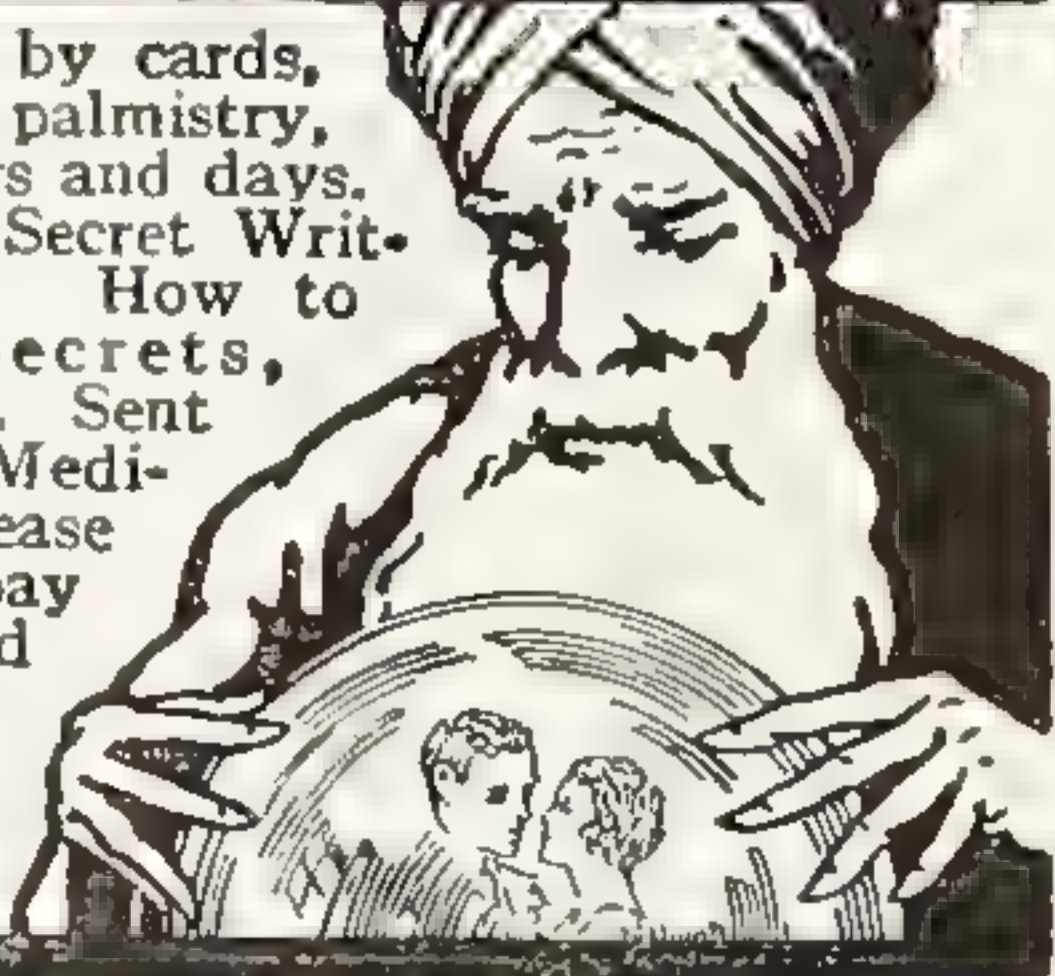
and address and your pleasant home treatment will come to you by return mail in plain wrapper. Please enclose 10c for forwarding charge.

DORIS KENT, SC-4  
80 East 11th Street,  
New York, N. Y.

## FREE Dr. Jayne's DREAM BOOK

Interprets dreams, tells fortunes by cards, tea leaves, dominoes, nails, moles, palmistry, astrology. Gives "lucky" numbers and days. Ancient Beliefs, Crystal Gazing, Secret Writing, Fun, Magic and Mystery: How to Hypnotize; Money Making Secrets, Tricks. Best book ever printed. Sent FREE to advertise Dr. Jayne's Medicines, sold for 103 years. But please send 10c (stamps or dime) to help pay the cost of this notice, packing and mailing.

DR. D. JAYNE & SON, INC.,  
2 Vine Street  
Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. D-362



## WONDER PEEL PASTE

"One Day Home Treatment"

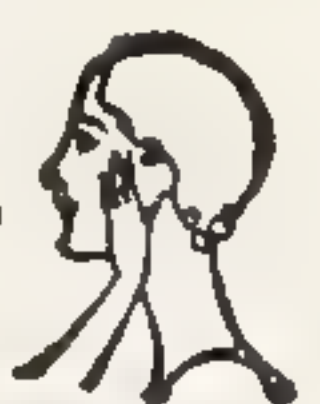
Freckles, Wrinkles, Pimples, Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Pits, Scars, Puffs, Acne. No redness afterward.

IMPORTED TURTLE OIL

For developing the Bust and Face—\$3.00 and \$5.00

BEE LA MOTTE

7009 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.



## Learn Public Speaking

At home—in spare time—20 minutes a day. Overcome "stage-fright," gain self-confidence, increase your salary, through ability to sway others by effective speech. Write now for free booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words*.

North American Institute, Dept. 4434  
3601 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



"MEXICAN ORIZABA" To introduce our Blue-MEXICAN ORIZABA Ring (worn by Movie Stars) we will send a 2 Kt. ORIZABA Ring (looks like \$200 stone). Reg. Cat. Price \$5 for this ad and \$1. Mail TODAY. Mention Ring size. AGENTS WANTED. \$1 an hour spare time. Stamp for catalog. If you can tell if from a real diamond, return and money refunded. ORIZABA CO., Dept. SU, 329 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

## Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, Mary Pickford, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera, Personal Development, Culture. Stock Theatre Training appears while learning. For catalog, write Sec'y LAND, 66 W. 85 St., N.Y.

## Baby Le Roy's Rival

Continued from page 15

squint. He looked like a typical actor.

"He's sure gone Hollywood," I ventured.

"Hasn't he just?" Dick exclaimed. "When he was born he had black hair. Look at it now. Blond as Dixie Lee's. You know," he whispered, "I think he bleaches it. And get a load of those eyelashes. I know they couldn't be that long and be his own. Imagine," he went on, "a son of mine turning out this way! Tow-headed, false eyelashes, pencilled eyebrows! I thought I might have a little trouble with him when he got older but I never thought he'd drive me to drink before he's a year old."

"When he first came he was swell. He was so appreciative of everything anybody did for him. When people gave him toys he'd gurgle and laugh and play with them by the hour. Now he pays no attention whatever, and even after his friends have gone he picks and chooses and there are only certain toys he'll fool with."

"Tchk, tchk," I sympathized. "How does Joby take all this?"

"It's breaking her heart," Dick said. "Of course, she's a mother and you know how mothers are. They try to kid themselves that anything their children do is all right, so she won't admit anything. But she feels pretty keenly about it, let me tell you. I often catch her just staring off into space. You remember how she used to stay home? Just hang around the house and work on her hooked rugs and play with the baby? That's all over and done with now. She's got a hooked rug she's been working on six months and it's only half done. She can't go out enough. Lots of times when

we're out I look at her laughing—the gayest of the gay and all that sort of thing—and know she's just doing it to hide an aching heart. The tear behind the smile."

"I never thought it would come to this. It just goes to prove what I've always said: Lots of people are swell when they're at the bottom but the minute they have a little luck and get a few breaks they're insufferable. Elmer's no different from the rest."

"Gosh, this is too bad," I consoled him. "Just wait'll Bing Crosby hears of this."

"Whaddya mean, 'Wait'?" Dick exploded. "The minute that groaner heard Elmer'd gone into pictures he began haunting our place just waiting and hoping for the first signs of a change in him. He hasn't left off ribbing me for one minute."

Elmer put in another appearance. This time he was crawling backwards and bumped into my leg. With him acting the way he's been, I felt under no obligation to move. I sat still. Finding himself unable to go farther, Elmer looked up and saw me.

"Goo," he said and smiled.

"I'll tell you what, Dick," I offered. "As Spencer Tracy would say, 'he's no good in spades' but I think maybe I could make something of him. I'll take him off your hands."

"You'll what?" Dick shrieked.

"I'll take him," I repeated.

"Joby," Dick screamed. "Joby!! 'Phone the detective bureau and get a bodyguard for Elmer. This—this false friend—this rotten, scheming writer is planning to kidnap our baby!"

## Janet and Charlie Tell the Truth About Their Screen Reunion

Continued from page 23

realistic for illusion—and I believe that 'Seventh Heaven' depended heavily upon illusion for its charm."

Actually, Farrell was the cause of the breaking-up of the famous Gaynor-Farrell team. When he quit the Fox Film Company, he was literally "beaten in spirit." He had been subjugated to Janet in their pictures together to such extent that he had practically lost confidence in himself. And so, he requested his release from a contract that was paying him \$150,000 annually.

An entirely different Farrell is returning to that same studio. Perhaps his new spirit may best be judged by Charlie's own words to me:

"Everything looks so different now," he said. "I have been away for eight months. I have played polo, I have made pictures at other studios. I have proved myself to myself."

"Now, when I look at the past happenings that caused me so much unhappiness, I wonder how I could possibly have let them get the better of me. I'll never be down again. I've developed that old sense of humor, and now I feel that I can laugh at things that once bothered me."

Farrell is returning to his old studio under more cheerful arrangements. He will co-star in only two pictures with Janet. He has the privilege of reading stories, and rejecting them if his parts are not satisfactory.

"I have been offered parts with Janet before this," he said, "but I turned them down

because I did not like the stories—or at least, those stories did not seem suited to me. This is how I feel: There can be only so many Gaynor-Farrell [I notice that Charlie always mentions their team in that order] pictures. If I make a bad picture with her, then there can not be another for so many months, and fans who have wanted us back together will be disappointed. So, I have waited until the studio found two good stories—stories that I feel may be made into pictures that can take their places beside 'Seventh Heaven,' 'Sunnyside Up,' and 'Merely Mary Ann.'"

Janet has had many leading men since Farrell, in a huff, walked off the Fox studio grounds. Among those who have appeared opposite her are Lew Ayres, Henry Garat, Robert Young and Richard Cromwell. These actors are just as capable as Farrell, but none has fitted so smoothly into his rôle opposite Miss Gaynor.

On the contrary, Farrell has worked with other leading ladies, including Elissa Landi, Marian Nixon, Marguerite Churchill and Frances Dee. Not one of these capable young ladies complemented Charlie's work as does Janet.

There are other such "natural" screen teams. Greta Garbo and John Gilbert are such a combination. Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery are another. Jean Harlow and Clark Gable, Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell, are others. These are "natural" teams. The public likes them better as teams. The public demands them as teams.



And when the public demands, wise producers listen. Now and again these producers may assume that they know best, as was the case when Fox executives permitted Farrell to break his contract. But when a deluge of indignant letters from all over the world challenges such executive judgment, the producer who would ignore such public demand would be little less than foolish.

But one "public demand" seems destined to go ungranted. I refer to the thousands of requests for a re-make of "Seventh Heaven." Studio executives think the idea excellent, but neither Janet or Charlie agrees. Since I have quoted Miss Gaynor previously on the subject, let me add Farrell's objections:

"When I was first approached with the idea of starring with Miss Gaynor in a talkie 'Seventh Heaven,' I liked the thought," Charlie said. "After longer consideration, I have changed my mind. I am positive that neither Janet nor I could catch again the spiritual charm of the original silent version. 'Seventh Heaven' was made seven years ago. Janet and I had spontaneity, ambition, and romance. Those were the ingredients that made the picture fine; it was not our acting abilities.

"I venture to say that Janet and I are both more experienced and certainly we are technically better actors today, but I doubt if either of us could catch that exuberant spirit of youthful romance that was the secret of 'Seventh Heaven's' success seven years ago."

As I suggested earlier in this story, the real danger of this reunion lies in the gossip that will ensue. Both Janet and Charlie are brave in facing that peril. I think their solution of this problem lies in their mutual agreement to ignore it; to hold themselves aloof from it.

They are really a funny pair of kids, these two. One day they are the best of chums, playing and laughing and full of gaiety. Then something happens, and for weeks they speak only in monosyllables. Usually the thing that interrupts their friendly bliss is a trivial happening that

should, and easily could, be laughed aside.

Their last separation has been the longest I have known to part them. As this story is being written, Janet is in the East and Charlie is in Hollywood, but even before she departed they had not met each other for four months or longer.

I frankly believe that their long separation on the screen may have been just the tonic that they both needed. There may have been too many Gaynor-Farrell pictures. These two may have become too accustomed to each other. The mutual enthusiasm that moved them had almost died out when they made their last picture together, more than a year ago. Perhaps that enthusiasm has blazed anew because of their separation.

Certainly both Janet and Charlie are entering into their new screen romance with a pep and enthusiasm that appears to be every bit as cordial and breathless as that which buoyed them during the days when they were making "Seventh Heaven."

As for what the separation may have done for them personally, and for their regard for each other, one can only guess—and your guess is as good as mine. It does not seem possible that time could have entirely erased the beautiful love that once held them together.

I, for one, will anxiously await the filming of their first romantic sequences together for "Manhattan Love Song." I will eagerly anticipate the premiere of this new picture, not only because I expect it to be beautiful entertainment, but because I want to give close attention to their love scenes together. I want to see if I can spot the tenderness of "Seventh Heaven," the sympathetic understanding of "Sunnyside Up."

Soon after the signing of the contract that returns Charlie to Fox as Janet's co-starring picture, and just before Miss Gaynor went East, the two young stars talked on the telephone. Farrell called her to express his pleasure that they were soon to co-star again.

"Let's knock 'em cold again, huh, Janet?" cried Charlie.

And Janet answered: "All right—let's!"

## Is Movie Love Too Real?

*Continued from page 29*

is impressed by the beauty and the smartness of the Hollywood favorites. There is such competition that every actress has to exert herself to be exceptionally beguiling.

"In England, however, the old social traditions still persist. The society folk, who are proud of their titles and interested in politics, are the arbiters of the mode. The higher you go in English circles, the less concerned the women are with obvious beauty and chic. The first ladies of the land either go in for political maneuvering or fox-hunting. Neither sport is conducive to plucked eyebrows, golden blonde coiffures, or startling gowns!

"Therefore, British studios don't fuss with their heroines. Comparatively, Hollywood women are akin to hot-house orchids. The actors' position? Well, daisies don't tell and orchids occasionally do! So it all boils down to the man's choice. He can get involved, or—he can't!"

This struck me as the appropriate minute to interrogate Mr. Howard as to how he classifies himself. Although he blandly states that he is forty, makes no secret of having been married to the same wonderful wife for nineteen years, and shows you photographs of his two idolized children, feminine fans have not ceased to speculate about his love-life.

He threw me one of his most subtle glances and remarked, "I was fortunate in

having passed my impressionable years on the stage." When I was so bold as to ask if he'd ever regretted he wasn't the Gable type he amazed me by answering, "Oh, absolutely! Not in recent years, for I realize every person is blessed with unique characteristics which will appeal to some.

"But when I was in my 'teens I envied the husky lads with all my heart! I was one of those people who mature slowly. I developed tardily as an individual. I was horribly shy. Mass beliefs didn't convince me and I was afraid to stick up for my own ideas.

"Then, also, I was always in love, and that tended to depress me. The objects of my adoration were uniformly pretty and popular creatures. So you see I must have been slated for a Hollywood future long before I even planned to be an actor! In the interests of truth," he observed with a smile, "I must inform you that I got nowhere with the girls during the 'teens decade. When I'd mustered up the nerve to request one of 'em to take a walk, a dashing fellow had cut in on me and in less time than it takes to tell I was the forgotten suitor."

At twenty-one, just as he was drafted from his insurance clerkship into the army, he met the pretty girl who was wise enough to comprehend the fineness that lurked beneath his bashful exterior. It was

## A Rose Like Complexion May Be Yours



If your skin is unsightly and external treatment fails to help you, all may not be well inside. What you probably need is Calcium because most complexion

troubles are the result of faulty elimination and impoverished blood due to lack of Calcium in the system. Make this test at once—give your system a little Calcium and watch for improvement.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers offer you an easy way to replace the needed Calcium and correct faulty elimination. In just a few days you should feel and see a wondrous change. Countless numbers of women now depend on them entirely to hold the beauty Nature intended they should have always.

A five-day test is often sufficient to prove to you that real Complexion Beauty must come from within and the decided benefit from the use of Stuart's Calcium Wafers. Try them this week-end. If you wish a free sample, send the coupon below.

**STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS**  
AT ALL DRUG STORES: 10c and 60c

### FREE SAMPLE COUPON

A sample package—sufficient to prove the value to you of Stuart's Calcium Wafers—will be sent you if you mail this coupon to the F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. 30-J, Marshall, Mich.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_

## Free for Asthma

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. 334-T Frontier Bldg.  
462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

## FADED GRAY HAIR

Women, men, girls with faded, gray, streaked hair, shampoo and color your hair at the same time with my new French discovery—"SHAMPO - KOLOR". No fuss or muss. Takes only a few minutes to merely shampoo into your hair any natural shade with "SHAMPO - KOLOR". No "dyed" look, but a lovely natural, most lasting color; unaffected by washing, or permanent waving. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 20, 254 W. 31st St., New York City.

## \$\$\$ Photoplay Ideas \$\$\$

Our Sales Service selling consistent percentage stories to Hollywood Studios. Majority New York Studios closed leaving HOLLYWOOD MOST ACTIVE MARKET. Not a school—no courses or books to sell. Experienced writers revise, synopsis, copyright stories & submit to Hollywood Producers. Send original plots for FREE reading & report. Deal with a recognized Hollywood agent who is on the ground & knows story requirements. Established 1917. Write for FREE BOOK.

**UNIVERSAL SCENARIO CO.**  
551 Meyer Bldg. Hollywood, Calif.

## Learn Photography at HOME

Make money taking pictures. Prepare quickly during spare time. Also earn while you learn. No experience necessary. New easy method. Nothing else like it. Send at once for free book, Opportunities in Modern Photography, and full particulars.

**AMERICAN SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY**  
Dept. 4434, 3601 Michigan Ave. Chicago, U. S. A.

## Be a Nurse

**MAKE \$25-\$35 A WEEK**

You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 35 years. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved \$400 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High school not required. Easy monthly payments. Write us now.

**CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING**  
Dept. 1404, 1601 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_



# ASTHMA HAY FEVER BRONCHITIS

**SUFFERING OVERCOME—Quickly, Safely!**

Ama-Gon, amazing new California home treatment, quickly stops Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever suffering. Absolutely **SAFE** for young or old. No matter how many remedies you have tried, Ama-Gon quickly overcomes that awful wheezing, choking sensation and enables you to breathe **FREELY, EASILY** again. Promotes sound, restful sleep. We want **YOU** to prove its value to **YOURSELF WITHOUT RISKING ONE CENT**

**MAIL COUPON NOW FOR FREE BOOK**

**ACCEPT 8-DAY TRIAL OFFER**

AMA-GON LABORATORIES,  
Dept. 252, 1500 N. Vermont, Los Angeles, California.  
Accept 8-DAY TRIAL OFFER, and FREE Book  
about Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, **WITHOUT COST.**

Name.....  
Address..... City.....



**Sleeps Soundly NOW!**

"I suffered 15 yrs. with Bronchial Asthma," wrote Mrs. R. Chavez, 280 S. Palm St., Ventura, Calif., "Tried everything without relief. After using 1½ bottles of Ama-Gon I feel like a new person. Got rid of my wheezing and now sleep soundly the whole night thru."

## MAKE MONEY At Home!

EARN steady income each week, working at home, coloring photos and miniatures in oil. Learn famous "Koehne Method" in few weeks. Work done by this method in big demand. No experience nor art talent needed. Many become independent this way. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home."

**NATIONAL ART SCHOOL, Inc.**  
3601 Michigan Avenue, Dept. 4434, Chicago, Illinois.

## LIQUOR HABIT

Send for FREE TRIAL of Noxalco, a guaranteed harmless home treatment. Can be given secretly in food or drink to anyone who drinks or craves Whiskey, Beer, Gin, Home Brew, Wine, Moonshine, etc. Your request for Free Trial brings trial supply by return mail and full \$2.00 treatment which you may try under a 30 day refund guarantee. Try Noxalco at our risk. **ARLEE CO.** Dept. 165 **BALTIMORE, MD.**



## REMOVE FAT

**Safely and Pleasantly**

No equipment, no starving, no strenuous exercise. Your money back if not satisfied. Fairform an excellent method will safely aid in reducing excessive fat without forcing you to change your habits unduly.

**Complete method now only 60c**

**Two Jars \$1.00** Nothing else to buy.

**Fairform Company**  
1851 Washington Ave., N. Y. C. Dept. 84  
Please send Fairform method. I agree to pay postman 60c plus few cents postage. My money will be refunded if not satisfied.

Name.....  
Address.....

## LISTEN IN! SCREENLAND

**Is On The Air.**

Here's Hollywood—brought right into your home in all its glamor and gaiety! When you hear, each Friday, the radio gossip of **SCREENLAND** you will be a step ahead of the news, because our West Coast reporters not only know what's happening but they also gather news-in-the-making. Keep up with your favorite Hollywood stars—their new pictures, future plans, parties, new gags, whims and hobbies! Be aware of the facts and fancies of the film colony. You'll be Hollywood-wise if you follow **SCREENLAND'S** radio gossip!

**Every Friday, 2 P. M.**

**STATION**

**W M C A**  
**New York**

## Books on Corporal Punishment and Other Curious

Unabridged, privately printed and unusually illustrated volumes. Send stamp for descriptive illustrated catalogue. State age and occupation. Address: **THE GARGOYLE PRESS**, (Dept. C. M.), 70 Fifth Ave., New York City.

# LET ME PROVE I CAN ENLARGE YOUR BUST

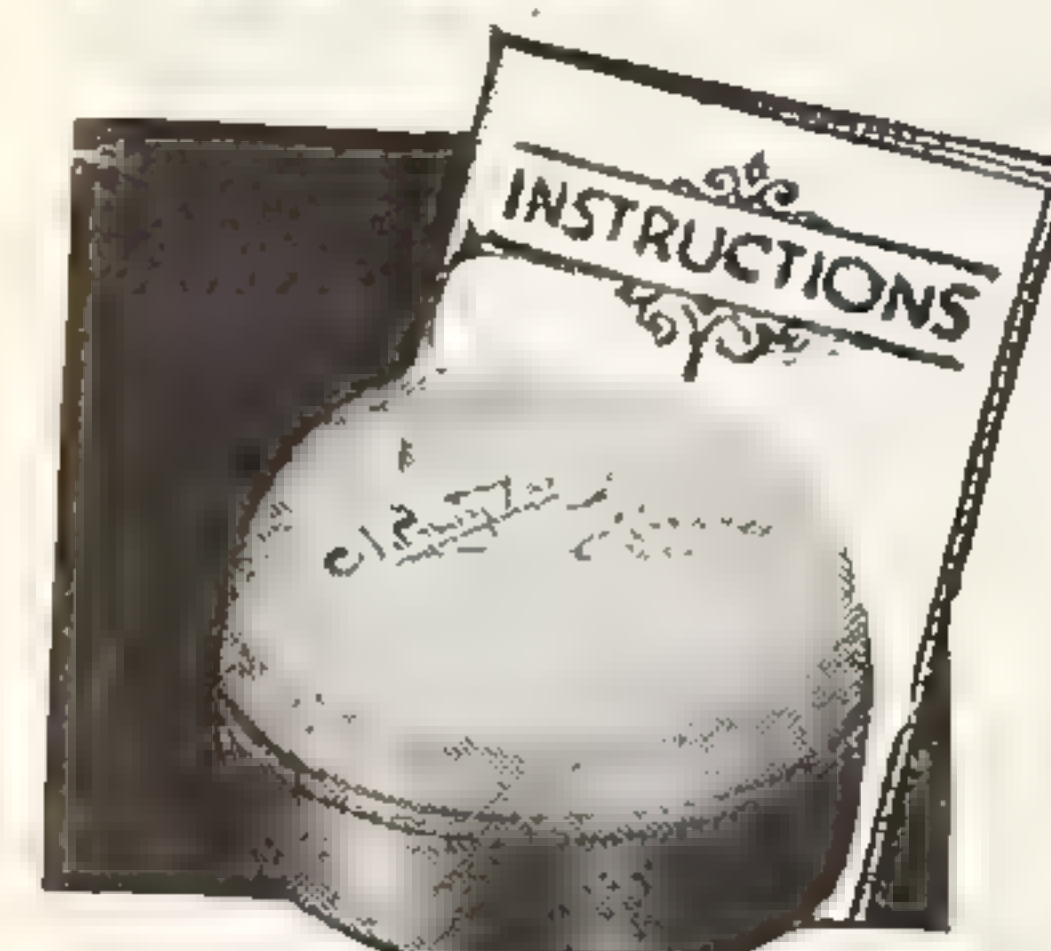
**Are You Flat-Chested? Add 1 to 3 Inches**

IS YOUR bust small and undeveloped? Does it sag formlessly, instead of standing out firm and round? It is **SO EASY** to develop the alluring feminine curves that are all the vogue. Let me prove that I can actually enlarge your bust. Let me show you how to mould it to firm, rounded shapeliness. Let me send you my easy instructions and a large container of my famous

## MIRACLE CREAM

No drugs, no appliances, nothing harmful. Just a few minutes a day required. Accept my wonderful offer below and see how easy it is to fill out your breasts to the beautiful, cup-like form that is so smart, so irresistibly attractive.

**FREE • A Beautiful Form**



My new illustrated book on Bust Development is yours, free! Big bargain offer now: Send me your name and address today, enclosing only \$1.00 for the Nancy Lee treatment, including large container of Miracle Cream and Special Instructions, with **FREE** Book. Send \$1.00 now—before offer is withdrawn!

**NANCY LEE**

Dept. SC-4,  
816 BROADWAY,  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Formerly \$5.00  
**NOW ONLY \$1.00**



**READ**

"My sincere congratulations on your life-saver for thin-busted girls."

"It is making a wonderful improvement in my bust."

love at first sight and they lost no precious time in hastening to a parson. Their happiness is proof that a whirlwind courtship can weather the years.

After the World War, the bitter realities of the battlefields having taught him to demand his own heritage from life, Leslie Howard tackled his suppressed desire—the stage. Inhibitions gradually were conquered as he painstakingly rose to fame of an international scope.

He refers to Mrs. Howard as "The Indispensable." That she truly has been; an ideal wife and a splendid mother. Never an actress and ambitious only for him, she has built her life around his welfare. Because he is child-like in his extraordinary simplicity and trustiness, her business acumen and habit of protecting him from chisellers has been no small help towards his success.

A master of romance on screen and stage, a contented husband, his statement that romance and marriage do not mix is provocative.

"I have gone in for romance in my acting. It intrigues me as much as it interests theatre-goers. And yet I find it incompatible with a happy marriage!" All along we've been reading that one should retain that romantic air, nourish it assiduously, to hold love!

"The essence of romance is sex appeal," according to Leslie Howard's logic. "If you want perpetual romance, you'd better avoid matrimony! It's like firing a gun. Romance flares just as a bullet shoots out of the barrel. At first the thrill is overpowering. But it is bound to diminish and, eventually, to cease.

"There has to be much more for marriage. There is an impetus of mutual attraction, surely, but other things have to enter in. Respect, for example. Common bonds of ideals, a sympathy with your mate's ambitions and desires. Family ties. Familiarity—which is not romantic!

"I'm not denying that romance, the spell of the unusual and glamorous, isn't fun. It is tantalizing. That's why screen lovers are continually on the spot. They are apt to hop from the comfortable frying-pan of permanent marriage into the fire!"

Mr. Howard, furthermore, does not deny that he's been on the so-called spot himself, at times. But he always has weighed the consequences and discovered that the love of his wife and children is a possession too dear to risk losing.

He confides that, actually, he grows less and less romantically inclined as the years pass. He says it would be hypocritical to argue one is not tempted, but mentions that he has the marvelous faculty of foreseeing results. He's glad he has such clarity of vision!

So far as he is affected, the only kind of person who is romantic is the one who is supremely honest.

"It is honesty, not mere beauty, which makes one exciting. Every man and woman has certain original, rare qualities. Develop these to their utmost and you have a real personality!" Mr. Howard feels deeply about this. Endeavoring to mold yourself to suit everyone is disastrous in his estimation.

"The vital, novel personality is the one inspiring romantic attentions. You don't have to be mysterious, either. Take Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer. To me both are exceedingly romantic, and yet they are opposites. Garbo's is the lure of the unknown. Miss Shearer is frankness personified. You seem to know all about her at your initial meeting. Still, she is equally as captivating as the other woman.

"The reason, of course, is that each has had the bulldog courage to be herself. Neither follows. They have studied themselves, made friends with themselves, and then have proceeded to scorn imitation.



Katharine Hepburn likewise has become a vogue because of her *difference*."

In referring to Hepburn, he recollected when she tried out for a part in his stage version of "The Animal Kingdom."

"She campaigned for the rôle Ann Harding did when we filmed it. She unfortunately wasn't the type. Her individuality hampered her until she had the opportunity to express herself fully. But how clever she was to refuse to alter!"

Shifting his thoughts to his family, he commented, "Mrs. Howard and I didn't bring the children back with us on this trip. We had to come to some conclusion about them. We couldn't keep dragging them to and fro, for at their age they have to feel a loyalty to one country. We let them choose, and they voted to stay in England."

"No doubt it's the environment they're in that determined them. They're too young to enjoy Hollywood's social life and the unexcelled California climate. The sheltered, rural home we have over there is their notion of heaven. It's really the exact converse of Hollywood. The neighbors are plain farm people. And they have fabulous conceptions of actors' doings!"

"I don't get on at all with school-masters there. I'm sure children should be allowed their own integrity. Regular schools treat them as so many sausages. I worry considerably about my son, who is fifteen. They pound such conventional tripe into his head that I have to spend all his vacations saving him!"

"He's shy, as I was, and can be misled

into doing what he's told rather than what he wants. I wouldn't let my daughter, who is nine, begin school until this year. Then I put her in a very modern school where the children plan for themselves. I needn't bother about her! She's already bent on being a personage. No one could subdue her!" He ended on a rapturous note.

Planning to divide his future between his native London and America, he will do several starring pictures for Warners. Late in the summer he will start for London to put a new play in rehearsal. Settled in the Elsie Janis place in Beverly Hills again, the Howards have introduced a suavity in entertainment that makes bids to their parties a mark of the highest local prestige.

Money to them is a means for doing what they want, however. They reject such stellar trimmings as chauffeurs and propose to ignore the dictates of the gaudier element in Hollywood.

"Yes," the star of stars drawled whimsically as we parted, "I realize I'm lucky to be an actor. It's an excuse to get out of the every-day rut. All actors are suspected of being slightly crazy, you know, so we can escape conformity without being too severely criticized!"

In my book wherein are treasured sentiments of the notable, Leslie Howard has penned his autograph, prefacing it with this phrase: "In the hope that you will not make public all your knowledge of me!"

A superb interviewee. And I haven't, Mr. Howard, now have I?

## Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 67



Just a couple of good little eggs! Shirley Jean Rickets, of the Mickey McGuire comedy forces, gets into her bunny suit to play with this giant Easter rabbit.

**H**OLLYWOOD is constantly laughing over the mistakes in grammar on the part of a certain uneducated but extremely successful motion picture executive. The latest story is to the effect that this producer entered a scenario writer's office and asked about a script in early stages of preparation.

The writer explained that he was working slowly, and added, "Of course, you know that the title is tentative."

"Tentative? Tentative?" exploded the executive. "Nobody'll understand that title. Change it!"

**H**ELEN VINSON was working at Fox studio. Remember that; it's the basis for this story.

Helen forgot her make-up case one morning, and she sent her colored maid home for it. Later, she decided she wanted some knitting to do between scenes, so again the maid traipsed to Hollywood and back.

To shorten this anecdote, the maid traveled back and forth between Helen's house and Fox studio four times within as many hours. Then came a telephone call, and Miss Vinson heard the maid drawl:

"Dahnce t'night? Naw, suh! I'se been Fox-trottin' all day!"

**T**HE following instance cites why visitors are not wanted on motion picture sets:

A lady tourist watching the making of a new picture saw a scene in which an orchestra went into motion, the pianist fingering his keys and the trumpeters blowing away. The lady suddenly leaped to her feet and screamed:

"I've turned deaf! I can't hear that music!"

Of course, the scene was ruined. And was the lady embarrassed when she learned that the action was pantomime—the actual music was to be scored later!

## BLACKHEADS!



**DON'T SQUEEZE THEM! IT CAUSES SCARS, INFECTION!** Dissolve Blackheads, scientifically, refine Large Pores, stop embarrassing Greasiness, "Shine", clear Muddy, Tanned Skin. Just wash with water and wonderful KLEERPLEX WASH! Has marvelous pore-purifying powers. Gets at the cause QUICKLY, SAFELY! RENEWS! LIGHTENS! BEAUTIFIES! Gives you that clean-cut attractive look which means everything in business and social life. SEE INSTANT IMPROVEMENT! No chemicals. No staying home. A guaranteed pure, natural product, approved by Health Authorities and thousands of happy users—both Men and Women. Nothing like it! Stop wasting time and money on ordinary cosmetics—send only \$1 TODAY for this unusual skin healthifier. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!**

KLEERPLEX (Dept. 12)  
1 W. 34th St., New York City, N. Y.  
☐ Here is \$1. Please send me 2 mos' supply of KLEERPLEX WASH or  
☐ I will pay postman plus 20c. P. O. charge.  
Outside U. S. \$1.25—no CODs  
**WRITE NAME-ADDRESS IN MARGIN**

MAIL  
COUPON  
MAIL

**FUTURE**

**WHAT IS YOUR FATE in 1934?**

**YOGAR—Famous Radio Astrologist Will Guide You**  
*Aids Thousands Everywhere*

★ Success?.. Happiness?.. Riches? — What does 1934 hold for you?.. Let YOGAR, radio's uncanny Astrologist, guide you wisely! Obtain his new, giant 8,000 word Astrological Forecast and day to day guide to Success and Happiness. His Character Analysis predicts by exact days, dates and months events to come in 1934, based on your Zodiacal sign. BE SAFE!.. Consult it before making business deals, signing papers, seeking new job, and in regard to love, marriage, accidents, investments, friends, enemies, lucky and unlucky days, etc. **SPECIAL!**—YOGAR will also answer any 3 questions on any subject, with the purchase of his Astrological Forecast. Send \$1 bill with your name, address, birth-date and 3 questions. **FREE Lucky Buddha Charm** included if you act now! Money back if not exactly as represented. Write today!

3 QUESTIONS ANSWERED with each Reading

FREE! Lucky Buddha Charm



YOGAR, 43 E. Ohio St., Dept. D-20 Chicago

## REDUCE FAT! AMAZING NEW WAY!

No teas, dope, chemicals, dangerous drugs, strenuous exercises or starvation diet. Made from a secret herbal plant extract. Tried and tested by untold numbers with miraculous, amazing results. Praised by thousands. Designed to make you lose as much as 5 pounds a week by taking our pleasant Anti-Fat tablets 3 times a day. Fat is dangerous to the heart and general health. Guaranteed to reduce if directions are followed. Quick, safe and harmless. The fat just disappears. Try these magic tablets at our risk. Just mail \$1.00 for 1 month's supply. **REDUCE NOW.** Trial Supply 25c. Don't delay. Snyder Products Co., Dept. 303, 1434 N. Wells, Chicago

## "1001 DRINKS"

Learn how to mix thousands of famous old and modern drinks, cocktails, cobbles, slings, fizzes, punches, cups, flips, etc. Genuine old-time "Mixing Guide," suppressed for years, now on sale again completely modernized. What drinks! What parties! Learn when, what and how to serve your guests. 160 pages of secret recipes worth thousands of dollars for only 25c. Regular \$1 book. At book stores, or send 25c coin or stamps. D. JAYNE & SON, Inc., 2 Vine Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. K-175.

## No JOKE To BE DEAF

**—Every deaf person knows that—** Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness. **Artificial Ear Drum**  
**THE WAY COMPANY**  
755 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

**HOW TO WIN PRIZE CONTESTS.** This book can make you rich, or at least help you make a good living. The purpose of this book, "How to Win Prize Contests", is to help you win by setting forth the best-known principles and methods. Send 25c to **HALDEMAN-JULIUS CO., Box 740, Girard, Kansas**



**RING FREE** To introduce our Blue-White Rainbow Flash MEXICAN ORIZABA Ring (worn by Movie Stars) we will send free a 1/4 Kt. Brazilian imitation Diamond Ring (looks like \$150 stone) with each purchase of our beautiful 1/2 Kt. Egyptian im. Diamond Sear! Pin for this ad and 25c. Offer limited. Only 15,000 given away. ORIZABA CO., Dept. SU, 329 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal. Agents wanted. (2 sets 50c). If you can't tell it from a real diamond, return and money refunded.





Ho for the billowy waves! Beach pajamas are distinctly nautical this spring. Helen Mack's are cut low in the back to permit of a sizeable sun-tan.

EVERY dyed-in-the-wool fan knows that Joan Crawford's favorite flower is the gardenia. Here are some other star-favorites revealed by Halchester, Hollywood's special florist:

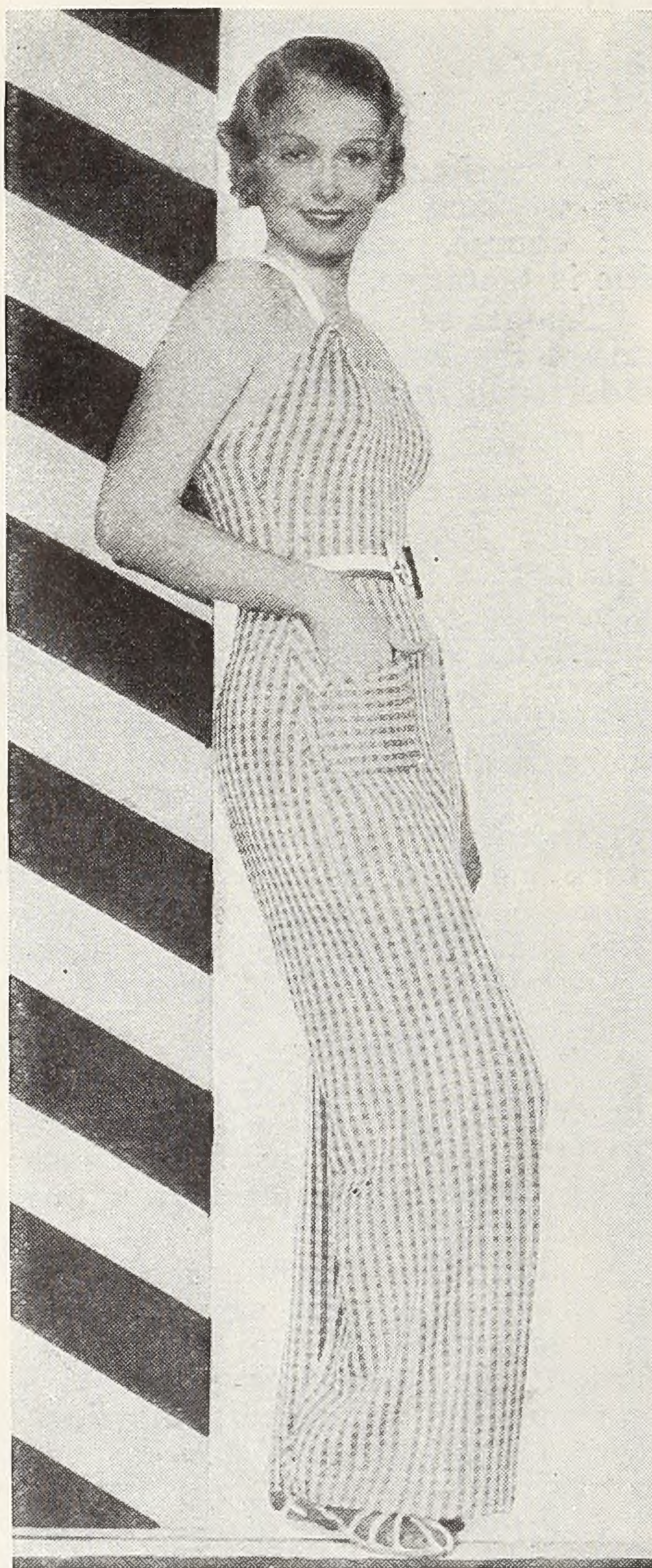
Jean Harlow: White rose.  
Dolores Del Rio: Tuberose.  
Ann Harding: Talisman rose.  
Thelma Todd: Dark orchid.  
Marian Nixon: Light orchid.  
Sylvia Sidney: Light-red rose.

**BING CROSBY** makes 'em pay for oversights and slights. He sent his brother to talk business with one studio that needed Crosby for a picture. Because the brother was kept waiting an hour, Bing demanded an extra \$10,000—and got it!

AFTER the published newspaper stories that her studio has taken out \$50,000-insurance against Bette Davis growing fat, many people wrote letters telling her how to gain weight, in order that she might collect the insurance money. One chap wrote in and offered a diet that would put her above 120 pounds—the limit allowed by the insurance. All he asked in return was an equal split of the insurance money. What Bette's advisors do not know is that, in order to be paid the fifty thousand, Bette must remain at more than 120 pounds for three years. By that time her career would be ruined.

NEVER get the idea that *all* of the big salaries paid in the motion picture industry go to stars, directors, and producers. The cameramen also collect stupendous wage-checks if they are among the top-notchers.

Lee Garmes is paid \$1100 weekly. Hal Rosson (Jean Harlow's husband) rates \$1000 every seven days. George Barnes, (Joan Blondell's husband), Hal Moore and a few more receive \$750.



Red and white is the gay color combination chosen by Gail Patrick for this season's beach wear. The material is gingham. Pretty!

**THAT** was a funny gag Groucho Marx pulled on Adolphe Menjou. Groucho telephoned Adolphe, and when the sophisticated Menjou answered, Marx droned: "This is the telephone company. We are testing your line. Will you whistle into the 'phone, please?"

Dutifully, Menjou puckered his lips and whistled.

"Thank you," chuckled Groucho. "We'll send you some bird-seed in the morning."

**FUNNY** sight—Johnny Weissmuller playing nursemaid to Lupe Velez Weissmuller's Mexican hairless dog. . . . Joel McCrea has a section of his ranch-grounds secreted so that he may there enjoy rain baths *a la natural*. . . . Ed Kennedy, comedian in that Eskimo film, "Man of Two Worlds," was guilty of this worst-pun-of-the-month: "I think igloo home now." . . . After all these years, Joan Crawford has just commenced installation of a swimming pool on her estate. . . . There is no truth to reports that Barbara Stanwyck was disfigured when she collapsed on a theatre stage. . . . Jack Oakie, in Honolulu, sent a huge rock to "Skeets" Gallagher, in Hollywood—and it arrived collect! . . . Otto Kruger has a collection of 45 pipes, ranging from a Cherokee Indian "peace pipe" to modern. . . . The term "grinding the camera" is obsolete—cameras are now run by motors. . . . Bruce Cabot has never worn motion picture make-up. . . . Oh, oh! Frances Dee reveals that Joel McCrea cannot bear baby talk. . . . Bill Gargan has rigged up an attachment between his baby's cradle and a washing machine, and the thing works. . . .

**HOLLYWOOD** postal clerks admit that they have great fun deciphering some of the peculiarly addressed envelopes that come for the stars. Among the oddly directed letters that were correctly delivered were the following:

"Come up and see me some time" and "Diamond Lil"—Mae West.

"The Ambassador at Large"—Will Rogers.

"Tarzan"—Johnny Weissmuller.

"The Crooner" and "Bing"—Bing Crosby.

"Schnozzola, U. S. A."—Jimmy Durante.

"Charlie Chan"—Warner Oland.

**WHEN** Claude Rains, distinguished New York actor, arrived in Hollywood for motion pictures, Slim Summerville pulled the best of many gag-lines at the new arrival's expense.

"You have no business in this state," popped Slim. "We don't have rains in California."

**POLLY MORAN**, who admits that she is no ingénue (but she isn't any old woman by many, many years), enjoys poking fun at her age and the fact that her husband is slightly younger.

"I am constantly meeting people," says Polly, "who say 'Remember, Miss Moran, twenty-five years ago when you were at a Brooklyn Theatre?' I make all sorts of motions to shush such people who remember me too long ago. Why, things have reached a point, if I see an old man with long, gray whiskers approaching me on the street, I dodge into the nearest open doorway."



# ABOUT **YOU?** shall men say "She is lovely -- So exquisite!"

BY PATRICIA GORDON

**T**HE MUSIC ends—softly. A momentary hush. A throng; but you seem mysteriously detached. It is your moment. Something portends. Born on the strange silence, a remark—about you. Some one says, "She is lovely!" No conscious flattery this—not meant to be overheard. And so, a *thrilling compliment*.

**So lovely, so exquisite!** How? Pretty clothes, daintiness, poise, chic? As *background*, yes. But as to these, men see *dimly*. Only women are *critical*. Men observe colorful cheeks, are entranced by luscious lips, thrilled by eyes brilliant and mysterious. Sh-h-h! make-up! Ah yes; but make-up *so clever, so artistic* that to masculine eyes it appears as *natural*.

**Some women know**—Some do not. How can it be otherwise than true? When a woman will tolerate *obvious* make-up, she simply *does not know* the glamorous beauty of *harmonized* Princess Pat make-up. The rouge, for instance. Of the famous Duo-Tone blend. So natural that its glowing color seems actually to come from within the skin. Powder of precious *almond base* (instead of chalky starch). Softer than any other powder; far more clinging. Powder to velvet any skin to smooth, aristocratic perfection. And lip rouge! So wonderfully natural, so smooth, so free of waxy substance. To color lips divinely, to be wholly indelible.

**Each with the other harmonized.** How different! Whatever Princess Pat rouge, powder and eye make-up shades you choose will invariably *harmonize*. With *usual* make-up there is ever the risk of discordant shades; but *never* with Princess Pat.

**Make-up to go with costume.** Because *any* shade of Princess Pat rouge will match *your* skin, you may choose with the color of your *costume* in mind. Simply choose the more *intense* shades of rouge for strongly colored costumes, the softer rouge shades for softer costume colors. There are shades of Princess Pat rouge, fulfilling your every requirement for stunning, individualized make-up.

**RADIO** Princess Pat Players — love and life — thrilling! Sundays 4:30 P.M., E.S.T. WJZ and NBC network. 3:30 P.M., C.S.T.

## PRINCESS PAT

LONDON

CHICAGO



**NOW IS THE TIME!**  
Receive a beautiful Vanity

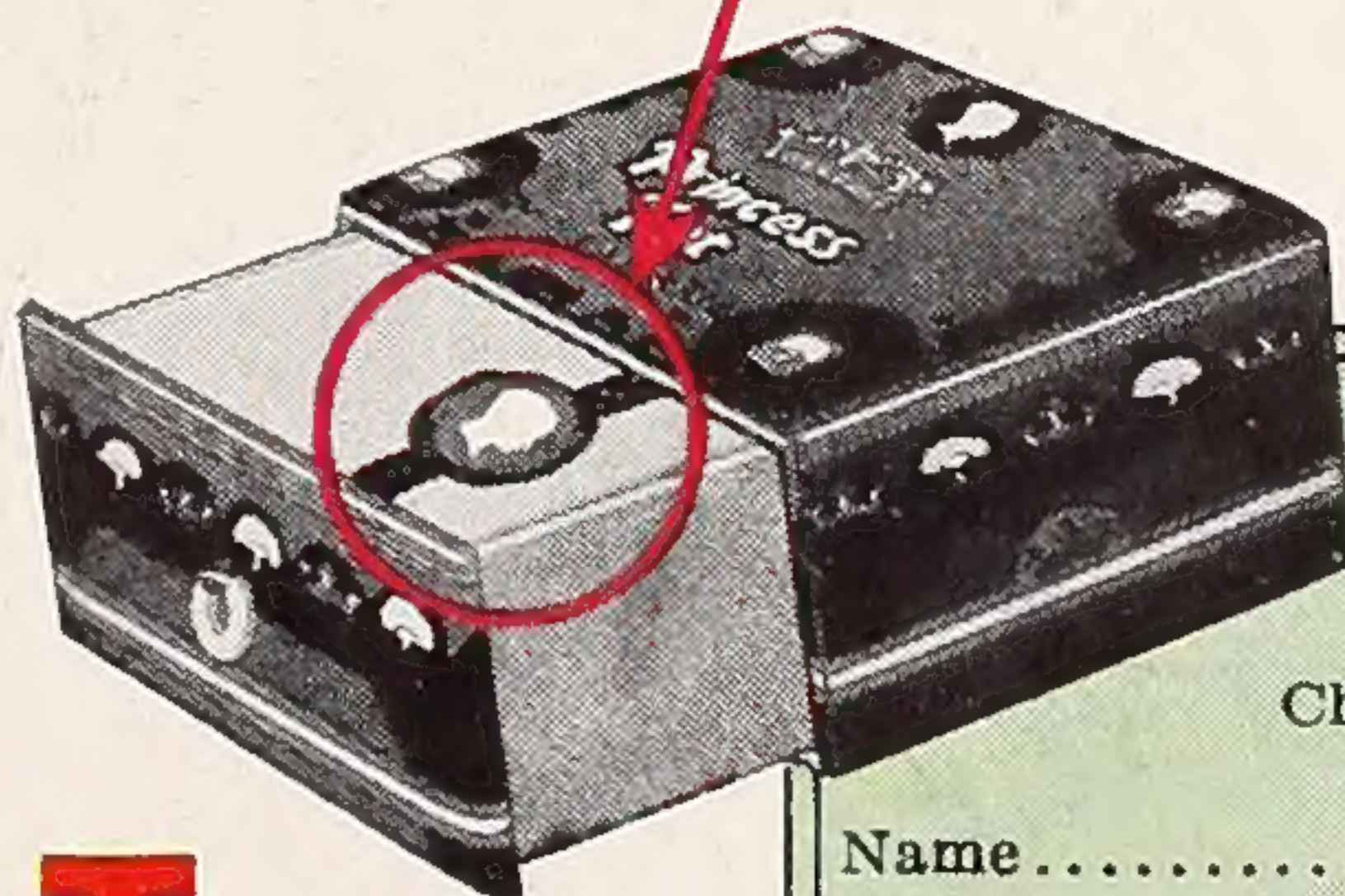
### FREE

It's a courtesy gift with Princess Pat face powder, this Vanity in rich gold or gleaming silver finish. Never sold for less than \$1—worth more. The cleverest Vanity you ever knew; comes ready for use—filled with Princess Pat powder and indelible lip rouge. Positively cannot leak or spill. Refills easily. For beauty and convenience the Vanity will simply charm you.

### What you do to get the Vanity

Get Princess Pat powder at any drug store or department store. Send in the ribbon and medallion (found inside every box) to Princess Pat, together with the coupon below. Write name and address plainly.

The Vanity will be sent *entirely free*, postage prepaid. Please act promptly. This offer is for a limited time only.



PRINCESS PAT, Dept. A-3044, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago  
I am enclosing ribbon and medallion from a box of Princess Pat face powder. **ENTIRELY FREE**, postage prepaid, send me the Vanity offered. The Vanity is to come filled with Princess Pat face powder, and indelible lip rouge.

Check whether Gold \_\_\_\_\_ or Silver \_\_\_\_\_ finish is desired.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City and State.....

IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.



Pat. 13-10

7

24994  
L. J. C.

7-10

5393

41-10

"DIVING TAKES HEALTHY  
NERVES — AND SO DOES  
MY OFFICE JOB!"



Frank Crilley, Champion Deep-Sea Diver,  
says:

"Deep down under 300 feet of water, working feverishly under terrific pressure—no place for a nervous man! A diver's nerves must *always* be in perfect condition. I smoke Camels and have smoked them for years. They are a milder cigarette and they taste better. They never upset my nervous system."



Miss Elizabeth Harben,  
Garden City, L. I., says:

"I know that deep-sea diving calls for healthy nerves. But, believe me, you can also feel plenty of real nerve strain being a secretary to a busy office executive. Telephones, callers, dictation, and a million other demands all take their toll. As to smoking—I smoke a great deal, but I'm careful in the choice of my cigarettes. I prefer Camels. They don't make my nerves jumpy, and I like their flavor better."

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

## How Are Your Nerves?

Do *your* responsibilities give you that "dragged through a knot hole" feeling? Do you come home tired, irritable, with nerves all askew?

Whatever your job or place in life, healthy nerves are worth any effort. Check up on your habits—your eating, your sleeping, your recreation—and do not overlook the subject of smoking. Turn to Camels, for the sake of your

nerves. Any impartial leaf-tobacco expert will tell you that

 **Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand. An important fact to nervous people!**

Camel pays millions more—for your enjoyment. And how much better Camels taste—mild, rich in flavor, delightful. They never get on your nerves... never tire your taste.

# Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES... NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

